

THE LIFE OF EDWARD VII





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EDWARD THE SEVENTH

Photo by W. & D. Downey

THE LIFE OF EDWARD THE SEVENTH

BY J. E. VINCENT



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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE		PAGE
ABERDEEN, Landing of Queen Victoria at, in 1848	23	Dickens, Charles	56
Albany, Duke of	177	Djizeh	112
Albert, H.R.H. Prince Consort 3, 43, 44, 95, 98, 99		Dog, Edward VII.'s, at Oxford	67
Albert Victor, Prince 174, 176, 180, 186, 189		Dog, Gift to Edward VII.	74
Aldershot, Grand Torchlight Tattoo	240	Dublin Exhibition, Opening of	29
Aldershot, Royal Review at	239	Dublin Exhibition, Opening the	195
Alexandra, Princess 126, 127, 130, 133, 135, 138, 140		Dublin, Investing Edward VII. with the Order of St. Patrick	
Alexandra, Queen 147, 149, 159, 167, 173, 174, 175, 177, 178, 185,		in St. Patrick's Cathedral	198
190, 214, 220, 226, 228, 243			
Alexandria, Arrival at	111	EDFOU Temple	115
Alfred, Prince 19, 21, 157		Edinburgh	47
Alice, H.R.H. Princess 97, 120, 122		Edward VII. 8, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 28, 29, 31,	
An Incident of the Festivities at Brest	251	33, 38, 42, 49, 53, 57, 63, 69, 73, 88, 107, 116, 118, 125,	
Argyll, The Duke of	191	128, 129, 138, 146, 149, 160, 167, 172, 175, 178, 182, 188,	
Arthur, H.R.H. Prince 104, 210		204, 206, 220, 227, 228, 229, 235, 236, 238, 243, 245, 257	
Asquith, Rt. Hon. H. H., M.P.	254	Edward VII. and M. Loubet at the Hotel de Ville, Paris,	
Assiout	114	May, 1903	249
		Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra on their way to attend the	
<i>Bacchante, H.M.S.</i>	180	Peace Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's, June 8, 1902	242
<i>Bacchante, H.M.S.</i> —The Young Princes' Cabin	184	Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra Opening the New Building	
Baker, Sir Samuel	200	of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society	253
Balfour, Rt. Hon. A. J., M.P.	255	Edward VII. arriving at Calais on the afternoon of April 27,	
Balmoral, An Evening at	30	1910	258
Balmoral, Old Castle	22	Edward VII. drinks to the health of his new Field-Marshal, the	
Beaconsfield, Lord	158	Emperor Francis Joseph	249
Beatrice, Princess	229	Edward VII. landing at Buncrana Pier, Ireland, July 28, 1903.	250
Beresford, Lieut. Lord Charles	215	Edward VII.'s Crown, Sceptre, and Orb	264
Bernsdorf Castle	126	Edward VII.'s visit to Pope Leo XIII., April 29, 1903	248
Beyrout, Entry into	119	Entry, Edward VII.'s, at Cambridge	62
Birch Bark Canoe presented to Edward VII.	84	Eton College and Boys' Arch	136
Bismarck, Prince	193	Eugénie, The Empress, in 1855	31
Blériot alighting on English Soil after Crossing the Channel	256	Eyre, Governor	191
Bluejackets Drawing the Gun-Carriage Bier	262		
Botallach Tin Mine, Descending the	196	FALLIÈRES, President	236
Brindisi, Edward VII. Embarking on the <i>Serapis</i> at	210	Faraday, Professor	51
<i>Britannia</i> , Training Ship	179	Fife, Duchess of 174, 177, 221	
Brodie, Sir Benjamin	51	Fife, Duke and Duchess of, with Princesses Alix and Maud	221
Brompton Hospital, 1855	32	First Public Function of Edward VII.	26
Brougham, Lord	61	Font used at the Christening of Edward VII.	11
Bruce, Maj.-General the Hon. R.	109	Frederick William IV. of Prussia	13
Buchanan, James	87	Frederick William of Prussia, Prince	35
Buckingham Palace 7, 9, 32		Frere, Sir Bartle	214
Bullingdon Club	53	Frewin Hall 48, 56	
Burdett-Coutts, The Baroness	155	Frogmore House	165
		Funeral of H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence	217
CAIRO, Procession of the Holy Carpet at	201	Funeral of Prince Consort 103, 105, 106	
Cairo, Reception at	111	Funeral of Queen Victoria	235
Cairo, The Palace at Esbekieh	202	Funeral Procession (Edward VII.) passing along Piccadilly	261
Cambridge 62, 64			
Cambridge, Princess Mary of	157	GARIBALDI	61
Cambridge University Volunteers	65	George, Prince 174, 176, 180, 183, 186	
Campbell-Bannerman, The Late Sir H.	254	Gibbons, The Rt. Hon. S. J.	207
Carnarvon Castle	200	Gladstone, W. E.	5
Chamberlain, Mr. Joseph	237	Goodwood, Royal Visit to	170
Chicago, State Street	87	Gordon Boys' Home, Edward VII. Receiving the Guests	223
Chippeway Indians	83	Granville, Earl	158
Christchurch 50, 55		<i>Great Eastern</i> , The	192
Christening Cap of Edward VII.	14	Great Exhibition, H.M. Queen Victoria Opening the	27
Christening of Edward VII.	12	Grenadier Guards, 1st Battalion	66
Clerkenwell Explosion	197	Guildhall, State Visit to the 153, 154, 156	
Commemoration at Oxford	60	Gull, Sir W., M.D.	205
Connaught, The Duke and Duchess of	237		
Constantinople, Ball at the British Embassy	203	HALIFAX, Newfoundland, Edward VII. Landing at	72
Coronation Ceremony in Westminster Abbey	247	Halifax, Presentations to Edward VII. at Government House	75
Coronation Naval Review, August 16, 1902	248	Halifax, Royal Visit to	100
Coronation Procession Passing under the Canadian Arch	244	Hamilton, Residence of Edward VII. at	87
Cortège on its way to Westminster Hall	259	Helena, Princess	97
Crathie Church	25	Hesse, Prince Louis of	121
Cricket Bat, Edward VII.'s	53	Holyrood	46
Curragh Camp	66	Howley, Rt. Rev. William, D.D.	13
Curragh of Kildare	67	Hughes, Tom	110
DALTON, Canon	181	ILLNESS of Edward VII.	205
Denmark, King and Queen of	124	Imperial Institute	224
Departure from Portland, U.S.A.	91	Inauguration of Exhibition Memorial of 1851	163
Departure of Edward VII. for Canada	70	Ireland, First Visit to	29
Deputations of Foreign Naval and Military Officers on the way			
to St. George's Chapel, Windsor	263	JENNER, Sir W.	205
Derby, Lord	40	Jerusalem, At	117
Devonshire, The Late Duke of	254	Jowett, Professor	110
Dhuleep Singh, The Maharajah	104	Jubilee of H.M. Queen Victoria 230, 231, 234	
Diamond Jubilee winning the 1900 Derby	223		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE		PAGE
KARNAK	113	Princess Royal	10
Kent, Duchess of	6	Proclaiming Edward VII. at Temple Bar	241
King George V.	241	Pusey, Rev. Dr.	51
King of Portugal, The Late	254		
Kingsley, Charles	61	QUEBEC, Edward VII. Landing at	76
Kitchener, Lord	246	Quebec, Parliament Buildings	77
Knollys, Lord	152	Quebec, View of Citadel and the St. Lawrence	74
Knollys, Miss	152	Queen Mary	241
LAST Sad Scene (Edward VII.'s Funeral) at St. George's Chapel	263	<i>Resolute</i> , Royal Visit to Arctic Ship, in 1856	33
Launch of the first <i>Dreadnought</i> by Edward VII.	253	Review of the Colonial Troops by Edward VII.	246
Lawless, J. W., R.N.	181	Rotten Row, Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra in	150
Lennox, Lord George	103	Royal Italian Opera, State Visit to the	151
Liddell, Dean	50	Royal Portrait Groups 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, 41, 127, 140, 141, 168, 171, 173, 187, 199,	213
Lindsay, Major	40	Royal Procession through London	134
Lloyd George, Rt. Hon. D., M.P.	254	Royal Sports	24
Longley, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury	137	Russell, Dr. W. H.	215
Louise, Princess	97, 175, 186	Russell, Lord John	40
Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial	194		
Louis Napoleon, The Emperor, in 1855	31		
Lowe, The Rt. Hon. Robert	191	ST. CLARE, Isle of Wight	123
Lowell, James Russell	193	St. James' Palace	95
Lying-in-State (Edward VII.) at Westminster Hall	260	St. Lawrence, Grand Canoe Reception at	84
Lyndhurst, Lord	5	Salisbury, Lord	191
		Sandringham Church	150
MACCLINTOCK, Capt. Sir Leopold, R.N.	61	Sandringham from the Lake	219
Manchester Exhibition, 1857	34	Sarcee Brave	83
Marlborough House	148, 223	Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Duke of	104
Marriage of Edward VII.	138, 139, 140, 141, 144, 145	Saxe-Coburg, The Duke of	204
Marriage of King George V. and Queen Mary	218	Scott, Lord Charles	181
Marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught with Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, at Windsor, June 15, 1905	252	Scott-Montagu, the Hon. J. W. E., M.P.	220
Marriage of the Princess Royal in 1858	36	Shamrock II. after the Accident	221
Maud, Princess	175, 186	Sinking of a Trawler off the Dogger Bank by the Baltic Fleet	250
Medals	93, 148	Sioux Medicine Man	83
Middle Temple Library, Opening of	65	Smith, Professor Goldwin	51
Montreal, Edward VII. Closing the Last Rivet	79	Spencer, Earl	103, 158
Montreal, Edward VII. Escorted to	78	Stanley, Dean	108
Montreal, Edward VII. Landing at	78	Stockmår, Baron	43
Montreal, Edward VII. Laying Last Stone of Victoria Bridge	79	Sumner, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury	39
Montreal, Edward VII.'s Trowel	79	Sweden, Royal Visit to	168
Montreal, General View	86		
Mount Vernon	88	TARVER, Canon	45
		Teesdale, Major, V.C.	48
NATIONAL Rifle Association Prize Meeting	164	Thackeray, W. M.	155
New Brunswick, Edward VII. Landing at St. John's	75	Thanksgiving Day	206, 207, 208, 209, 211, 212
Newcastle, Duke of	71	Thornycroft, Statuettes by	58, 59
Newfoundland, Embarkation of Edward VII. at	74	Tiberias, Edward VII. near	119
New York, Grand Ball at the Academy of Music	90	Tomb of Napoleon, At the	31
New York, Torchlight Procession	89	Tom Thumb	18
Niagara, Falls of	85	Toronto, General View	86
Nile Boat, Edward VII.'s	202	Toronto, Orangemen's Arch	82
		Toronto, Reception of Edward VII.	82
OPENING of the Coal Exchange in 1849	26	Treves, Sir F.	244
Osborne House	100, 143	Trooping the Colours	242
Ottawa, Edward VII. descending a Timber Slide	81	Tryon, Capt. George, R.N.	132
Ottawa, Edward VII. laying the corner stone of Parliament Buildings	80, 86		
Ottawa, General View	81	VALLETORT, Lord	40
Ottawa, Victoria House	81	Vaughan, Doctor	110
Oxford	52, 54, 60	Victoria, H.R.H. Princess	35
Oxford, Apollo University Lodge of Freemasons	162	Victoria, Queen	3, 43, 98, 210
Oxford Commemoration	161		
		WASHINGTON's Tomb	88
PALMERSTON, Lord	40	Wedding Presents	142, 145
Parade of Athletes in the Stadium at the Franco-British Exhibition in July, 1908, before Edward VII.	255	Wellesley, Gerald	39
Peel, Sir Robert	4	Wellington, Duke of	4
Persimmon	222	Wells of Moses	116
Philadelphia, Independence Hall	89	Wilberforce, Samuel	61
Playfair, Lord	46	William I., King of Prussia	197
Plymouth Harbour, Arrival of Edward VII.	92	Windsor Castle	68, 96, 101, 102, 137
Pope Pius IX.	45	Windsor Park, Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra in	169
Porter, John	222	Windsor, Royal Party at	136
		Windsor, Royal Pew and Private Chapel	39
		YACHT <i>Victoria and Albert</i>	22, 37, 131

The Life of Edward the Seventh

By J. E. VINCENT

AUTHOR OF

"A MEMOIR OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE"

(WRITTEN BY AUTHORITY)

CHAPTER I



SO stupendous is the task to be attempted in the course of the pages which follow that no space worthy of mention can be assigned to preface, introduction, or prologue. The aim is nothing less than to give an account

of the life of that illustrious personage recently the titular head of the British Empire, from the day of his birth in 1841 to that of his death, which plunged the English-speaking world into profound grief, in the early days of May, 1910. For nearly sixty years did Edward VII. occupy the position of Heir Apparent to the Throne of the Empire on which the sun never sets;

of those years the earlier part were spent in assiduous and carefully directed preparation of the young Prince for the matchless position which he was to occupy; during the remainder of them, as Prince of Wales until his decease, the subject of this volume lived as strenuous a life as ever came to the lot of prince or peasant. He never avoided a public duty, or failed to perform it with dignity, vigour, sympathy and tact. He had his full share of domestic joy

and sorrow; that is to say, he enjoyed such married happiness as princes rarely meet, and he saw a vigorous family grow up around him; but he mourned the early deaths of father, of one sister and of one brother, the loss in later years of mother and sister, and of the brother who was the



H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA AND H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT

About the time of the birth of Edward VII.

chief companion of his boyhood; and, above all, he suffered the most grievous pain which can come to an affectionate father, the loss of his eldest son. Compelled for many years to perform a daily round of ceremonial tasks which must often have been irksome, he never on a single occasion permitted his weariness to be perceived. Nay, it may even be that, sustained by a strong sense of duty, he experienced not the full weariness which any other man must necessarily have felt in his place.

In spite of all this, Edward VII., when he was Prince of Wales, found time not merely to take a keen interest in movements calculated to produce improvement in the social order, but also to command and to lead them. Hospitals, the housing of the working classes, barrack accommodation, and the like, vital questions in which he was not content to be a powerful patron, was an earnest student, zealous worker and prudent counsellor. In the development of the army he manifested acute and personal interest. As a country gentleman he was a model, practical farmer, good shot, expert fisherman. In public sport, as owner of many first-rate racehorses, and as a sound and active yachtsman, he set an admirable example. He saw men and cities more completely than any amongst his subjects, except perhaps his eldest surviving son. He

watched the development of the Empire from those troublous and almost petty days of his awakening intelligence until these times in which it has become so world-wide as to appal some minds, but so real as to reassure all doubts. Of that Empire he was the essentially popular Sovereign in whom his subjects united to recognise dignity, wisdom, manliness and public spirit, combined with a kindness of heart and a feeling of consideration for the feelings of others which make the phrase "popular Sovereign" far more than a conventional expression. Of him, therefore, with cordial loyalty and with genuine affection, his people sang "Long to reign over us" wherever the flag flies or the note of the British bugle is heard. So, since material is abundant and to spare, let us begin to



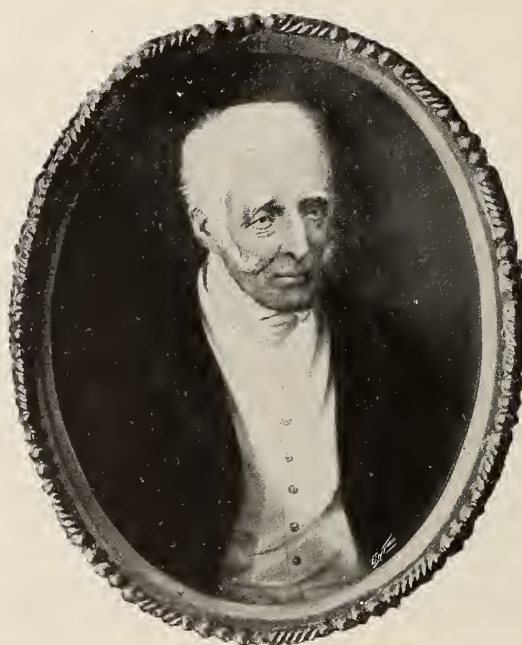
SIR ROBERT PEEL

Prime Minister at the time of the birth of King Edward VII.

(From the picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

are but a few of the

trace the career of Edward VII. from cradle to his place among the honoured dead.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(From the picture at Apsley House)

The morning of the 9th of November, 1841, disclosed a state of affairs in the kingdom at large, and in London particularly, which is not easily to be realised now. Lord Melbourne's Ministry had fallen in August, and Sir Robert Peel had come into power. Lyndhurst, that strangely brilliant man, who was born in Massachusetts and had almost abandoned the Bar for the Church, was Chancellor, Sir James Graham was Home Secretary, Lord Stanley was Secretary for the Colonies, the Duke of Wellington was a member of the Cabinet without office. William

Ewart Gladstone was President of the Board of Trade but not in the Cabinet. Cobden had just entered Parliament, John Bright was yet to come to Westminster. The Corn Law agitation was in full swing; the field-labourer's wages averaged nine shillings a week; wheat stood at 61s. a quarter, a terrible price for the consumer, albeit far less than that which had often been reached in the earlier days of the century.

Queen Victoria, universally beloved, was in the heyday of the happiness of her married life with H.R.H. Prince Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel (he did not become Prince Consort in name until 1857), Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who was not appreciated at his full value by the British public until after his death. One child, afterwards to become Empress Frederick of Germany and Queen of Prussia, had already been born and christened Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, although in the tender volumes which the late Queen made public she is commonly called "Vicky." The Princess Royal's sex had been a disappointment to the people, and to Prince Albert, but there is a pleasant and well-supported tradition that the Queen laughed at the apprehensions of her husband, prophesied that "the next would be a boy," and said "she hoped she might have as many children as her grandmother, Queen Charlotte." In fact the young Queen, she was only twenty-two years of age, seems to have had a confidence, which events certainly justified, that she would be the joyful mother of many children.

At the moment, however, although it was known that the Queen was great with child—the plain phrase of the Scrip-

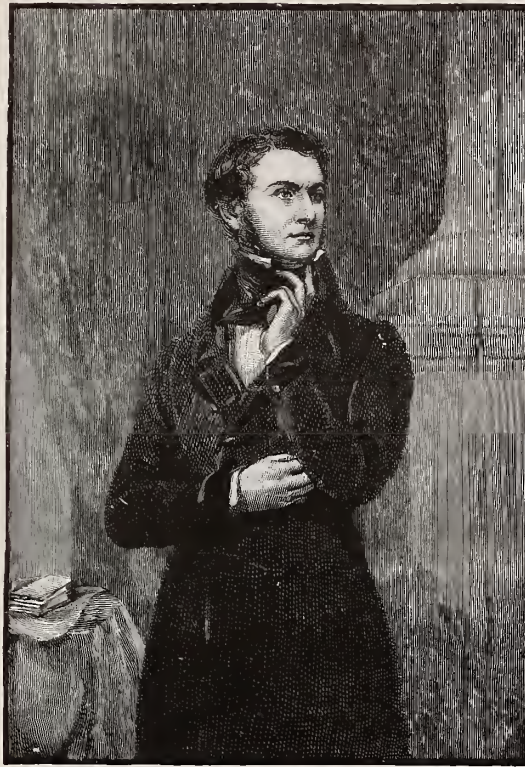
tures is surely the most suitable—no immediate development was anticipated. Indeed, a State

Banquet was to have been held at Buckingham Palace that evening, and Sir Robert Peel, amongst others, was to have been present at it. In the City, too, preparations for the Lord Mayor's Show, which in those days involved a glorious and pompous progress by water from London Bridge to Westminster, were receiving their final touches. To crown all, there was one of those November fogs which not all the science of sixty years of progress has been able to alleviate.

At seven in the morning there was a stir in the Palace. The Queen, who had been startled by an unmannerly rider while she was driving in the Park with Prince Albert on the preceding Sunday, had begun to be uneasy. The doctors

and nurse were already in attendance, and Prince Albert immediately sent messages to the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, to Queen Adelaide, who was ill, to the dignitaries of the Church and to the officers of State who were bound to be present or at hand on the occasion of a Royal birth, if possible.

There was, when one comes to think of it, something grim about the whole scene, something illustrative of the fact that the head which wears the Crown lies most uneasily at times of stress when lesser heads are allowed to be peaceful. In the inner chamber, the Queen's bedroom, was the Queen herself, for the moment a woman bearing her part of the burden of her sex, and with her Doctor Locock, the nurse Mrs. Lilly, and Prince Albert. In the next room were the remaining doctors and the



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
At the time of the birth of King Edward VII.

(From an engraving by W. Walker)



LORD LYNDHURST
Lord Chancellor in 1841

(After T. Woolnoth)

surgeon, whose signatures were afterwards attached to the bulletin announcing the glad event, and in one of the State Apartments, in full dress we read, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir James Graham and, in military uniform, the great Duke of Wellington, the saviour of Great Britain and of Europe. The Lord President was not present, and the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) alone represented the Episcopacy, as his Grace of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) had not been accessible at such short notice. Upon him fell the duty of conducting the prayerful service for the safe delivery of the Queen, which was held at the characteristic suggestion of Prince Albert.

Surely it is not treading too harshly upon holy ground to say that husbands and fathers alone can feel, even after this great interval of time, full measure of sympathy for Prince Albert at this trying moment. Happily, however, for all who were concerned, the anxiety did not last many hours, and a few minutes after half-past ten, Sir James Clark brought to the watching Ministers the news that a man child had been born into the world. A very little later

Mrs. Lilly entered with the child, hastily wrapped, and the great captain, the statesmen, and the prelate were called upon for a manifestation of that cult of baby-worship in which the masculine temperament does not always excel. Tradition does not record what was said, save in the case of the Iron Duke, and concerning his words there may be doubt. He is said on this one occasion to have received a rebuke, and to have accepted it meekly, from a mere woman, for, when he remarked "Thank God, *it* is a boy," the proud nurse exclaimed, "Excuse me, your Grace, *he* is a Prince." Apocryphal, but, like the Apocrypha, not to be put aside lightly, is the story that Wellington, as he hurried away across the Palace Yard, greeted Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, with the news, adding, "And his face is as red as your own."

East and west and south and north the messengers sped, five to Marlborough House to apprise the Queen-Dowager, three to Sidbury and two to Kew, to convey the news to the Duchess of Cambridge. The electric telegraph was then in its infancy, so that the glad tidings could be conveyed by it only to the principal cities in Great Britain. A special train carried a Queen's messenger to Liverpool, from which a special steamer took him and the announcement to Dublin, where the birth of the heir apparent was not known until the next day. In these days

such an event would be flashed in a few seconds from the private telegraph office in the Palace—there is one in every Royal Palace—to Dublin Castle, and the message of great meaning would make the circuit of this globe within the space of a few hours. That special steamer and special messenger bring home to our minds the immense progress made since then.

Swiftly the joyful news leaked out and was spread abroad, and enthusiastic crowds soon assembled near the Palace. Joy-bells clanged in London one after another in quick succession as soon as



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT

Mother of Queen Victoria

(From the picture by F. Winterhalter)

the ringers could be collected together; they were beginning to sound, no doubt, in all the great cities of the kingdom as the news filtered along the wires which then seemed almost magical. Cannon thundered at the Tower and in the Park, just at the moment when the civic procession was starting on its triumphal progress towards Westminster, proclaiming the glorious message in tones deep and inarticulate indeed, but plain and clear as though they had been a mighty orchestra attuned to the Hallelujah Chorus which Prince Albert afterwards chose for the music of the christening service. London was in a sober frenzy of delight, in which the whole country joined as the welcome intelligence spread gradually, and the writer can well remember hearing, from those who were grown up in the winter of 1841, how guards of trains and mail coaches, and even carriers in the



From photo by

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
(From St. James's Park)

*P. R. Horneman
Frith & Co.*

country, were beset with questions, and assumed airs of importance as the repositories of information so welcome and so pregnant with importance.

The business-like physicians and the surgeon summed the whole situation up in a laconic but sufficient bulletin which was posted at Buckingham Palace that all might see, as many thousands did see, and rejoice. It ran thus :

"The Queen was safely delivered of a Prince this morning at 48 minutes past ten o'clock. Her Majesty and the infant Prince are perfectly well.

"JAMES CLARK, M.D.

"CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

"ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.

"RICHARD BLAGDEN.

"Buckingham Palace,
Nov. 9, 1841. Half-past eleven A.M."

Many hundreds and thousands of bulletins have been posted since that day, announcing tidings of sorrow and of joy, but none of them could contain news more

welcome or more important than this.

It has been stated in a volume, certainly not issued with authority and conspicuous for the kind of inaccuracy which places the Thanksgiving service of 1872 (after the Prince's recovery from typhoid) in the Abbey and not at St. Paul's Cathedral—that the Queen was very ill, and that at one time her life was supposed to be in danger; and for that matter child-birth is always an anxious affair. But the deliberate statement of the physicians and the surgeon, the short duration

of the natural period of anxiety, the strong constitution of the Queen, and the fact that she was soon up and about as usual dispose of that story, which professes to be nothing better than the tittle-tattle of a servant. A healthy woman brought



From photo by

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE

H. N. King

a healthy man-child into the world to the joy of her kingdom. Those are the plain facts.

The extreme and meticulous particularity with which the minute of the birth was placed on record would be amusing if it had not also been of practical importance to at least two persons whose names have been forgotten. It was a custom of old standing that the officer in command of the guard at the Palace at the moment of birth should receive a step in promotion, and rise from captain to

book to have produced complications at Chester. The heir to the throne, we are told, is invariably created Earl of Chester, and, by time-honoured custom, the Mayor of Chester for the time being is, when an heir to the throne is born, entitled to a baronetcy. But on the 9th of November, all over the kingdom, one generation of mayors passes away and another reigns in its stead. Who was to be the new baronet?

One would like to know the source of this pretty



KING EDWARD VII. AS A BABY

Born November 9, 1841

major; and in this case a minute or two might make all the difference. At 10.48 the relief had come (it had come indeed at 10.45), and the process of changing the guard was actually in progress. Was the captain of the incoming guard, who had arrived, or the captain of the outgoing guard, who had not left, to receive the promotion valuable in itself and priceless by reason of its cause? History does not record, or fails to mention on any easily accessible page, how the question was decided; but strict justice would seem to be on the side of the incoming officer.

Adherence to ancient customs also is stated in one

story, for the Town Clerk of Chester, albeit quite sure that it would be in harmony with the fitness of things if it were true, and convinced that the ancient capital of the old Earldom of Chester ought to be recognised in some such manner, can find no trace of the custom.

It is worthy of notice at this point that, it being obviously impossible for the Queen to nurse her child and to perform those public duties which she would by no means neglect, a wet nurse had been secured in advance in the person of a Mrs. Brough, the wife of a sailmaker in the Isle of Wight and formerly a housemaid at Claremont, who received a

THE BLUE DRAWING ROOM

THE GRAND STAIRCASE

Photo by
Debenham



Photo by
Debenham



fee of £1000, or twice as much as was paid to her who had performed the same function for the Princess Royal, by this time a bright child and all but a year old.

The rest of the scenes at the palace that day may readily be imagined, and so may those which were enacted in a hundred provincial cities, and more on the most interesting Lord Mayor's Day in English Annals. But the scene at Guildhall that evening has become historic. Sir Robert Peel himself was present, the State

THE THRONE ROOM

Photo by
York & Son



STATE DRAWING ROOM

Photo by H. N. King



ENTRANCE HALL

Photo by
Debenham



PICTURE GALLERY

Photo by H. N. King

Banquet which had been arranged originally having been postponed—indeed, it is not easy to realise an England in which the Prime Minister was commanded to attend a State Banquet on the 9th of November. The health of the infant Prince was drunk specially, in a Loving Cup and with all the time-honoured ceremonial of the City, and the *Times* of the next day said that the cheers “baffled description,” which is in itself a vivid, if somewhat hackneyed, descriptive phrase. But, Sir Robert Peel, that statesman in whom a rigid love of truth was perhaps the most striking feature, rose to the occasion, and in responding for her Majesty's Government, made stately and heartfelt allusion to the grand and unexpected event of the day. The reporter of 1841 punctuated the speech with “cheers,” “loud cheers,” and so forth,

THE INTERIOR OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE

spoiling its sense of coherence. These are omitted. It is enough for us to know that the roof of Guildhall rang again and again with applause which was real and came from the heart, expressing in appropriate

strength, and in tones of deep feeling, the views of the sovereign people of Great Britain. One comment, and one only, may be ventured upon. Sir Robert Peel's repeated insistence, in November of 1841, on the abiding value of the principle of Freedom was echoed, time after time, in that great series of statesmanlike addresses delivered in many colonies by him who is the only surviving son of the baby whose birth prompted the speech of which the parts germane to the subject are given word for word.

MY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Whatever obligation her Majesty's Government may owe to you for the compliment which you have paid to them, I should ill respond to the feelings which you have displayed in so enthusiastic a manner, if I did not, on their part, express, in the first instance, their cordial satisfaction at being allowed to join with their fellow-citizens in this ancient hall in expressing their feelings of exultation at that auspicious event which will make this day memorable in the annals of England, and which, by completing the domestic happiness of her Majesty and presenting an heir apparent to the British throne will fill with joy the universal people of this country. Gentlemen, I rejoice that you have had the opportunity of manifesting those feelings of loyalty in the presence of distinguished foreigners—the representatives of powerful and friendly states. I rejoice also that they have had the opportunity of observing that, whatever be the political differences which divide us, whatever the conflicts of party inseparable from the working of free and popular government, we are all united as one man in the sentiment of attachment to the monarch of this country and in feelings of devotion to the person of our sovereign. The feeling they witness this day is an example of that which pervades the whole people of this country, who will see with delight the prospect of increased security for the liberty and happiness of the people, and look forward with hope and joy to the acces-

sion, in the fulness of time, to the throne of his ancestors of the Prince who has been born this day, and who, they confidently trust, formed by the tender care and instructed by the example of his illustrious parents, shall, at some future—and, as we pray, most distant—date, prove himself worthy of the high destiny to which he is called—worthy of filling the throne of this United Kingdom, of protecting the constitution, and advancing the liberties and happiness of a free and generous people."

On the same day was issued an extraordinary number of the *Gazette* which for once departed from its usually icy tone and contained the following passage: "Buckingham Palace, November 9. This morning at twelve minutes before Eleven o'clock, the Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, H.R.H. Prince Albert, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, several Lords of H.M.'s most honourable Privy Council and the Ladies of her Majesty's Bedchamber being present. This great and important news was immediately made known by the firing of the Park and Tower guns; and the Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a form of thanksgiving for the Queen's safe delivery of a Prince be prepared by his Grace the



THE PRINCESS ROYAL (LATE GERMAN EMPRESS
FREDERICK) Age 12 months

(From a miniature by W. C. Ross, A.R.A., miniature
painter to Queen Victoria

Archbishop of Canterbury, to be used in all churches and chapels in England and Wales and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 14th of November, or the Sunday after the respective Ministers shall receive the same. Her Majesty and the infant Prince, God be praised, are both doing well."

Fervently, no doubt, was the prayer said in every church in England and Wales, from the most stately cathedral to the lowest chapel-of-ease, and certainly both mother and child thrived amazingly. Ceremonial visits of congratulation were made by all sorts and conditions of men, Peers and Peeresses, ecclesiastical dignitaries and statesmen, representative officers of the Navy and the Army. The city showed its loyalty by a visit in state at the earliest

possible moment, and on the 27th of November the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the City Remembrancer, had an audience of Prince Albert. To many of the admiring visitors the sturdy young Prince was shown, wrapped in blue velvet and ermine, and many a visitor's lips tasted the "caudle" which, in obedience to the fashion of the day, was offered to all who came. For the information of a generation which has given up "caudle," it may be explained that it was "a warm drink, made of wine or ale mixed with bread, sugar, and spices, and sometimes eggs, given to sick persons, to a woman in child-bed, and her visitors." It was a tradition of old times which Rogers celebrates in the lines :

"Still in Llewelyn Hall the
jests resound,
For now the caudle cup is
circling there ;
Now glad at heart, the gos-
sips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop, the
cradle to admire."

Old Dr. Brewer, more outspoken, describes "caudle" as any warm sloppy mess, but the variety of possible ingredients is such that it might be quite pleasant on a cold November morning.

Less than a fortnight passed, of complete happiness for the convalescent Queen, of joy and excitement for the people, and then came, on the 21st of November, the first anniversary of the birthday of the Princess Royal. The cup of Queen Victoria's happiness was full and she recorded her feelings in her Journal with "the extreme and tender simplicity" which, as Mrs. Oliphant said, gives to her words a remarkable attraction. "Albert brought in dearest little Pussy in such a smart merino dress, trimmed with blue, which mamma had given her, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her. And as my precious invaluable Albert sat there, and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God." That, and the fond wife and mother's prayer that her boy might resemble his father in "*every, every* respect, both in body and mind," are the most touching and beautiful little stories in connection with this period.

On the 7th of December, less than a month after

the Prince had been born, the Court removed to Windsor Castle, certainly a healthier resting-place than Buckingham Palace in winter for mother and child. Before this time began some slight trouble concerning the armorial bearings of the infant Prince. The Queen, always anxious to excess that no slight should be shown towards Prince Albert, insisted that since her son's father was Duke of Saxony, the arms of Saxony must be quartered with the Royal Arms, and so they appeared in the form of an escutcheon, viz., "barry of ten or and sable, a crown of rue, in bend vert, *Saxe-Coburg*." As Duke of Saxony, too, the prince was Gazetted at once, that

title taking precedence of those others, Duke of Cornwall and so forth, which he had acquired by birth without fresh creation. The English people, or some of them, were jealous of the German influence, and some impetuous comment upon the subject was heard at one of the famous parties given by Lady Holland. But the matter, founded in a jealousy which at this distance of time we can hardly appreciate, was entirely set at rest by a patent dated December 4, 1841, which made the little boy of less than a month old, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in the Peerage of the



THE FONT USED AT THE CHRISTENING OF EDWARD VII

United Kingdom, and this title of Prince of Wales immediately took precedence over that of Duke of Saxony.

Christmas was spent happily at Windsor, with a "shining Christmas tree," then quite a novelty in England, and soon the thoughts of all were directed to the planning of the christening service in which Prince Albert, a devoted musician as Mendelssohn recorded, took a marked personal interest. The child's names—Albert, after his father, Edward, after his grandfather the Duke of Kent and a long roll of English Kings—were to be simple, and two only in number. The service was not to end with an anthem, lest all should go out criticising the music. "We will have something we all know ; something in which we can join ; something devotional, the Hallelujah Chorus ; we shall all



THE CHRISTENING OF EDWARD VII.

(From the picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., in the Royal Collection)

join in that with our hearts." To the five special prayers already offered at morning service for the Queen, her husband sternly declined to permit yet another to be added.

Postponed until the 25th January, 1842, to suit the convenience of the King of Prussia, who had accepted the position of Godfather in the face of all sorts of Continental intrigues, the christening ceremony was celebrated in St. George's. That chapel of the Order of the Garter, in which dim religious light is not a mere name, where the banners of the knights are in exquisite harmony with the mediæval tone of the architecture, has been the scene of many ceremonials, joyful and sorrowful, in the life of the King. In it in 1842 he was borne to the font, of which a picture is given, a helpless

infant; up its aisle he walked many a time and oft on occasions of Royal marriages and Royal funerals; the saddest, and incalculably the most impressive of all, being that Saturday morning of February, 1901, when, as the West Door opened, the people waiting within (of whom the writer was one) were startled to see a body of sailors from the Royal Navy straining at a sacred task which had been assigned to Artillery horses. Then, on that sad and majestic morning, he who had been the babe of 1842, moved up the aisle as chief mourner, not accompanied by his surviving son, who was ill, but by the German Emperor, the central figure in a gathering of unexampled grandeur the memory of which will linger in the minds of all who witnessed it so long as they shall remain on earth. Then the proud and happy mother of 1842 who, side by side with her beloved husband, and surrounded by all who were nearest and dearest to her, had watched the formal reception

of her first-born son into the Church, had passed away from all power, and dominion, and joy and sorrow, and the little child of 1842 reigned in her stead.

To one who has played his part as spectator on these great occasions, such memories come in crowds whensoever he mentions St. George's Chapel. It recalls to him the odour of bridal bouquets and the overpowering scent of violets and lilies; it makes him remember wedding marches, happy and triumphant, and plaintive dirges bursting at length into strains of confident assurance. Above all it causes an unavailing desire to be able to reproduce in words the effect of that scene of joy and hope in 1842.

Of contemporary records the best and the most

terse is given in the words of the Queen herself. "It is impossible to describe how beautiful and imposing the whole scene was in the fine old Chapel, with the banners, the music, and the light shining on the altar." Again the simple and unaffected style of the Queen, aided by ever-present memory of the glorious music of the Hallelujah Chorus and of the overture

to Handel's *Esther*, given by special command of Prince Albert, conjures up, as by a touch from the wand of a magician, a vivid and touching picture. One almost regrets that Sir Theodore Martin has embalmed in his *Life of the Prince Consort* the turgid and jejune phrase of the contemporary pressman who wrote that the baby conducted himself "with true princely decorum," which means, if it means anything, that he did not cry. Suffice it for our purpose to say that the ceremony was performed, amidst every circumstance of splendour, by the Archbishops of Canterbury and



THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM HOWLEY, D.D.

Archbishop of Canterbury, who Christened Edward VII.



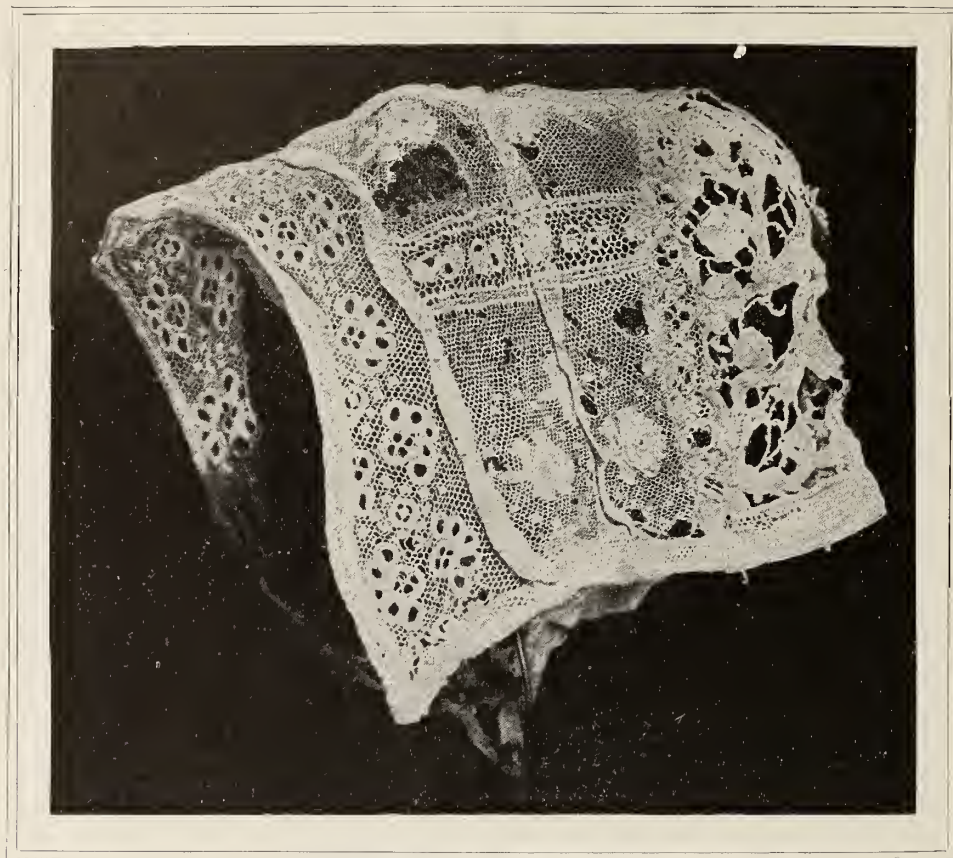
KING FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. OF PRUSSIA

Godfather to Edward VII.

York (Dr. Howlett and Dr. the Hon. W. E. Vernon Harcourt), that the officials of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, other dignitaries of the Church, officers of the State and of the Court and great ladies were present, and that the list of sponsors was imposing.

It included King Frederick William of Prussia, who was, said the Queen when he came, "not taller than Albert and very fat," of "kindly and attractive manners," "entertaining, agreeable, and witty, tells a thing so pleasantly and is full of amusing anecdotes"—a portrait, this, of a homely and taking per-

scene in Windsor and in the chapel itself. Severe weather, which had made it necessary to warm the chapel with special stoves for many days in advance, had ended in snow overnight, and the great crowds stood ankle-deep in slush. Eton boys, always favoured by the Sovereign ever since Henry VI. founded Eton College on Wykeham's model, had a place of honour on the Round Tower, and as the procession of carriages swept down towards the chapel, the Duchess of Buccleuch held up the child for all to see. Inside the Chapel workmen had been employed for months. The carved work had been



THE CHRISTENING CAP OF EDWARD VII.

In the possession of W. Noott, Esq. Photograph by Augustine Rischgitz

sonality. The other sponsors were the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, whom the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, represented, the Duke of Cambridge, the son of George III., and, like the late Duke, a Field-Marshal and Ranger of St. James's, Hyde and Richmond Parks, the Duchess of Cambridge, daughter of H.S.H. Frederic of Hesse-Cassel, representing the Duchess of Saxe-Gotha, Princess Augusta of Cambridge (afterwards Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), who represented the Princess Sophia, and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

The contemporary chronicler, however gives us some facts which help towards a realisation of the

polished, there was a purple carpet, and a platform, level with the Communion Table, had been extended from it to the front stalls. On it were six ornate chairs, covered in purple silk with the star of the Garter upon it, for the whole was to be a Garter function, involving the sombre splendour of velvet mantles for the Bishop of Winchester as Prelate of the Order, and for the Dean of Windsor as Registrar, while to the Bishop of Oxford as Chancellor fell the lot of wearing that long and beautiful cloak of crimson which is far the most gorgeous vestment ever worn by an official of the Church of England. No less appropriate a person than the victor of Waterloo bore the Sword of State. The font, which



QUEEN VICTORIA

An early portrait of Edward VII., with his mother and the late German Empress Frederick

(From the picture by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.)

was filled with water from the Jordan, presented by the Rev. Boileau Elliot, of Tattingstone, Suffolk, was a wonderful edifice in many parts, resting upon a purple cushion. It consisted of the golden salver in which Charles II. was baptised, from the bowl of which rose a pedestal, and then cherubim holding the golden font in which the Princess Royal had been baptised.

Of the Christening Banquet it is stated that it cost the nation £200,000, a statement which it may be well



EDWARD VII. AND THE LATE GERMAN EMPRESS FREDERICK

Aged five and sixteen months respectively

(From a miniature by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A., painted by command)

to take with a grain of salt, and that the display of plate was magnificent, which may readily be believed. This is a matter on which the writer may give some personal testimony, for he has once seen the Royal Plate (to which, however, some additions had been made since 1842) spread out for a State Banquet, and the effect of such an accumulation of golden splendour was simply stupendous. In the middle was the huge gold wine-cup, Flaxman's design, "more like a bath than any-

thing else, capable of holding thirty dozen of wine," filled with mulled claret, comforting on that raw morning, a fact which is said to have greatly surprised the Prussian King. Upon the Lord Steward, Lord Liverpool, fell the honour of proposing the toasts, "The Prince of Wales," "The King of Prussia," "The Queen," and "Prince Albert," in the order given: and then the guests adjourned to the Waterloo Chamber to discuss the colossal Christening Cake, which was no less than eight feet in circumference. Meanwhile, in the Town Hall of Windsor those who were



EDWARD VII.
At the Age of Three
(From the picture by Hensel)

not of the Court were feasted at a great dinner.

Such was the first public ceremony in which the Prince of Wales took an unconscious part. In the years to come the public saw very little of him or of the brothers and sisters, of whom some have passed away, others are widowed, and others are happily still living among us in full family blessedness, who came in quick succession. Some glimpses we catch of the childhood of the Prince in pictures and portraits which tell their own tale; in a sailor suit at six years old; in a little kilt with Prince Alfred, looking at game at Balmoral; in



QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING KING LOUIS PHILIPPE IN WINDSOR CASTLE, OCTOBER 8, 1844

The Child holding Queen Victoria's hand is Edward VII.
(From the picture by F. X. Winterhalter, in Windsor Castle)



"VICTORIA, ALBERT, AND ALICE"

(From a drawing by Queen Victoria)

costume for private theatricals in 1853; present at the reception of Louis Philippe, and so on. We know also that he accompanied his parents to Ireland, to France, and, from time to time, to Osborne and to Scotland; that he was taken to Astley's, and to the opening of the Great Exhibition, that he received a visit from Tom Thumb, and the like.

If, however, all the records of little episodes of this kind are distributed over the years of the childhood and the boyhood of Edward VII. it still remains plain, even if the fact were



QUEEN VICTORIA AND EDWARD VII. AS A BOY OF THREE

(From the picture by R. Thorburn, A.R.A.)

not to be discovered from other sources, that his boyhood was sombre and dull. We are encouraged to speak thus plainly, eschewing the method of the merely courtly biography, by his own conduct when, as Prince of Wales, he had to plan the education and training of his own sons. That he never resented the severity and the total absence of brightness in his own training, which was directed upon carefully considered principles by Prince Albert, is plain from his deep and real sorrow when his father was taken

away from him, and from his scrupulous exactitude and true feeling in later years in observing the anniversary of his father's death. But that he regretted the gloom of his youth, and that he thought it might have been brighter with advantage, is abundantly proved by the fact that he sent Prince Albert Victor and Prince George first to the *Britannia* for training as naval cadets and then as midshipmen on their memorable tour in H.M.S. *Bacchante*, under the care of him who is now the Rev. Canon Dalton of Windsor.

Suffice it then to say that to the Prince of Wales of the early forties, as to his brothers and sisters, the Countess of Lyttelton performed the part of governess, and that they were



TOM THUMB

(From a print)

brought up to habits of strict discipline and obedience. From very early days special attention was paid to foreign languages, in which all the Royal Family have always been carefully trained, but the statement that German was the language of the Royal Nursery is quite fictitious. Particular attention too was paid to the acquisition of some knowledge in various handicrafts; and Mr. Birch, formerly master at Eton, became the Royal tutor, and was succeeded by Mr. Gibbs. Both were gentlemen and scholars eminently qualified for their work, but a curiously suggestive story is told of one of them. His holi-

days were a fortnight in each year, and no more! When he went to his friends to enjoy them, he is



EDWARD VII., WITH HIS MOTHER, FATHER, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL
AT ASTLEY'S IN 1846



EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF FIVE

(Drawn by his father, Prince Albert, from a sketch by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.)

said to have been like a colt let out of a dark stable into green pasture, bubbling over with uncontrollable spirits, and he justified himself by remarking that he felt like a discharged prisoner. It follows that the young princes must have felt the same.

This is the plain unvarnished truth, and it goes a long way to explain Metternich's first impression of the Prince of Wales. It was that he was sad and abstracted. In like manner when, in after life, the Prince of Wales complained to Canon Dalton that his eldest son made but slow progress intellectually, the straightforward clergyman reminded him that his own early progress had not been rapid. What else was to be expected? A high-spirited child naturally fond of innocent pleasure, and of keen intelligence, was cooped up, overworked, deprived of the stimulus of rivalry with his equals in age, and but scantily provided with playfellows. That he learned

much which was beneficial in after life is beyond doubt; that his father's motives were entirely unexceptionable, and that the anxiety of father and



EDWARD VII. AND HIS BROTHER PRINCE ALFRED IN 1847

(From a drawing by Sir W. C. Ross, R.A.)

mother was intense, are things absolutely certain; but for those who have been brought up in greater freedom and with more merriment, the retrospective view of these early days is depressing. The ray of sunshine comes in when we see the Prince of Wales digging in his little garden at Osborne, the home planned and built by his father to be a resting-place for himself and his queenly wife from affairs of state in the midst of their family. Yet even here all was severely practical, and we learn that the foreman gardener checked the work done by the young princes and forwarded a weekly time-sheet to Prince Albert. Take it for all in all, shadow preponderated over sunshine at the time of life when sunshine ought to prevail over all things.



EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF SIX

Wearing his Birthday Clothes

CHAPTER II

ENTRANCE TO MAN'S ESTATE



IN considering the methods and the principles which Prince Albert followed in shaping the training of his eldest son, principles which to some of us of the twentieth century seem to have been based on an excessively austere view of life, there are several points

to the point of worship, left the matter entirely in the hands of Prince Albert. Now it is reasonably apparent, upon a mental survey of the biographies and autobiographies of eminent men, that very few men indeed are possessed of the breadth of mind enabling them to criticise the methods of education which went to their own making. On rare occasions, as at Eton in 1861, when Provost Hawtrey, to use Mr. Lionel Cust's words, expressed his "feelings



QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1847

(From the picture by F. Winterhalter)

to be kept in mind, and the first of them is the patent fact that the Queen, who never saw any fault in the husband whom she loved and admired almost

of scorn and mortification, and also of resentment at the wounds inflicted upon the College by two of its *alumni*, Coleridge and Higgins," men come to

light who perceive the faults in their own upbringing, who see, perhaps, more defects than there were. But they are the exceptions which prove the rule, and the almost universal tendency of mankind is, to use a colloquial phrase, to think that "what was good enough for me is good enough for the boy;" and Prince Albert was not one of the exceptions. His own training had been severe in the extreme. He can hardly have failed to be conscious, in a modest way, of the fact that in his case that training had produced a man accomplished, virtuous, of extraordinary application, who had occupied with conspicuous success a position of which we, more than half a century later, can hardly realise the innumerable difficulties. A tutor had superintended his education at his own home; a similar method should be applied in the case of his son.

Nor is it easy to see what other system could have been chosen. The public schools were out of the question. Eton was in process of transformation under the guidance of Hawtrey, at the time when, in course of nature, the young Prince of Wales would have gone there. Her own sons were attacking her. Winchester had not attained under Dr.

Moberly that great position to which it rose under Dr. Ridding, later Bishop of Southwell. Arnold's reforms at Rugby were complete, but Rugby's *status* was then hardly such as to invite the presence of a Royal Prince. Also all public schools were at that time distinctly rough in their habits of life. Prince Albert, as we see later, disapproved of them (*vide* his remarks about Lord Valletort), and he knew practically nothing about them, except that modern languages were utterly neglected in them. That, if it had stood alone, would have been fatal, for a Prince who is to be King must needs be proficient in the languages used by his Continental Brothers;

and it may be worthy of note in passing that in these days both Edward VII. and George V. often proved their capacity of speaking in public, in French and German, with idiomatic correctness, with fluency, and with abundant command of happy phrase. It is to be remembered to the credit of Prince Albert that, so far as Eton was concerned, he did his best to remedy this grave deficit by founding special prizes for French and German.

Another difficulty might have arisen. When the subject of the education of Prince Albert Victor and

Prince George was under discussion in later years, their illustrious father sought advice from selected and prominent headmasters upon the question whether the young Princes should be sent to a public school. Then the headmasters, after the manner of the guests in the familiar parable, began with one consent to make excuses, each praying that in any event his own particular school might not be chosen for honour; and the young Princes were sent to that plain and excellent school in H.M.S. *Britannia*. The objections of the headmasters were raised for obvious reasons, in the interests of their schools; reasons which may be regarded

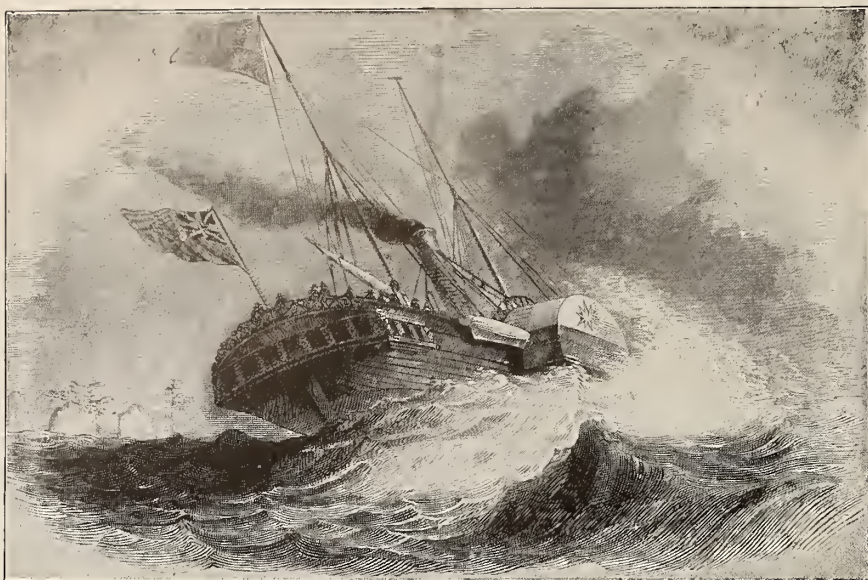


EDWARD VII. AND HIS BROTHER PRINCE ALFRED IN 1849

(After F. Winterhalter)

as inadequate now that, since then, Prince Arthur of Connaught has passed through Eton with credit to himself and with benefit, or certainly without detriment to the school. But then, Prince Arthur was, and is, a long way from being Heir Apparent, and it is a far cry from the Eton of 1852 or 1853, or even of the 'seventies, and that of the late 'nineties, which were Prince Arthur's Etonian years.

To tutorial education, then, we may take it there was no alternative; and it need be said only by way of respectful criticism that of relaxation (which Prince Albert could not be expected to understand as Englishmen understand it) there might very well



THE FIRST YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" OFF THE NEEDLES

have been more. But of this, apart from public ceremonials which are probably as tiresome to Royal children as they are to those of humbler birth, there was, after all, a modicum. In 1846 the old *Victoria and Albert*, not the same vessel which was some years ago discarded in favour of the present royal yacht of the same name (now a complete success after many doubts and changes), conveyed mother and father and happy children to the Channel Islands and on a cruise round the southern coast. The second "*V. and A.*," as naval officers who have served in her call her affectionately, was reckoned in her day a marvel of speed at fourteen knots, and of comfort also. Of her it may be said that she was the late Queen's favourite ship. It would have been in accordance with the fitness of things if when the Queen herself slipped her moorings and went, in Tennyson's beautiful words, "out to sea," the familiar vessel should have been chosen to convey all that was mortal of her from the island home in the Isle of Wight across to the mainland, on the way to her last resting-place. But it was in the *Alberta* that Queen Victoria's body was borne across the Solent. A wonderful vessel in her day was the old "*V. and A.*," and she made a brave show to the very last, although, when Edward VII. last used her, her timbers can hardly have been sound enough to stand a heavy sea in the Channel.

Next year, in the same vessel, the Royal Family visited Milford,

and there was joy in Pembroke-shire, particularly in that part of it which is called Little England beyond Wales; and from the broad and landlocked waters of Milford Haven the cruise was extended to the Isle of Man, which has rarely received the honour of a visit from Royalty, and thence to Scotland. Balmoral, soon to be the Queen's Highland home, had not then been purchased; but amongst the successive hosts of the Royal Family were the Duke of Abercorn and the McCallum More, the late Duke of Argyll, who succeeded his father in that year. There, too, at Inveraray, the sturdy young Prince of eight

years old may have seen, as a two-year-old infant, the Marquess of Lorne, who in years to come was to be his brother-in-law; but it is to be feared that those who have attached significance to this meeting have not attended very carefully to the matter of dates and ages. Boys of eight do not, as a rule, deign to notice the merest of babies of their own sex.

1849 was *annus mirabilis* in the domestic history of the Royal Family, for it witnessed the first autumnal migration to the Queen's Highland home of Balmoral, then recently acquired by purchase from the Earl of Fife. But before that event came there was an errand of mercy to be accomplished. Moved by stories, harrowing, yet all too true, of the appalling distress in Ireland, the Queen and her family took ship in the *Victoria and Albert* for the Cove of Cork, and there and then, by creation of that



THE OLD CASTLE, BALMORAL

year, the Prince of Wales became Earl of Dublin. Already he was Earl of Chester, as had been the eldest son of every King of England since the days of Henry III., and Duke of Cornwall, a title borne by every Heir Apparent since 1337; in this greater antiquity of the English titles belonging to the Prince of Wales is for once no injustice to Ireland, but rather a pride, since both of them had their origin long before the conquest of Ireland. But it

jurisdiction within certain territorial limits. That jurisdiction is not likely to be pressed, since there would be something more than excitement if Sir Horatio Lloyd, K.C., who is the judge of that Court, were to try and to sentence a murderer. But for more recognition by the Heir Apparent the citizens of one of the most interesting cities in England, and the first which our American cousins go to see when they reach our shores, are pressing and will



THE LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT ABERDEEN IN 1848

Edward VII is seen holding the hand of his father, Prince Albert

(From the picture by P. Cleland)

is somewhat interesting to note that the Earldom of Chester, which in old times carried with it an independent and wide jurisdiction, is considerably older than the Duchy of Cornwall, worth a good deal of money, which latter is more familiar to the public mind. Of this Earldom of Chester more is likely to be heard in the future, for the people of Chester are antiquarians to the core, rightly proud and jealous of their traditional privileges, and of the ancient jurisdiction of the "Portmote and Pentice Court," which, albeit now devoting its attention to minor offences and causes, has in strict law even a capital

continue to press; and, after all, it would be no bad thing that the Prince of Wales, being also Earl of Chester, should have a Welsh residence somewhere on the banks of the Dee and within easy access of the city from which he takes his most ancient English title.

It was of another Dee, however, that the Royal Family were thinking that year, for there is no denying that the rushing waters of the Scottish Dee are the making of the mountain-girt valley in which Balmoral stands. Originally purchased by Prince Albert, and by him bequeathed to his Royal widow,

Balmoral was destined to become far more important as a place of Royal retreat than Osborne, over the whole of the planning and building of which Prince Albert presided. Osborne is comparatively small and not more than moderately private. Balmoral, girt by the everlasting hills, the central point of a great deer forest, situate on a fine salmon river, still remote from railway connection, of matchless beauty in point of situation, was a delightful place for holiday-making for young Princes who had the healthy outdoor instincts of English boys. Their lives were far from being spent in sheer play there, of course. The father who barely approved the reading of Sir

it was. Some, indeed, there are who profess to trace the lineaments of the Stuarts in the faces of our present Royal Family; but the writer must confess that he sees in them generally many features which recall Prince Albert, and in the late King's profile in particular, a striking resemblance to that of Queen Victoria; nor need any human being desire to resemble better or more noble types.

Be that as it may, the Queen and Prince Albert drank deep of the *genius loci* and the atmosphere of the Highlands entered into their minds as well as into their lungs. The Prince of Wales, described by Lyell, the great geologist, who met him at the



Painted by

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

"ROYAL SPORTS"

(From the picture in the Royal Collection)

Walter Scott's novels by the son who had so high a destiny before him would see to that. But still, tutors and governors notwithstanding, there was the river with the noble fish in its waters; there, then as now, the cock-grouse could be seen preening his feathers and stretching his limbs on a tussock in the heather on a frosty morning in late autumn; and there were the red deer in plenty.

Boys brought up partly in this atmosphere were bound to be sportsmen. Moreover, they learned, they cannot have failed to realise in early years, that they were scions of a Scottish no less than of an English dynasty. The Queen, as the familiar story of her remark to Lord Macaulay shows, was proud of her connection with the Stuart family, remote as

time, as "a pleasant lively boy," was put into kilts. The Queen and Prince Albert encouraged and delighted in Highland ways and Highland music, although the latter can hardly have failed to be trying to Prince Albert, whose taste in music was as delicate as his education in it had been complete. Finally, the Prince of Wales had to learn thus early that, although he was a member of the Church of England when he was south of the Tweed, he was also a member of the Church of Scotland, which is very different, when he had crossed the Border. To the end of her days the Queen loved the simple worship in the primitive kirk at Crathie (which is on the left bank of the Dee on the hillside, whereas Balmoral stands on the right bank in the valley



CRATHIE CHURCH

(Photo by
Valentine & Sons)

R. Hersman

below), at least as well as that in any of the stately cathedrals of the south, or as St. George's Chapel itself.

But the Queen's sojourns at Balmoral in those days were not so long as they became when the sorrow of widowhood brought with it a yearning for solitude. The London season was then regularly honoured, and the late autumn also always found the family in London or its vicinity. It was in October of 1849 that the New Coal Exchange in the City of London was opened by Prince Albert, who was accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales. The moving spectacle is one which we cannot realise. The route, as was customary in those days, was by river. The Victoria Embankment, which to us seems almost a part of the order of nature, was not yet in existence. Both sides of the river were lined with moored vessels, steamers to the north and barges to the south, thronged with eager spectators. It is easy to imagine the loud acclaim of the spectators as the procession, the Royal Barge being accompanied by the City, Admiralty and Trinity House barges moved

majestically down to the Custom House, where Prince Albert and his son and daughter disembarked, to be conveyed in all state to receive the hospitality of the Lord Mayor. Of toasts proposed and healths drunk it boots not now to speak, but each time one of these Royal progresses by water of old time is mentioned rises a faint wonder that the opportunities offered



EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF SEVEN

(From the painting by G. F. Winterhalter)



OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE IN 1849

Arrival of the Royal Procession at the Custom-House Quay

(From an engraving)

by the splendid waterway of the Thames, now far purer than it used to be, are so completely neglected in our time.

Probably the most memorable event of the boyhood of the King was the opening of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, the darling and gloriously successful project of his father, in Hyde Park. As usual, the Queen's diaries contain the best description of it. "In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his

hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain in front of it, was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt—as so many did whom I have since spoken to—filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms flowers, trees,



EDWARD VII'S FIRST PUBLIC FUNCTION. OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE IN 1849



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS, 1851

(From a painting by H. C. Selous, by permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall, holders of the copyright)



THE PROCESSION DOWN THE FOREIGN NAVE OF THE EXHIBITION

Edward VII. is seen walking to the right of Queen Victoria

(From the picture by Joseph Nash, by permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall, owners of the copyright)



SCENE FROM RACINE'S "TRAGEDY OF ATHALIE"

Edward VII. as "Abner"

(From a drawing by Queen Victoria in 1853)

(From the Collection Rischgitz)

His fortune was that of his brothers and sisters also.

Touching to all of us, and particularly to Edward VII. himself, are two little pictures from the hand of Queen Victoria herself, which serve not only to show that there were bright moments in the life of the Royal Family, but also that, even in very early childhood, the subject of these chapters was well versed in foreign languages. One displays him as Abner, in Racine's *Athalie*; in the other he is Max Piccolomini in that portion of Schiller's *Wallenstein* which is called Piccolomini. There is also a record, by the late Duchess of Teck, of the playing of *Box and Cox* in the Rubens-room at Windsor, in which the

statues, fountains, the organ (with 200 instruments and 600 voices which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this 'Peace Festival' which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was, and is, a day to live for ever."

A few years passed away without domestic events of any consequence, save that the Prince of Wales grew in wisdom and stature, continued to be kept at his tasks, and had an attack of the measles, from which he soon recovered, in 1853.

Prince of Wales in a kilt played in spite of two nasty black eyes, the result of a fall on an iron



SCENE FROM SCHILLER'S "WALLENSTEIN"

Edward VII. as "Max"

(From a drawing by Queen Victoria in 1853)

(From the Collection Rischgitz)



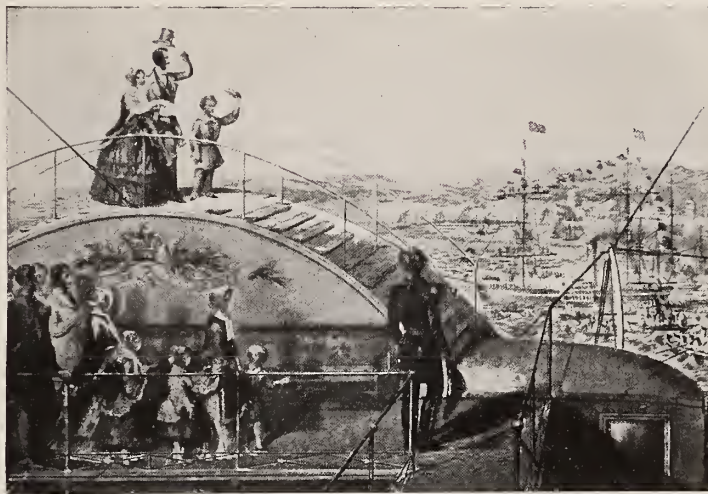
EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

(After Winterhalter)

EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

(From a print)

gate. Later in the year he visited Ireland again with the Queen, crossing from Holyhead, the purpose being an inspection of the Irish Industries Exhibition. Then, in 1855, came two important events, the first being the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to



THE FIRST VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, AND EDWARD VII. TO IRELAND

The Arrival at Kingston

England in the spring, and the next being the return visit of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, to the Imperial Court in the autumn.

This second occasion was unique in point of historical interest. Since the Coronation of



OPENING OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1853, BY QUEEN VICTORIA

From a drawing by

Edward VII. stands at Queen Victoria's right

Sir John Gilbert, R.A.



From the picture by

AN EVENING AT BALMORAL—1854

Carl Haag, R.W.S.

Henry VI. in 1422 no British sovereign had made a ceremonial entry into Paris, although James II., in flight before William of Orange, had found there a resting-place and a refuge under the protection of Louis XIV. The very emblem, too, of the Prince of Wales, the badge of the three ostrich feathers and the motto *Ich Dien*, recalled to the historical memory of the French an episode which it cannot have been grateful to remember. But Englishmen and Frenchmen had been blood-brothers then for some time, since it was but a month before the fall of Sebastopol. With the Crimean War, however, with the questions which were raised



EDWARD VII. IN 1855

(From a drawing by R. J. Lane)

in it, with the policy of which it was the result, we have happily no present concern. It is of the past, and its consequences must be made the best of; that is enough. More important is it to note that on this visit the Prince won his father's admiration, no easy matter, by his behaviour.

"*Qui est si gentil*," wrote Prince Albert to the faithful Stockmar, of the Prince of Wales; and to the Duchess of Kent, "I am bound to praise the children greatly. They behaved themselves extremely well and pleased everybody. The task was no easy one for them, but they discharged it without embarrassment and with natural simplicity." It is

also plain that, at this time, the Prince of Wales conceived that personal affection for the Emperor which he retained until, broken and ruined at Sedan, the Emperor died in exile in England. Yet among the leaders of the victors at Sedan was that Crown Prince of Prussia, who, at the time which our narrative has reached, was simply Prince Frederick. And that Prince Frederick, the "Fritz" of the



THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON 1855
(From an engraving)

killed, came far more slowly than in our time, in which circumstance may be found, perhaps, some explanation of the fact that the men and women of the middle of last century conducted themselves at trying times with more appearance of dignity and self-control than we can compass. They did not live, as we do, in complete communication by cable with all the civilised world and with a



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE 1855
(After Winterhalter)

Queen's diaries, was a few years later to marry the Princess Royal of England and to be the father of the German Emperor of to-day.

Wars came thick and fast in those days, but the rumours of wars, the news of battles fought and men

great deal of that which is not civilised.

Hardly was the Crimean War over before the mutterings in India, the warning voices to which none listened, began. In England men went on marrying and giving in marriage, so to speak,



QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT AND EDWARD VII. VISITING THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I. IN THE INVALIDES, PARIS, 1855

(From the picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., now in Buckingham Palace)



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, WITH EDWARD VII. AND THE DUKE OF COBURG, VISITING THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS OF THE CRIMEAN ARMY AT BROMPTON HOSPITAL, CHATHAM, 1855

(From the drawing by J. Tenniel)

without so much as knowing what was going on and had actually happened. Thus, on the 29th of June, 1857, the Queen, her four elder children, and one honoured guest, who shall for the moment be nameless, went down to Manchester to open an Art Treasures Exhibition. This was worthy, no doubt, in its day of the great manufacturing city

which has always been celebrated for its encouragement of Art and of Music. As they travelled down, and while they were engaged on that peaceful task, they were in blissful ignorance that more than six weeks before, on May 10 in fact, the awful tragedy of the Indian Mutiny had begun. To quote from Sir George Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," as vivid a book



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY RECEIVING A COMPANY OF GUARDS (HEROES OF THE CRIMEA) AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FEBRUARY 20, 1855

Edward VII. being to the right hand of Her Majesty

(From the picture by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

as ever came from the pen of mortal man, is to show that even in India the news travelled slowly.

"Before the month of May was half over, the English residents at Cawnpore were beginning to be made uneasy by the disagreeable character of the intelligence from Agra. Something had happened at Meerut, and it was feared that something had happened at Delhi." Something had indeed happened. It was known in the bazaar that "the Third Light Cavalry had turned upon their officers; that murder and arson had been the order of the day; that the vast native garrison of Delhi had risen to a man, and had butchered every Englishman on whom they could lay their hands." Yes, in very truth, something had happened. May had passed away, hundreds of tender women and gallant men had caught the last home-mail in May and had written their last letters home on earth. The

relentless seige of Cawnpore had ended in that act of unutterable treachery which will keep the

memory of the Nana blood-red so long as English history shall be written. Three days before the 29th of June had that hideous scene of bloody betrayal been enacted. And on that 29th of June, in sheer and happy ignorance of these terrible facts, Queen Victoria went in the brightest of moods, with her children around her, to open an Exhibition specially devoted to the arts of peace. The contrast between the stress in India and the calm in England then, astounding as it is, is not more striking than that between the England of 1857, unconscious of its loss, and the state of things which would exist in the England of 1902 three days after so dire an event.



EDWARD VII. IN 1856

(From a drawing by G. Richmond, R.A.)

Our duty, however, is to deal with things as they were in England on this bright day of June, 1857,



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT, ACCOMPANIED BY EDWARD VII. AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL, VISITING THE ARCTIC SHIP "RESOLUTE," DECEMBER 16, 1856

(From the Picture by W. Simpson)



THE ART TREASURES EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER, 1857

when, unconscious of the storm that had already broken out in the East, the Queen was at Manchester, a joyful mother of her children and of her people. All things seemed bright, and the presence of the honoured guest who has been mentioned, but not named, seemed to complete the happiness of the occasion. He was none other than the Prince Frederick William of Prussia, then in the prime of his youth and strength, and as noble a figure as the eye of man or woman could desire to look upon. To the delight of his parents, afterwards the first German Emperor and Empress of modern times, and to the equal joy of the Queen and the Prince Consort, he was engaged to the Princess Royal of England.

Never did alliance promise better, and seldom, perhaps, have the high hopes of anxious parents been more abundantly fulfilled than in this case. The young prince was "a veray parfit gentil knight" of the kind, as the sequel unhappily proved, whom the gods love; for he died young and all too soon. Princess Victoria, the "Vicky" of the journals and the "little lady" of the letters, was to her father and mother as the apple of their eye, quick-witted, charming, perfectly

educated, and young. So much for the domestic and personal side of the matter, but there was the personal and political aspect of it also to be considered.

Certainly no man knew, probably no man dreamed, in that summer of 1857, that the day would come when the Crown Prince of Prussia, after taking a warrior's part in the awful conflict of the Franco-German War, would in due course become German Emperor, and so remain until he was called

upon to relinquish the reins of earthly power in favour of that Imperial son who is at this moment far and away the most commanding influence in shaping the destinies of Continental Europe. Yet that was to be the future of the Crown Prince, and it follows that no sensible man can doubt that the marriage between him and the daughter of the Queen of England, a union founded upon personal affection no less than upon political expediency, has been of distinct and practical value to the British people. There are those who, in sheer obedience to instinctive prejudice, are prone to belittle the influence of Royal personages. But they are men who, speaking with-



PRESENTATION OF THE CORPORATION ADDRESS TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE MANCHESTER ART TREASURES EXHIBITION

Edward VII. is seen standing with his brother, Prince Alfred, to the right of the picture

out knowledge and without thought, have not paused to reflect that wise alliances on the part of our Royal Family must necessarily have one distinct and invaluable influence. They tend, they cannot help tending, to promote the priceless boon of peace. One has heard so much in recent years of German Anglophobia, which is really rather an inaccurate way of saying that many Germans of the baser sort, being misinformed as to facts, hate rather than fear the portrait of the English character shown to them in their newspapers; and we hear something of English resentment over the expression of that hatred. Newspaper writers have boiled over in verbose fury; there is talk from time to time of friction and of crisis, terms dear to the journalistic heart. But the thoughtful man never fails to keep in memory the solid fact that the German Emperor of to-day was Queen Victoria's grandson and is Edward VII.'s nephew, and that at times of suffering and sorrow he has always been among the English mem-



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF ENGLAND
 Married to H.R.H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, January 25, 1858
(From the painting by F. Winterhalter)



H.R.H. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA
 Married, January 25, 1858, to H.R.H. the Princess Victoria of England

bers of his family. It is not said that war between the British and the German Empires, the prospect of which is surely sufficiently awful in contemplation to give both sides pause, is a thing inconceivable or impossible; but it is said that, largely by reason of the close relationship between the Imperial House of Germany and our own Royal House, any such war is simply impossible save upon an issue of vast importance, and that, should such an issue arise, the sword would not be drawn on either side until the resources of peaceful negotiation had been tried more persistently than would be natural in other cases.

Edward VII. and the German Emperor were companions in joy and in sorrow. When one followed a mother and a sister to the grave, the other followed a grandmother and a mother. They rode together; they shot in company at home and abroad; they were familiar friends who respected as well as liked each other. There need be no



MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND WITH H.R.H. PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

January 25, 1858

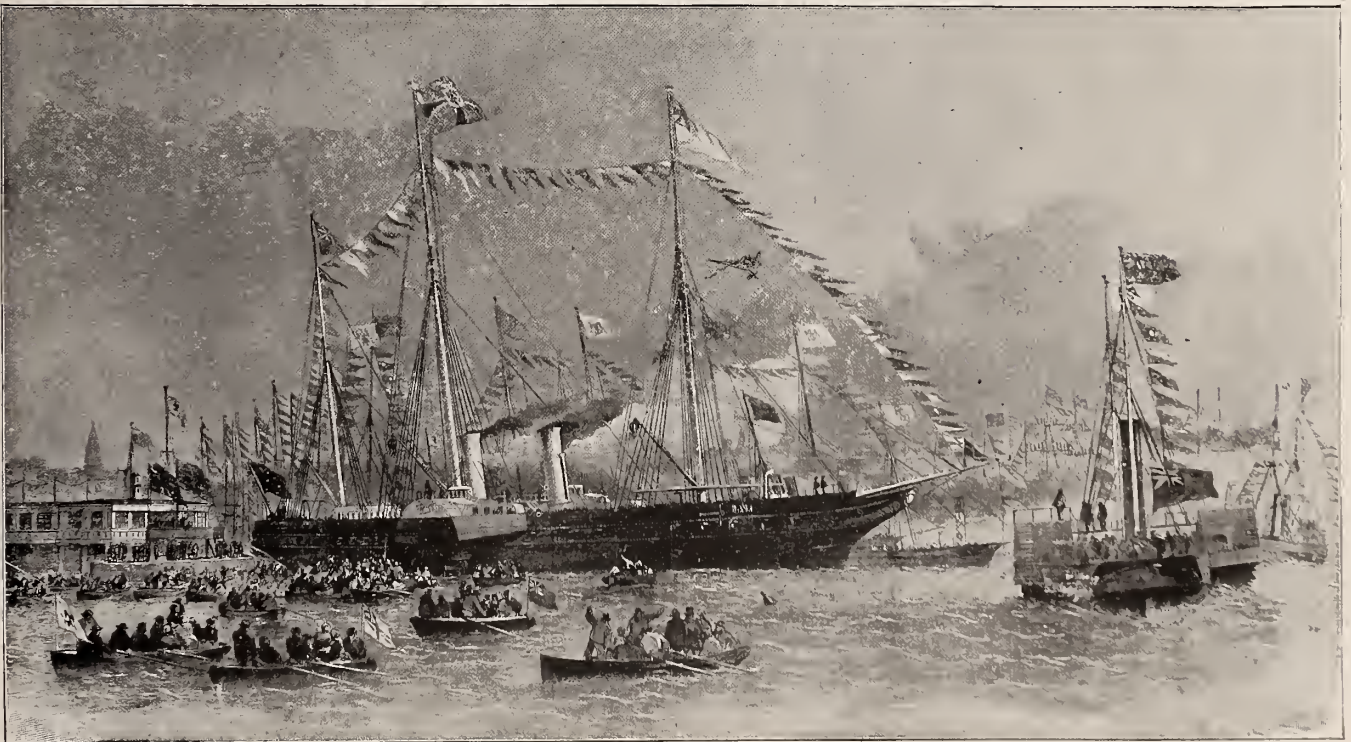
(From the picture by John Phillip, R.A.)



THE ETON BOYS DRAWING THE CARRIAGE OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA
FROM THE STATION TO WINDSOR CASTLE

hesitation in saying that statesmen and diplomatists, while they are bickering with one another upon trivial questions, are perfectly conscious all the while of that relationship between the monarchs of the two countries which forbids the raising of a serious quarrel over any issue which is not absolutely

vital. Perhaps some apology is needed for the intrusion of this political reflection. It is to be found in an abiding conviction that the personal influence of Sovereigns in promoting the inestimable blessing of peace is not sufficiently valued, especially by Englishmen.



THE DEPARTURE OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA FROM GRAVESEND IN THE ROYAL YACHT
"VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

The engagement had been entered into at Balmoral in the autumn of 1855, and was thus noted by the Queen (29th September, 1855):—

“Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us on the 20th of his wishes, but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt that it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of good luck), which he gave to her, and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and good wishes, which led to this happy conclusion.”

In quoting this passage, Mrs. Oliphant (*Queen Victoria*) could not be, and in fact is not wrong, and it is amusing to see how, after the manner of her sex, she was particularly interested in the exact method of the proposal. But, oddly enough, in relating the story of the marriage ceremony, in which also she might be expected to take a feminine interest, Mrs. Oliphant made every possible mistake, including some that would have seemed impossible if she had not fallen into them. For example, the Princess Royal was very young, fifteen only, when she was engaged to be married, but Mrs. Oliphant

places the marriage ceremony “in the beautiful Chapel of St. George at Windsor, the Chapel of the Garter, and, next to Westminster, the most royal and stateliest of all English sacred places,” and in 1856. But the cold-blooded and masculine chronicler is compelled to observe that, as a matter of hard fact, the marriage was not solemnised until 1858, and that the scene was not St. George’s at all, but the Chapel Royal at St. James’s Palace. There is the less excuse for the errors in that Queen Victoria herself, who delighted in these family ceremonials, wrote quite a full account of the wedding.

Some facts from this description may well be selected. “The sun was shining brightly; thousands

had been out since very early, shouting, bells ringing, &c. Albert and uncle, in Field-Marshal’s uniform with their bâtons, and the two eldest boys went first. Then the three girls in white satin trimmed with Newport lace, Alice with a wreath, and the two others with only bouquets in their hair of cornflowers and marguerites; next the four boys in Highland dress.” (Here a note from the Queen’s own hand informs us that cornflowers were the favourite flower of Queen Louise of Prussia, and have been so to all her children and descendants.) Then we have a picture of the procession which was

“formed just as at my marriage, only how small the old Royal Family has become! Mama last before me—then Lord Palmerston with the sword of State—then Bertie and Alfred, I with the two little boys on either side (which they say had the most touching effect) and the three girls behind.”

More than this, there is reference to the foreign princes and princesses, to the bridesmaids with bouquets of pink roses and white heather—a reminiscence this of the day of betrothal on the Scottish hillside—to the drums and trumpets and the organ, to the “innocent, confident and serious expression” of the bride, to the clear enunciation of the bridegroom and the nervousness of the Archbishop. The whole scene, the crowd of illustrious personages, the

narrow limits of the chapel—it is “too small”—rises before the mind, conjured up by a masterly pen which understood the artistic value of simplicity. In this very chapel, on that very spot, the Queen herself had joined hands with Prince Albert; it was but natural that she should notice every detail with minute particularity; and in this same chapel several other members of the Royal Family have been married since.

How the young couple went to Buckingham Palace and showed themselves to the crowds from the window above the archway, and then went to Windsor, where the Eton boys dragged their carriage from station to castle; how two days later Prince Frederick was invested with the Garter; and how on



EDWARD VII. AS COLONEL IN THE ARMY, 1858

(From the picture by Winterhalter)

Tuesday, February 2, farewell was said, has been related at length in the *Life of the Prince Consort*. Our concern is rather with the Prince, who was left behind to continue his studies, and to take those occasional walking tours *incognito* which were regarded as a part of his education.

For him 1858 was an important year, for in the course of it he made his entry into Christian manhood as a member of the Church of England by being confirmed, and into the profession of Arms by being gazetted a Colonel in the Army. The former event was, if anything, somewhat later than is usual, for having been born on the 9th of November, 1841, the Prince was over sixteen years of age on the



**THE
ROYAL PEW**

(Photo by
H. N. King)



Photo by

THE PRIVATE CHAPEL, WINDSOR

Russell & Son



DR. SUMNER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Who confirmed Edward VII

(From an engraving by D. J. Pound)

1st of April, 1858, when he was confirmed in the private chapel at Windsor. But the latter was long before its time, and it is quite clear from the published correspondence that the Prince Consort, in calculating his son's age, made a downright mistake,

thinking him to be eighteen, when in fact he was only seventeen. Oddly enough, an analogous and almost identical mistake was made by Prince Albert's grandson, the German Emperor, and by a



GERALD WELLESLEY

Afterwards Dean of Windsor

(From photo by H. N. King)

number of other persons of less exalted rank, in connection with the opening of the New Century.

years old. The Prince Consort thought otherwise, and believed his son to be eighteen when he was seventeen,



LORD JOHN RUSSELL



LORD PALMERSTON



LORD DERBY

The German Emperor was humorously autocratic in the matter. As the captain of a King's ship ordains occasionally, for reasons of domestic convenience, that Sunday shall be Monday, so, with *sic volo, sic jubeo*, he commanded that the last year of the nineteenth century should be treated as the first year of the twentieth. The others argued; and that was fatal to them. But many persons, for some occult reason, are incapable of perceiving the arithmetical fallacy of the argument, so it may be well to convince them by ocular demonstration. Let them write



THE WHITE LODGE

(Photo by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond)

and, if he could not dictate to the Calendar or to the Gods of Arithmetic, he could at least cause his son to be made a Colonel before he had attained his Royal majority at law.

It is hardly necessary to say that, in a deeply religious family, the Confirmation was taken very seriously. The Queen wrote to her son a long and earnest letter, by which, it is said, he was so much affected that he burst into tears on showing it to Gerald Wellesley, and one can well believe that this was so. There can be few men living, careless as



MAJOR LINDSAY

Afterwards Lord Wantage

(From a photo)

down in parallel columns the years from 1841 to 1858, and the age of Edward VII. in years. They will find that until November 9, 1842, he was 0 years but various months old, and that on November 9, 1858, he was seventeen

they may have become in after life, who, having passed through that solemn period of preparation by father and mother and spiritual adviser, have forgotten how serious was the surrounding atmosphere, how imposing in



LORD VALLETORT

(Afterwards Lord Mount-Edgcumbe)

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

externals and impressive at heart was the ceremony itself in this case. It was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, present also being the Bishop of Oxford (as Lord High Almoner), the Bishop of Chester (Clerk of the Closet), the Dean of Windsor (the Rev. the Hon. Gerald Wellesley—Resident Chaplain to the Queen), the Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell (Chaplain to the Prince Consort), and the Rev. J. H. Ellison (Vicar of Windsor), who sat within the Communion Rails of the Private Chapel at Windsor during the ceremony. Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell, of whom the last two named were then at issue over the India

main object of his life at White Lodge, there were chosen military associates for the young Prince. The Prince Consort's words to the faithful Stockmar in this connection are interesting and in some respects amusing. Lord Valletort, afterwards Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, is chosen because "he has been much on the Continent, is a thoroughly good, moral and accomplished man, draws well and plays, *and never was at a public school, but passed his youth in attendance on his invalid father.*" (The italics are not those of the Prince Consort.) Major Teesdale, V.C., had distinguished himself greatly in the Artillery at Kars; Major Lindsay, afterwards Lord



THE ROYAL FAMILY ABOUT 1857

(From a photo by Lombardi & Co.)

Bill, were also present; and the Prince Consort notes that the examination by Gerald Wellesley of the Prince's religious views and knowledge had consumed a full hour. Nay more, it had been conducted before the Archbishop, the Queen, and the Prince Consort, a remarkably trying ordeal, in which the last named, no lenient judge, pronounced that "Bertie had acquitted himself extremely well."

Now began the regular education in practical life. After a brief run to the South of Ireland for relaxation, the Prince was installed at White Lodge. Mr. Gibbs was about to retire; the Rev. Mr. Tarver, afterwards Canon of Chester, was appointed in his stead; and, since military education was to be the

Wantage, received special commendation. He won his V.C. "for Alma and Inkerman, where he carried the colours of the Regiment, and by his courage drew upon himself the attention of the whole Army. He is studious in his habits, lives little with other young officers, is fond of study, familiar with French, and especially so with Italian," and so on. In later years this same Major Lindsay, as Lord Wantage, did yeoman's service to his country in many ways, in connection with Army Reform, with the Red Cross Society, with the National Rifle Association, and, not least perhaps, as a model country gentleman on his extensive estates in Berkshire. Perhaps, in this exceptional case, the writer may be permitted to say that he knew Lord

Wantage in later years, and that in that perfect gentleman—the phrase is not used in any conventional sense—were combined in a degree rare among men, dignity, purity of mind and motive, steadfastness of purpose, and intellectual culture.

To these military studies there is no doubt that the Prince of Wales of 1858 devoted himself ardently, and in later years he was particularly interested in the 10th Hussars, with whom he went to Salisbury Plain in 1871. He was also present more than once as a keen and critical spectator of military manœuvres on the Continent. The following is the cut-and-dried list of the military ranks held by Edward VII at home, to say nothing of foreign countries, up to the time when he ceased to be Prince of Wales: Appointed Colonel in the Army 1858; a General 1862; Field-marshal 1875; Colonel-in-chief 1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards (Blues) and Gordon Highlanders, Colonel 10th Hussars, Captain General and Colonel Honourable Artillery Company of London, Honorary Colonel Norfolk Artillery, E. Division, R.A., 3rd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, 4th Battalion Princess of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment), 4th V.B. Suffolk Regiment (C.U. Volunteers), 1st V.B.

Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 6th V.B. King's Royal Rifle Corps, 2nd V.B. Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's), Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, 2nd Regiment of Goorkha Infantry, 6th Bengal Cavalry, Ceylon Light Infantry Volunteers, 1st Regiment of Montreal Volunteers, Prince of Wales' Regiment of Fusiliers of Montreal.

If there be one regiment which Edward VII. pre-

ferred to all others, it is the 10th Hussars, in which he sent his eldest son; and here a personal reminiscence may be permitted. For reasons into which it is not necessary to enter, the writer was present a few years ago when Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, examined a block of the Rowton Houses with the object of seeing whether they contained ideas for that reform of barrack accommodation which he, with Lord Roberts (then commanding in Ireland), was keenly desirous to promote. On the threshold of the house he stopped, and, addressing the superintendent, said, "One moment. You and I have met before somewhere. I remember. You were in the 10th, and were with me on Salisbury Plain in 1871." Such was the exact case, and the 10th have as much cause as that happy superintendent, who received a portrait later, to congratulate themselves on Edward VII.'s attachment to them and upon his faithful memory



EDWARD VII. AS COLONEL OF THE 10th HUSSARS

(From a photo by Vernon Heath in 1863)

CHAPTER III

UNIVERSITY CAREER



THIS chapter is concerned mainly with the completion, by a University education, of the training of him who was the Prince of Wales for the latter half of the nineteenth century. The years which it covers were not spent entirely at the three Universities of Edinburgh, Oxford and Cambridge, which have the right to claim him among their *alumni*; for University vacations are long, and one of them left time for a summer visit



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT

(Photo by Mayall)

to the Curragh, and there the Prince, already deeply read in military studies, devoting himself to those soldierly exercises which were the necessary complement to his book-learning. Moreover, the last of those years was broken into by the first great sorrow of his life, the death of his father. Still, the main business of those years was life at the Universities, and for that reason the session at Edinburgh, the days at Oxford, and those at Cambridge are all treated together.

Before the University career began, however, there was a duty to be performed, and a pleasant tour was in prospect. The duty was the presentation of colours to the 100th Regiment of Foot (the Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian Regiment) at Shorncliffe, and the young Colonel's first public speech is the more worthy to be placed on record, having regard to the position which since those days the Dominion of Canada has taken in the British Empire.

"LORD MELVILLE, Colonel de Rottenberg, and officers and men of the 100th Regiment: it is most gratifying to me that, by the Queen's gracious permission, my first public act since I have had the honour of holding a commission in the British Army, should be the presentation of colours to a regiment which is the spontaneous offer of the loyal and spirited people of Canada, and with which, at their desire, my name has been specially associated. The ceremony on which we are now engaged possesses a peculiar significance and solemnity, because in confiding to you for the first time this emblem of



BARON STOCKMAR

(From the painting by F. Winterhalter)

military fidelity and valour, I not only recognise emphatically your enrolment into our national force, but celebrate an act which proclaims and strengthens the unity of the various parts of this vast Empire under the sway of our own Sovereign. . . . Although, owing to my youth and inexperience, I can but very imperfectly give expression to the sentiments which this occasion is calculated to awaken with reference to yourselves and the great and flourishing province of Canada, you may rest assured that I shall ever watch the progress and achievements of your gallant corps with deep interest, and that I heartily wish you all honour and success in the prosecution of the noble career on which you have entered."

Of the tour, the first of

many grand tours projected for the Prince of Wales on the principle of Bacon that "Travaile, in the Younger Sort, is a Part of Education," the object was in part instruction, but we may take it that relaxation, which the Prince had certainly earned as honestly as any young gentleman of his age and time, was the principal object. It began with a visit

to Berlin to greet once again the sister of his youth, from whom he had never been so long parted before.

It was intended to be prolonged during a considerable period of extensive Continental travel. For this purpose the Prince, who could no longer hope to travel really *incognito*, as he frequently succeeded in doing on his walking tours in the United Kingdom, used his Scottish title of Baron Renfrew, and he was accompanied by Mr. Tarver as "Tutor or grave Servant," and by Colonel Bruce as governor. Unfortunately, by reason of troubles in which France and Italy and Austria were involved, the tour came to an abrupt end; for, as the Prince Consort wrote to Baron Stockmar, it was clearly impossible that the Heir Apparent to the British throne should



H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

(From a photo by H. N. King)

be at large on the face of a disturbed continent. So the Prince had got no farther than Rome when he was recalled to Gibraltar, but there is no doubt that the Roman part of his tour remained indelibly in his memory.

It was not, indeed, a fortunate time at which to visit Rome, for Pius IX. was on the verge of losing

his temporal power. As a matter of fact, before 1859 was ended, the Papacy had lost almost all its temporal estates. Ancona had been taken, and the Legation Marches and Umbria were incorporated with the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and nothing but a French garrison maintained the Pope himself in Rome. Moreover, this same Pius IX. was the occupant of Peter's Chair who restored, so far as he could, the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, and he was the aggressor against whom the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was aimed. Feeling, therefore, ran strong in England against the Pope, who combined a liberality of view, rare in one in his position, with a determination which destroyed itself, to aggrandise the Roman Catholic Church. The Prince, consequently, paid an interesting visit. He was the first Prince of the Blood Royal who had visited the Vatican for many centuries. Not since Stuart times had a Prince of Wales waited upon the Pope. In this particular case the interview seems to have been particularly friendly. The ordinary etiquette is that during visits the Pope does not rise, and the visitor remains standing, and even in the case of an Emperor, it is the host, and not the guest, who suggests the termination of the visit. Custom forbids that even an Emperor should turn his back upon the Pope when retiring from his presence. But on this occasion, Pius IX. would have no ceremony. He rose when

His Royal Highness entered with Colonel Bruce, met him at the door, asked him to be seated, and an easy conversation in French followed between the Supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church and the young man who was to be later the Sovereign of one of the most Protestant States on earth.

So, after a very brief visit to Southern Spain and Lisbon, the Prince returned to England in June, and very soon became a member of Edinburgh University. Neither there, nor at Oxford, nor at Cambridge, was he permitted to live exactly as an undergraduate; for it was not until his younger brother, Prince Leopold, who died in the prime of life as Duke of Albany, went to Christ Church, that it was realised that a Prince of the Blood might associate with under-

graduates on terms of equality, and might live their life, without exceptional privilege, and be all the better for it. At Edinburgh, therefore, the Prince was installed in the historic palace of Holyrood, concerning the memories of which it would be easy to write many chapters, were it not for two unfortunate facts. In the first place, they are perfectly well known not merely to Macaulay's schoolboy, but to ordinary people of commonplace education, and they are so romantic that they are not easily forgotten. In the second place, they would be off the point. A picture of Holyrood is, however, always welcome.

The educational



CANON TARVER

Who accompanied Edward VII. to Rome and directed his studies from 1854 to 1859

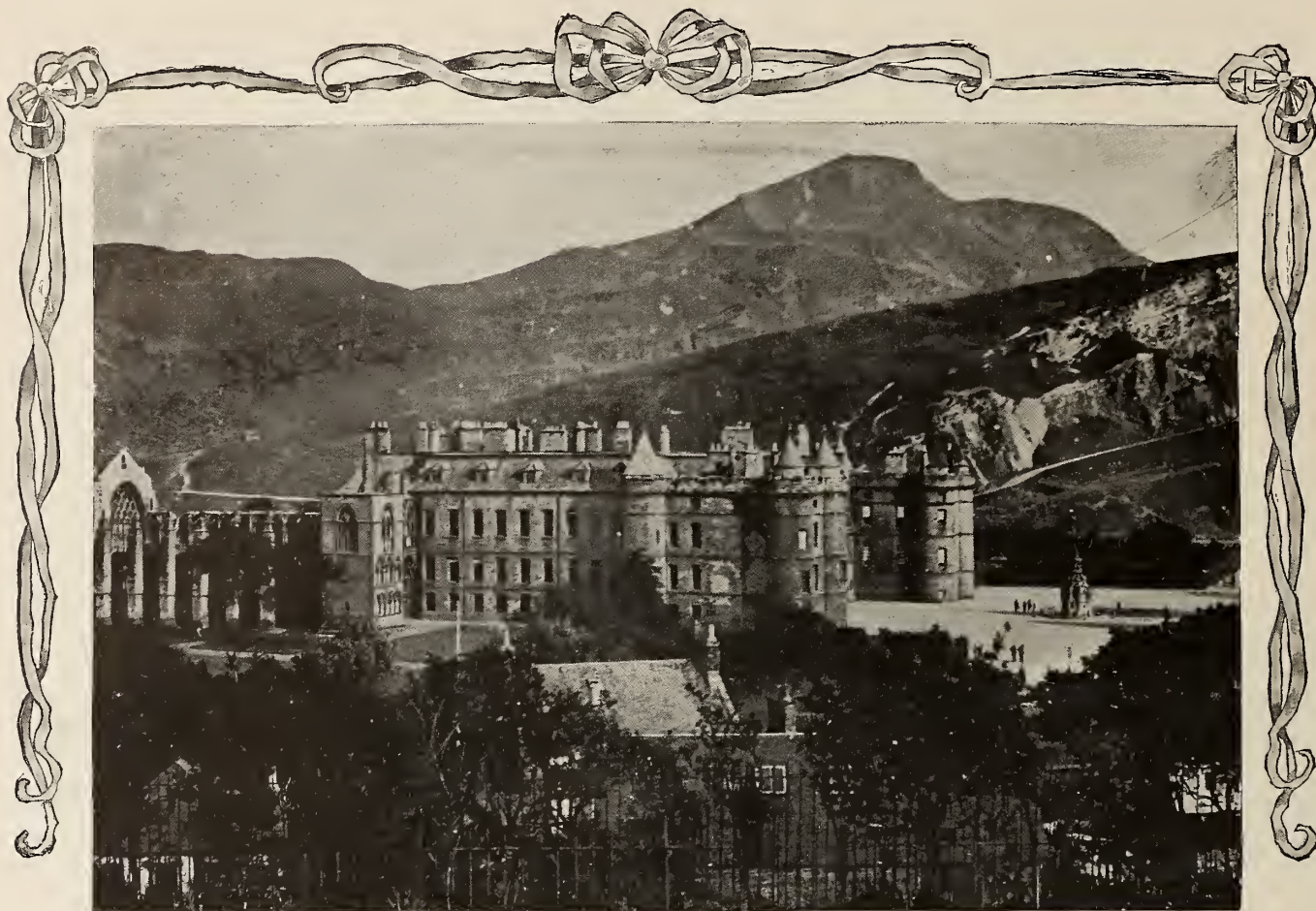
(From a photo)



THE POPE PIUS IX

(From a print by Metzmacher)

course at Edinburgh was taken very seriously by the Prince Consort, who, three months after his science seems to have been considerably impressed by the earnest way in which the young



HOLYROOD, FROM CALTON HILL

(From a photo by Valentine & Sons, Dundee)

son had gone into residence, himself made a pilgrimage to the Athens of the North, and summoned a conference of those who were supervising the Prince of Wales's education. Amongst these was Mr. Herbert William Fisher, a student of Christ Church, Oxford—a studentship at Christchurch was equivalent to a fellowship elsewhere—upon whom had fallen the honour of being chosen to be the Prince's private tutor when he should migrate to the banks of the Isis. His main reading was in History under Dr. Schmitz, the Director of the High School at Edinburgh, of whom the Prince Consort notes with satisfaction that he was a German. But the most interesting course of lectures which he attended were those given by Professor Lyon Playfair, afterwards Lord Playfair, on Chemistry. The great man of

Prince followed the lectures, and by his absolute confidence in the omniscience of his teacher; and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, that prince of gossip in good taste, relates that in after years Lord Playfair was in the habit of telling an amusing story. It was that, after making the Prince wash his hands in ammonia to get rid of any particle of grease that there might be on them, he said to him: 'Now, Sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by.' "Are you serious?" asked the pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Lord Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity.



LORD PLAYFAIR

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)



EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL



THE OLD TOWN

There are probably very few people who, ignorant of science, would cheerfully submit to such an ordeal. The writer is certainly not one of them; and he ventures to construe this action as evidence of the cool nerve which in later years the Prince showed time after time in the face of real danger.

Edinburgh was also a witness that the Prince did not neglect his military duties; for here the presence of the 16th Lancers enabled him to obtain a little military training of a practical kind. Of a walking tour in the Highlands, during which the Prince ascended Ben Muichdhui, there is some record, and it is worthy of note that his birthday was celebrated in the company of his whole family, for the Princess Royal had come across from Berlin expressly to honour him. Otherwise the records of the Scottish period are scanty.



EDINBURGH CASTLE



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE



BURNS' MONUMENT

From Edinburgh, which, for architectural and scenic beauty of its own striking kind yields to no city in the whole Empire, the Prince was transferred to Oxford, of which the sight is, in its own way, equally wonderful. To compare the two: to say that the bold environment of Edinburgh renders it superior to the peaceful beauty of the Oxfordshire country, to draw a contrast between Arthur's Seat and Headington Hill or Hincksey, to try to decide whether Prince's Street or the Oxford High Street is the more lovely or inspiring spectacle, would be to commit one of those commonplace blunders for which there is no excuse or necessity. Each is perfect after its kind, each has historical associations of a distinct character. The wise man enjoys both to the full without the folly of instituting comparisons. One thing only may be said in special favour of Oxford. If its romantic memories, many though they be when the mind goes back to Stuart times, are less impressive than those of Edinburgh, it has the atmosphere of academic repose and of old-

VIEWS OF EDINBURGH

(From photos by G. W. Wilson)

world quiet in greater completeness than any other home of learning; and it had them in greater measure in the Prince's Oxford days, when tramways were not in existence, when the married tutor and Fellow was as yet undreamed of, when trim villas had not invaded the vicinity of the parks, and the town existed far more obviously than it does now simply as an accessory to the University.

Mr. *Punch*, by the pen of one of his young men, was humorously anxious concerning the situation:

To the South from the North, from
the shores of the Forth,
Where at hands Presbyterian pure
science is quaffed,
The Prince in a trice, is whipped to
the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæ-
val on draught.

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture, lest that prove a fixture,
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam,

Where dynamics and statics and pure
mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful
cargo of cram.



Photo by MAJOR TEESDALE, V.C. Manill & Fox
Equerry to Edward VII. at Oxford

Possibility there may have been an undercurrent of seriousness in the jingle (which, by the way, hardly tends to show that *Punch* has degenerated), and there is no sort of doubt that, for men of ordinary and even high rank, one complete University course would be better than a mixture of three. But the migrations were unavoidable. Edinburgh, perhaps, stands on a somewhat different footing to Oxford and Cambridge, and it may well be that Trinity College, Dublin, felt that it had some cause to complain that it was neglected, but, particularly in those days of



FREWIN HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF EDWARD VII. WHILE AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY

(From a photo by Hills & Saunders)

keener jealousy between Cam and Isis, "it would never have done," to use a homely phrase to choose one only of the great English Universities for the honour of being Alma Mater to the future King.

So to Oxford the young Prince of Wales went in the autumn of 1859, receiving his certificate from the Vice-Chancellor just in the same manner as an ordinary undergraduate. It ran thus :

Term. Mich.

Oxoniae, Die Oct. 17 Anno Domini 1859. Quo die comparuit coram me Albertus Edwardus Walliae Princeps e Coll. ex Aede Christi Reg. Angl. Fil. Nat. Max. et admonitus est de observandis statutis hujus Universitatis, et in Matriculum Universitatis relatus est.

Franciscus Jeune
Vice-Can.

The form of the certificate, it may be noted, does necessary violence to the Latin language, which acknowledges no letter "W," and to the feelings of the sons of Christ Church, who prefer that Christ Church, *Ædes Christi*, should be known as the House, and are roused to fury by those who speak or write of "Christ Church College." Moreover, on this word "House" hangs many a tale of the proud bearing of successive Deans of Christ Church,

which some have set down to arrogance, while others, who love every stone in the place, think it to be appropriate to the historic dignity of the House where a Dean, if he so pleases, can close the gates and so debar the Bishop of Oxford himself from ingress into the cathedral.

The home companions of the Prince at Oxford were Col. the Hon. Robert Bruce (Governor), Major Teesdale, V.C. (Equerry), and Mr. Herbert Fisher, M.A., who had been at Edinburgh already with him as tutor. He lived at Frewin Hall, a fine old house within easy access of the House. Hence came it that of the noble institution of which he was an undergraduate member the Prince saw more than he did of Trinity College, Cambridge, which was his next academic home.

In the first place he was, as an undergraduate, regular in keeping his chapels, which is a rare virtue; for some there are whom sleep overcomes, and others, comparable to objectors to vaccination, who have conscientious scruples of which the origin is sometimes traceable or suspected to be traceable to causes



EDWARD VII. AND HIS TUTORS, OXFORD, 1859
(Photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)



EDWARD VII. IN CAP AND GOWN
(From a photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)



"TOM QUAD," CHRIST CHURCH

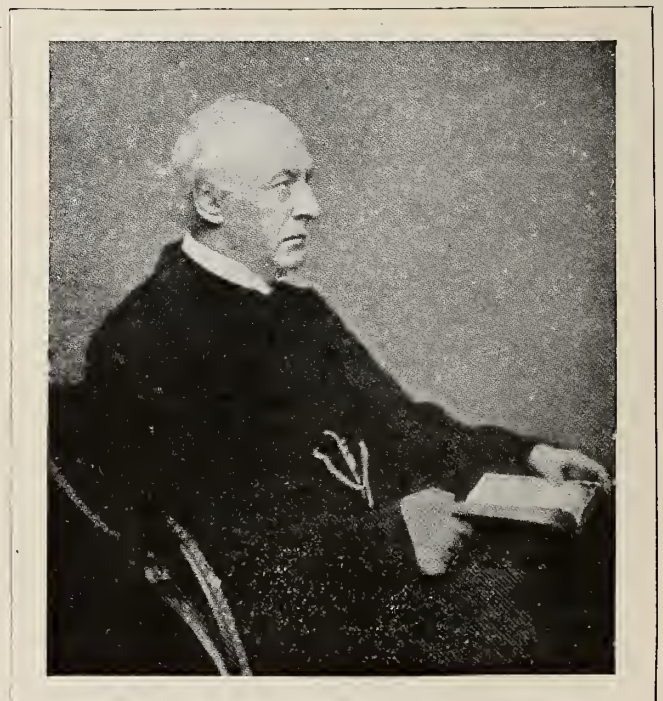
(From a photo by Hills & Saunders, Oxford)

other than qualms of conscience; for example, to the hour at which the services are held. Certain it is at any rate that, some twenty years after the Prince had "gone down," there were quite a large group of conscientious objectors who were cured by a very summary method. "Hauled"—that was the short phrase—by the Censor for "cutting" chapel, they one and all declared that they were tortured by religious doubts, and they were received with a politeness which augured consequences. Conscience was respected, but laziness met with no mercy; a roll-call, considerably before the hour of morning chapel, was instituted, and consistent absence from it was visited with severity. Conscience then began to show signs of reconversion, but the repentance was not found acceptable immediately in the sight of the powers that were. Meanwhile, candid sluggards, who had confessed the true cause of their absence, went scot free, and lay abed with impunity almost as much as they liked. This is by the way, of course; but it serves to amuse, and to throw a sidelight on Oxford life.

Neither at Oxford, however, nor in later life, was the Prince of Wales given to lying in bed in the morning; indeed, his early rising habits were a rare blessing to him, and, on occasion, a trial to those whose duty lay about him. Those were the days of four "chapels" in the cathedral, which is the chapel of Christ Church, with Latin prayers in the morning at 7 in summer

and at 8 in winter, prayers in which the words *Principis Consortis* were used on December 15, 1861, for the last time. To go to them the Prince had to pass daily under the archway above which Wren's grand tower rises one of the noblest landmarks of Oxford. From that tower he heard Great Tom telling every night the number of students and junior students, and thereby giving to the undergraduates a few more minutes of liberty than were accorded to those who were not

members of the House. Then his path lay across Tom Quad and past Mercury, a fountain rising from a basin containing goldfish (and sometimes in the night season unwilling undergraduates), towards chapel door. Tom Quad, indeed, is haunted with memories grave and gay. There, with the eye of the mind, one may



DEAN LIDDELL

(From a photo by Lyddell Sawyer)

see the stately form of Dean Liddell, stalking off towards the library through the passage known as Kilcanon, possibly because the draughts through it were so piercing that the venerable dignitaries feared it. As a matter of fact they were mostly long lived. There, in days before the privilege and the troubles of episcopacy, Canon King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, walked from his rooms to the cathedral, to preach some of the most inspiring sermons ever heard in Oxford. There, in the corner at the right hand as one entered Tom Gate, lived and learned and studied Edward Bouverie Pusey, the mildest-mannered man who ever was the centre, and one of the causes of a great storm. Here, too, barely ten years before the Prince "went up," Liddon had graduated (actually in the second class), and here in after years his eager figure, his quick walk, and his keen and earnest face, which seemed to look through into the next world, were familiar to all eyes.

In the Prince's time Liddon was engaged, not at Oxford, but hard by, at Cuddesdon.

Another well-known figure was that of the Rev. T. Vere Bayne, the kindest and the firmest Censor who ever admonished an undergraduate for error small or great.

It is not pretended that this scholarly and ecclesiastical Christ Church was that in which the Prince of Wales moved principally.

The Prince Consort did, indeed, report to Baron Stockmar, in December of 1859, "the Prince of Wales is working hard at Oxford," and no doubt Mr. Fisher, and the Senior Censor

of the day, the Rev. Osborne Gordon, who was the Prince's official tutor, did all that was necessary in the way of pursuing his education. Certainly he attended some lectures, in the lecture-rooms of the University as well as in those of the House, and it is right to assume that he took his University life with a proper measure of seriousness. As a matter of fact, he did attend the English History Lectures of Professor Goldwin Smith and the Chemistry Lectures of Sir Benjamin Brodie, thus carrying on a part of his Edinburgh course. Professor Walker also lectured to him on Experimental Philosophy. The ordeal of "Collections,"

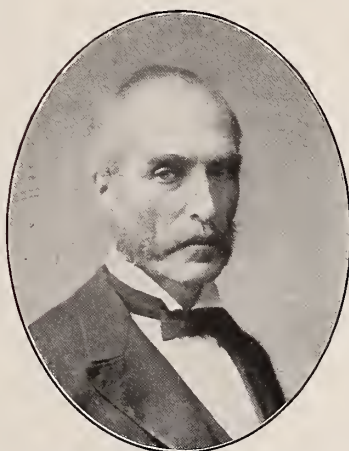
or an examination at the end of each term, took the form with him of an examination in history by the Dean.

But to the natural and healthy man, unless perchance he shall have achieved success in the Schools, and have become a "Don," the essence of Oxford life does not, when he looks back to it in later years,

appear to have been concentrated entirely in its studious side. It is not that, not that only at any rate, which makes the memory of Oxford delightful in the retrospect. One looks back to the days of fresh air in the rain and the sun, to cricket on the beautiful ground away through Christ Church meadow and across the Cherwell, to walks beneath the shade of the immortal elms of the Broad Walk, to the straining crews on the river, to the ring of the skates over the frozen floods covering Christ Church meadow, or other fields in the Iffley direction. One thinks of

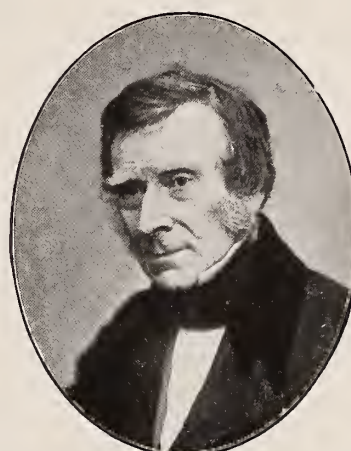


THE REV. DR. PUSEY



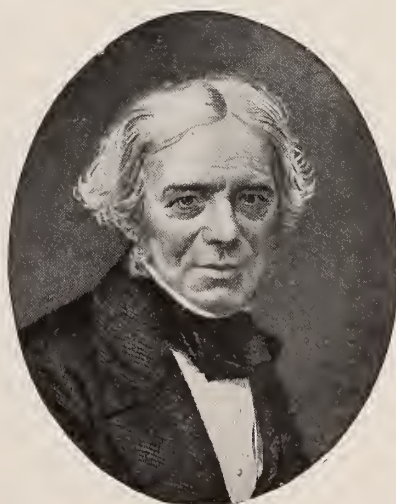
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)



PROFESSOR FARADAY

Whose lectures Edward VII. attended in 1858

great days with the South Oxfordshire or the Bicester, of the cracking of hunting-whips as men in smart and honourably mud-stained pink came back



F.R. Horsman.



*Christ Church
- from the meadows -*



*Oxford
from Magdalen Tower*

who some of his associates were. The Bullingdon Club, indeed, calls for a word or two of notice. It is not, and it never was, a studious club, although studious men have been known to belong to it. It has not, or certainly it had not thirty-five years ago, any other territorial home than its cricket-ground; and it played cricket, but not, as a rule, serious cricket. It was social, quietly, and decently



*in
Christ Church
Meadows.*

*"Tom" Tower
Christ Church.*



(From photographs by G. W. Wilson)

to their rooms in Peckwater or in Canterbury Quad, when the day's hunting was over. That also is Oxford, and a very valuable part of it too

The Prince, we read, mixed freely in the social life of the University, and the group showing him in the centre of his companions of the Bullingdon Club gives point to the statement, and shows us

convivial, its members required to be possessed of a good deal of money; most of them hunted, and all of them possessed a uniform. By day their distinguishing mark was a ribbon of blue and white stripes, which they wore on straw hats (and sometimes on hard white felt hats which looked terrible), and as a stripe on the sides of their flannel trousers.



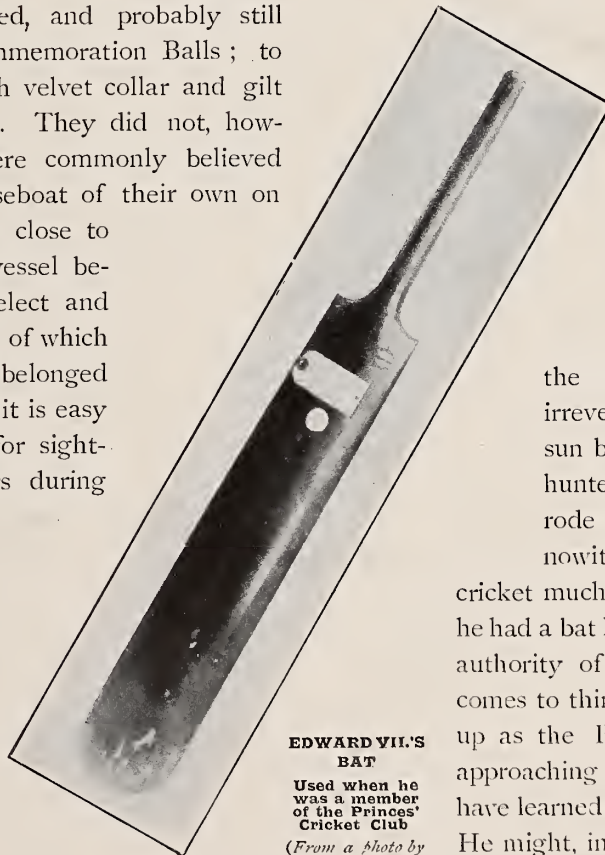
J. A. Pepys Sir F. Johnstone W. H. Dyke T. Baring H. Davenport Hon. W. B. Portman Sir G. Grant Hon. H. Somervilla T. Brassey J. S. Mott
H. Chaplin Edward VII J. Carpenter

EDWARD VII. AT CRICKET WITH THE BULLINGTON CLUB

(From a photo in the Rischgitz Collection)

They had, and no doubt still have, an evening dress uniform too which astonished, and probably still startles, young ladies at Commemoration Balls; to wit, a dress suit of blue, with velvet collar and gilt buttons, and bright blue tie. They did not, however, have, although they were commonly believed to possess it, a barge or houseboat of their own on the river, which was moored close to Christ Church barge. That vessel belonged to the "Loders," a select and expensive Christ Church Club, of which most of the members also belonged to the Bullington Club; but it is easy to see how that barge, used for sight-seeing and for merry dinners during the "Summer Eights," came to be called the Bullington barge. Out-College men, however, have belonged to the Bullington in large numbers, but they would have to wait for an invitation from a "Loder" before dining in the barge.

Amongst the Prince's associates one notes Mr.



**EDWARD VII.'S
BAT**

Used when he
was a member
of the Princes'
Cricket Club

*(From a photo by
Sands Hunter
& Co.)*

Henry Chaplin and Mr. Thomas Brassey, to say nothing of others well known by name and fame, and it need not be doubted that with them, according to immemorial and innocent custom, the Prince was often one of a group of undergraduates, standing lazily on the gravel of the noble Palladian Quadrangle irreverently known as "Peck," in the sun before luncheon. With them he hunted frequently, and with them he rode a good deal, but, the flannels notwithstanding, he did not play cricket much, although, as a picture shows, he had a bat later, as the writer learns on the authority of a contemporary. When one comes to think of it, no young man brought up as the Prince had been, in something approaching to solitude, could possibly have learned the national game of England. He might, indeed, have been taught to bat, to bowl, and to field; but that would be

a long way from learning the spirit of combination, of fairness and self-sacrifice, which, *pace* Mr. Kipling, is the soul of the noblest game known to mankind. So the Prince was never a "flannelled fool;" nor yet was he a "muddied oaf"; for football was then a game of schools and of village boys of which Oxford knew nothing. Indeed, the first Inter-University match was not played till many years later.

We do not hear either that the Prince ever resigned himself to the tender mercies of the aquatic coach,

good architecture. Here, in the ordinary course, he would dine at the Noblemen's table at the southern end of the dais, for in those days the outward marks of class distinctions had not been done away with at Oxford, and the noblemen, who wore gold tassels to their caps, were segregated from the common herd. (Hence the obsolete appellation, "tuft-hunter.") The first historical occasion on which the Prince dined in Hall, at his own expense, with five or six other noblemen and a few "strangers" at the table was the College gaudy of November 1, 1859,



THE HIGH, OXFORD, DURING TERM

(Drawn by H. W. Brewer)

nor is it likely that he did so, for Isis of Berks and Oxfordshire may not be so mysterious as her Egyptian namesake, but she is a jealous mistress who brooks no rival, and the undergraduate who rows earnestly may bid good-bye to all other bodily joys. Moreover, the monk in *Hypatia* was not far wrong when he remarked plaintively to Cyril that "of rowing, as of other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety at the last."

Very soon after going into residence the Prince was to pass on his way into Christ Church Hall up the celebrated staircase with its exquisite and fan-traced roof, which is appreciated by every lover of

the occasion being a great one for those past-members of the House who, having kept their names on the books, were able to reunite on this quietly festive evening.

It is on record too that, two days later, the Prince attended his first debate at the Union, where, as in the similar institution at Cambridge, many and many a statesman has fleshed his maiden sword and flashed his boyish wit. The subject was the "Abolition of Church Rates," and one can imagine that the streams of oratory, like two mountain torrents running down opposite sides of a valley into the same pool, surged as in a boiling cauldron,



**CHRIST CHURCH
STAIRCASE**

*(From a photo by
Hills & Saunders)*

for the topic was one on which feeling ran high. But the Prince, when asked which way he had voted, replied that he had not voted at all, which, it may be remarked, was in harmony with his conduct in later life, when his vote might have carried practical weight, for in the House of Lords he never voted except in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

For evening

amusements he would, when he was not engaged in quiet reading with Mr. Fisher, entertain a select party of friends at Frewin Hall, or sometimes go to a concert, or dine out, or attend one of the rare treats of those days, a Dickens reading in the Town Hall, with Charles Dickens himself for reader. On Sundays, from time to time, he attended the University sermon at St. Mary's, the beautiful old church half-way down the "High," with its curious spiral columns cloaked in Virginian creeper flashing scarlet in the autumn.

Needless to say the Prince's birthday was not forgotten that year at Oxford. First the poor were remembered. Three hundred poor women received blankets and three thousand children were regaled at a full meal in the Town Hall. There were fireworks at a bonfire in Merton Fields, and it is reported, probably quite truly, that in the general excitement there was one of the most thorough "Town and Gown" rows ever known. With this spirited celebration of a boisterous custom, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, it needs hardly



From a photo by

THE DINING-HALL, CHRIST CHURCH

Hills & Saunders



THE STUDY, FREWIN HALL, OXFORD
Occupied by Edward VII. in 1860

to be said that the Prince had no connection at all. Colonel Bruce, now a D.C.L. *honoris causâ*, would have seen to that if it had been necessary. Nor is there any logical defence for the custom, now fallen into complete disuse, of an annual fight between townsmen of the baser sort and gowmsmen of the more robust type. It belongs to another age, and all that can be said in its favour is that participants in it, who became perfectly respectable afterwards, looked back upon it with gleeful remembrance.

Since the Prince, before he came to the throne, always maintained his dignity without standing upon it pretentiously—for, in fact, he had that indefinable air which prevented any man from dreaming of presuming upon his kindness—and since he had been brought up on the principle that obedience *in statu pupillari* is the true foundation for wise exercise of authority, we may take it that, before going away for his Christmas vacation, he presented his "epistle" to Dean and Censors. The quaint old-world form, in the case of the Dean, would run thus:

Reverendo admodum doctissimoque viro,
Henrico Georgio Liddell, D.D., hujusce
Ædis Decano dignissimo, termino jam ritè

peracto, veniam abundi petit favoris tui studiosissimus.

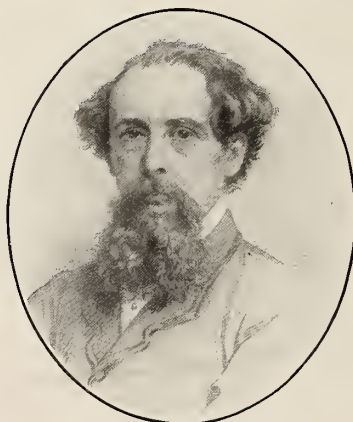
Albertus Edwardus Princeps.

And all Christ Church men will feel perfectly confident that the Dean asked the Prince, before the latter passed onward at the high table in Hall to the Censors, whether he knew "the day of returning." It was a question never varied in form, and never forgotten; and woe to him who knew not the answer.

Then came Christmas at home with father and mother and brothers and sisters—that is the way one likes to think of it, picturing the well-built, handsome young man returning to his family of all ages down to Princess Beatrice, almost a baby—and then



THE DRAWING-ROOM, FREWIN HALL, OXFORD
Occupied by Edward VII. in 1860



CHARLES DICKENS

the second term at Oxford. Of that term Edward VII. probably remembered one set of incidents most vividly of all. Severe frost set in early in February (at Oxford it has a horrid way of going hand in hand with fog), and the floods, which were "out" on Christ Church meadow, were frozen, so that the Prince could enjoy two hours of perfectly safe skating in the afternoons; and, on the evening of the first day after



the ice was strong, there was skating by torchlight also. Fen men may boast, if they must, but there is no place like Oxford, when the frost is hard, for skating in the best of spirits and in the best company of all—that of one's equals in age. That is what makes the true delight of Oxford. Horace, shrewdest as well as merriest of philosophers, went to the heart of human nature, when he reproached the charmer of the lovelorn Roman youth with having kept her victim out of the company of his equals in age. "*Cur apricum oderit campum, neque militaris inter æquales*

equitat cater-vas?" "Why shuns he the sunny plain why does he not ride in knightly exercise among the companies of his equals in age?" There is a world of human nature in that last phrase. "When all the world was young, lad!" That is the golden time.

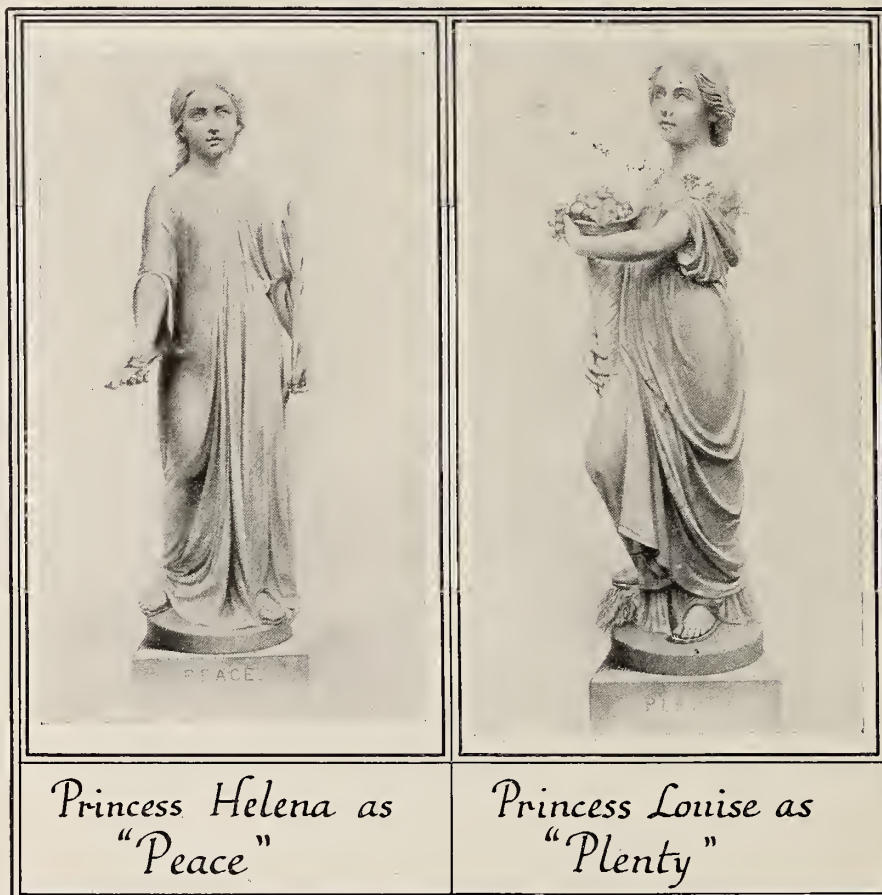
The same human nature, young, full of spirits, irrepressible, innocent, ebullient, broke out then as now at Commemoration, which the Prince, to be

made a D.C.L. later attended in the early summer of 1860. It was little better than an apology for a summer. *Punch* complained that the Zodiac was broken, and Jupiter Pluvius worked his wicked will. But youth recked nothing of that, and the Sheldonian Theatre at any rate was water-tight. The Prince, arrayed in robes of "maroon and gold" (so we read but do not quite believe), sat at the right hand of the Vice-Chancellor, and the undergraduates made the old roof ring again with their rough and not too ready wit. Shouts of "Lord John and his little Bill"; cheers for "the Dons with black hair, the Dons with white hair, and the Dons with no hair

at all," were heard galore. The Ministry, the *Record*, Bomba Junior, Lord Ebury, Hugh Allen (heaven knows why!) and John Bright (more was the shame, but undergraduates will be boys) were in stormy disfavour.

John Bright came off worst of them; but, after all, the cries of the undergraduates in the Sheldonian mean very little, and when once the noise has begun it really makes very small difference to the enjoyment of the young men whether they are shouting approval or disapproval, or whether they have any

idea what the shouting is about at that particular moment. This was exemplified in one of our Universities beyond seas a few years ago, when the students of Sydney University made so terrible a noise while the Duke of Cornwall and York took an honorary degree, that respectable folk were very much shocked and startled; but it was noticeable that this feeling was confined to those who did not know from experience that the



Princess Helena as
"Peace"

Princess Louise as
"Plenty"

STATUETTES BY MARY THORNEYCROFT

undergraduate is by nature a vociferous animal.

He can shout generously too; and the opportunities for whole-hearted acclamation were more than commonly abundant that year. Upon many men whose names bulked large in the public mind at that moment, stentorian voices asked the verdict of the undergraduates. Excellently well received were the names of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, who, by their combined qualities, had done a great deal to rescue the Conservative Party of the day from an insignificance which, apart from all question of its political creed, it may almost be said to have deserved for its sheer lack of intellectual quality. Garibaldi,



Prince Leopold as
"Fisherman"



King Edward as
"Winter"



Prince Arthur as
"Hunter"



Princess Alice as
"Spring"



Princess Royal as
"Summer"



Prince Alfred as
"Autumn"

STATUETTES BY MARY THORNEYCROFT

Pretty memories of childhood executed for Queen Victoria and which interested Her Majesty when her children were far away from home

too, was the idol of Europe or of that part of Europe which had no Austrian sympathies. The memory of Como and Camerlata was fresh and green. Men had only to whisper "Garibaldi," and the world cheered, and half the women of England, in honour of their hero, wore a nondescript garment (remarkably like a tailless shirt), which they called a Garibaldi. Singular, when one comes to think of it, is it that the name of a very masculine hero should be perpetuated in a feminine garment.

In those days, too, the name of Samuel Wilberforce,

Of the actual candidates for the degree of D.C.L., if men can be called candidates who are present by invitation as the principal and central cause of a gorgeous ceremony, some were honoured by a tremendous reception. There was John Lothrop Motley, Harvard's most brilliant son, once a comrade of Bismarck at the University of Göttingen, brightest and most industrious of historians, and besides that almost alone among authors in defying the judgment of publishers, and at the same time securing a financial triumph. Half the world has



COMMEMORATION AT OXFORD

(Drawn by Sydney P. Hall)

Bishop of Oxford, acted like a charm. A few years before he had been unpopular by reason of his opposition to Dr. Hampden and his relationship to Manning, in whom the world recognised then only the dangerous pervert, and not the great Cardinal of later years. But those days were past, and the extraordinary charm of his manner had reconciled to him many of those whom he was unable to silence by the greatness of his intellect. Men called him "Soapy Sam," but there was an undercurrent of affection in the nickname, as indeed there is in most nicknames. Charles Kingsley was at the height of his popularity.

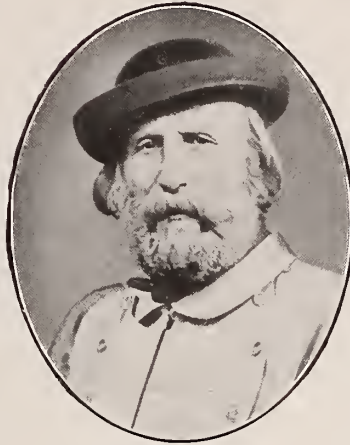
forgotten that no publishers would accept Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, that he published it at his own expense, and that within a few months it was translated into French, German, Dutch and Russian, and became the admiration of Europe. Never did Oxford bestow her honours more worthily than on the intimate friend of Lowell and Longfellow.

Past the Prince, too, walked Lord Brougham—by this time very old, for he had been born in 1778. But the part which he had played in promoting the abolition of slavery, and in pushing forward, in the face of vested interests, legal reforms which were really necessary, had been remembered when his

eccentricities, his vanity his instability and his occasional factiousness had been forgotten. Naturally, the most popular although far from being most important of them all was the Reverend James Harris, of Brasenose, saluted in the Latin speech as "*vir reverende et fortissime*." He had stroked the Brasenose Eight, and he had been chaplain during the awful siege of Lucknow. Three years only had passed since that long agony and glorious triumph, and it was but in the nature of things that Harris of Brasenose should for the moment outshine Brougham and Motley, and be received almost as well—if not quite as well—as Captain

the keenest interest in masonic institutions and customs, visited the Masonic Fête in the gardens of St. John's College.

At this point the Prince's Oxford career may be relinquished with the hope that some idea has been left of the atmosphere in which it was passed. For the moment he went up to London to be present at the party given by the Duke of Wellington, son and successor of the Iron Duke, in honour of the Queen's Accession. Very shortly afterwards came his memorable tour in Canada and the United States; but that, to use an expression which has



GARIBALDI

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE
Bishop of Oxford

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



LORD BROUGHAM

CAPTAIN SIR LEOPOLD MAC-
CLINTOCK, R.N.

(From a photograph)

Sir Leopold MacClintock, R.N., then fresh from his fourth Arctic expedition, the one equipped by Lady Franklin, in which he had discovered on the north-west shore of King William's Land conclusive evidence of the death of the gallant and ill-fated Sir John Franklin. He had just been knighted, and his book, *The Fate of Sir John Franklin*, had been widely read.

Other and minor festivities incident to Commemoration the Prince of Wales no doubt attended, so that the balls had never been so brilliant before as they were that year. Very naturally, too, the Prince, who had always shown



CHARLES KINGSLEY

(Photo by Watkins)

become classical, is another story, and will be told in another place. For a short time, in the following October term, the Prince again visited Oxford, but the climax of his Oxford career was the great scene in the Sheldonian at Commemoration of 1860.

Fresh from his inspiring and inspiring tour in the New World, the Prince of Wales betook himself to Trinity College, Cambridge, still accompanied by General Bruce, his Governor. It was early in 1861 that he took up his residence at Madingley Hall, a beautiful house, situated in a small village some three miles out of Cambridge, so that under-



TRINITY COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE



FOUNTAIN, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
(From photos by Valentine & Sons)

records of his career at Cambridge are more scanty than those which relate to his Oxford days. No doubt he belonged to the Pitt; doubtless he attended debates at the Union. Probably, like every other undergraduate at Cambridge with any taste for the Turf, he visited Newmarket. But the stories told of little escapades at Cambridge may safely be put down as apocryphal, and not even that, though the alleged episodes themselves would have been quite innocent if they had ever occurred. Certainly it is not necessary to waste these pages idly by repeating them. Indeed it may perhaps be worth while at this point to state with all gravity and as the result of a somewhat extensive experience in recording the doings of Royalty, that Royal personages really do suffer far more than the inexperienced man can possibly imagine from rumours which have absolutely no other ground than sheer invention. On a recent occasion it has been

graduate society of Cambridge saw less of him than his contemporaries at Oxford had seen, and public

the high privilege of the writer to be present from beginning to end of the Imperial tour of

1.	...	Charles, Charles Gabriel
...	...	Charles Gabriel Beale	William John	Birmingham
...	...	Thomas, Henry	Griffiths	Cambridge
...	...	Henry Buckholes Thomas	Francis	London
...	...	Charles Loftus Thorpe	Whiston	London
...	...	Clarence Birtwell	John	Leamington
...	...	William M. Harvey	John	Leamington
...	...	John William Strett	John	Leamington
...	...	Edward	Albert	London
...	...	William Henry Galsworthy	Henry Galsworthy	Bowden
...	...	George E. Redpath	John	Leamington
...	...	Walter Hankey	George	Rowood

EDWARD VII'S ENTRY, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

(From a photo by Cassell & Co., Ltd.)



EDWARD VII. IN 1861

(From a photo by C. Silvy)

PERCY

those who were then known as their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and he wishes to state, as a matter of solemn fact, that during the course of that tour he heard repeated "on the best authority" an immense number of stories, creditable and discreditable, some laudatory, others malicious, and many simply foolish. Of these a large majority were to his positive knowledge absolutely false, while none were to his knowledge even partly true. The simple truth of the



TRINITY BRIDGE,
CAMBRIDGE



CLOISTER COURT,
TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE



DINING HALL, TRINITY COLLEGE

matter is, that the inquisitive appetite for intimate knowledge of the sayings and doings of Royal Princes is so keen and so general that reports are fabricated wholesale, with a total and cruel disregard for the feelings of the persons concerned. With such reports, however, save by way of condemnation, this book has no concern whatsoever.



KING'S GATEWAY,
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

As to Cambridge, therefore, suffice it to say that the Prince was a student of Trinity College, then presided over by that extraordinarily learned man, Dr. William Whewell, of whom Sidney Smith used to say that "Science was his chief *forte* and omniscience his *foible*"; that Mr. Mathison was his tutor, and that he paid proper attention to his University lectures. One little incident is worth recording. The Master absolutely forgot to enter in the College books the name of Trinity's most distinguished son; and it was not until 1883, when the Prince went up,



EDWARD VII. OPENING MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY IN 1861

(From an engraving)

like any other father, to enter his son, Prince Albert Victor, that his own name was registered in the official book which is kept in the Library. There,

however, it is put at its proper date in Edward VII.'s own handwriting, where it stands next to that of John Strutt, afterwards Lord Rayleigh, who was, in his



EDWARD VII. REVIEWING THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY VOLUNTEERS AND THE INNS OF COURT CORPS, AT CAMBRIDGE, IN 1861

(From an engraving)

time, a Senior Wrangler. It may safely be said that no two men whose names came together in the books of a college have ever had so many degrees between them. Lord Rayleigh is an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford, an honorary LL.D. of McGill University of Montreal, of Dublin, Glasgow, Edin-

A pleasant memory of his Cambridge career is associated with the name of Charles Kingsley, who, at the special request of the Prince Consort, as Sir Theodore Martin notes, delivered a course of lectures to the Royal undergraduate of Trinity, which were regularly attended by him and eleven



EDWARD VII. PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE 36th REGIMENT AT THE CURRAGH CAMP, 1861

(From an engraving of the period)

burgh, and Cambridge, Doctor of Philosophy at Heidelberg, Doctor of Science of Dublin, and so on. Edward VII. was D.C.L. of Oxford, LL.D. of Cambridge, Glasgow and Trinity College, Dublin, Calcutta University, and of the University of Wales. This last degree, by the way, is also held by Queen

selected undergraduates. Both then and in after life the relations between Queen Victoria's eldest son and the vigorous apostle of muscular Christianity were of the most friendly description.

One little feature more, and this chapter may well conclude. During his time at Oxford, the Prince of



SQUARE OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE GRENADEIER GUARDS, TO WHICH, BRIGADED WITH THE 36th REGIMENT, EDWARD VII. WAS ATTACHED

(From an engraving of the period)

Alexandra, whose stately grace was never better displayed than when she assumed her cap and gown at Aberystwyth before an enraptured assembly. Finally, Edward VII. was a Doctor of Music of the Royal University of Ireland, and a Bencher of the Middle Temple, of which he opened the Library in 1861.

Wales was a member of the University Volunteer Rifle Corps in more than name. He took an active interest in its progress, which at that time, immediately after the Crimea and the Mutiny, was very vigorous, and himself played his part in field-days as they were understood then, and in battalion and

company drills. He did the same at Cambridge. Edward VII. was Colonel of the two battalions which represent the two Universities' Volunteer Rifle Corps, under their territorial titles.

commands the Guards, and Bertie is placed specially under him. I spoke to him, and thanked him for treating Bertie as he did, just like any other officer, for I know that he keeps him up to his work in a



QUEEN VICTORIA REVIEWING THE TROOPS ON THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE

(Drawn by F. Skill)

Also, into the years covered by his University career, he contrived, by the help of his father, to introduce a good deal of military training, irrespective of the University Corps : for, in 1861, he went to the Curragh for quite a long time, and took a regular part in military duty, living in one of the huts brought back from the Crimea, which until recently were so familiar a feature at Aldershot. While at the Curragh, he was visited by the Queen, the Prince Consort and his sisters, and the event and the manner of the Prince's life were recorded in Her Majesty's diary :—

"At a little before three we went to Bertie's hut, which is in fact Sir George Brown's. It is very comfortable—a nice little bedroom, sitting-room, drawing-room, and good-sized dining-room, where we lunched with our whole party. Colonel Percy

way, as General Bruce told me, that no one else has done : and yet Bertie likes him very much."

It was almost the last meeting of the family, for events in the domestic history of the Royal House began to move very fast. Before returning to Cambridge, the Prince went to Germany to prepare the way for his own engagement to her who is now the Queen Mother ; and he paid the penalty of his high position in that the papers got hold of the object of his visit and commented upon it with their customary lack of delicacy. Then he returned to Cambridge for a while and was visited by his father, and very soon after came the sad event, the death of the Prince Consort, which altered the whole course of the life of the Prince of Wales and the Queen. Of these, after dealing with the Trans-Atlantic tour, a full account will be given.



EDWARD VII.'S DOG AT OXFORD

(Photo by Hills & Saunders)



THE FIRST INVESTITURE BY QUEEN VICTORIA OF THE MOST EXALTED ORDER OF THE STAR OF INDIA IN THE
THRONE-ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE, 1861

Edward VII. stands at the left of Queen Victoria

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

CHAPTER IV



FOR reasons which are so obvious as hardly to require even a passing explanation, the University career of the eldest son of Queen Victoria has been treated as one coherent whole, to the exclusion of a most important event—or series of events—which in point of mere time came in the middle of it. That event was, of course, the visit of the Heir-Apparent to the Throne to Canada and to the United States—a visit of which the first part was repeated about ten years ago by another Heir-Apparent under vastly different and far more glorious conditions. Perhaps, however, it is not too much to say that the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860 to Canada was the first important outward and visible sign of the germination of the Imperial idea.

In a recent chapter, we saw the young Prince of Wales, a newly fledged colonel in the army, presenting colours to the Royal Canadian Regiment, and we listened in the spirit while he addressed to those representatives of the assistance given by a distant part of the Empire one of the first of those tactful and well-expressed speeches for which he had been famous through life. Canada had, in fact, found a regiment for the Crimea in the days when the mother country was in difficulty, and Canada may claim to have been the first to show in the day of stress and anxiety that practical loyalty of a world-wide people of which the lamentable South African War has

given to all the world so tremendous an illustration.

Looking backwards on those days in the light of present knowledge, and of the wisdom and breadth of view which have been gained as the fruit of bitter experience, it seems little short of miraculous that Canada should have done anything of the kind. Indeed the more one reads of colonial history and of Government by the Colonial Office, described by Sir William Molesworth as “government by the misinformed with responsibility to the ignorant,” the more astonishing does it seem that our colonial Empire did not fall to pieces altogether long before common sense obtained sway. That in the case of Canada it did not collapse was due mainly to the exertions of those far-seeing men—Lord Durham, Sir William Molesworth, Charles Buller and the rest of a strong body of reformers. This is not the time to tell again the story of their heroic labours, of the persistency which reaped its ultimate fruit in the conversion of their fellow countrymen, and in Lord Durham’s case at any rate met its customary recompense of ingratitude. Let us simply quote a passage from Lord Durham’s report when he



EDWARD VII

(From a photo taken shortly before his departure for Canada by John Watkins)

went out as High Commissioner, and the concluding words in which Mrs. Fawcett describes his success and its penalties: “As I expected,” said Lord Durham, “I found a contest between Government and a people; I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single state; I found a struggle not of principles but of races, and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or of institutions

until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosity that now separates the inhabitants of Lower Canada into hostile divisions of French and English."

That was the state of things which Durham found. That was the state of things of which the end began in the passing of the Act of Union, under which two races, which in Europe have never been too friendly, live in perfect amity. In fact, there was, to quote Mrs. Fawcett, "Success brilliant and lasting for Canada and for the colonial Empire of Great Britain ; failure, official disgrace and death from a broken

as have never been given to other than the dominant race in any other country—least of all their own.

Then, during the ten years preceding the Prince's visit, the beginning was made of those improved communications, of which the Canadian Pacific Railway is the last and most magnificent example, which are the very soul and foundation of Canadian unity. In 1850 Lady Elgin cut the first sod of the Northern Railway, which was opened from Toronto to Bradford in 1853, and was the first locomotive railway in operation in Upper Canada. In 1851 the first submarine cable was laid between New Bruns-



DEPARTURE OF EDWARD VII. FROM PLYMOUTH SOUND FOR CANADA

(From an engraving)

heart for the High Commissioner, abandoned and betrayed by the men who ought to have supported him at home."

Success began to come very soon after the meeting of the first Parliament in 1841, less than nineteen years before the Prince's visit. Men of British birth had, after their custom, insisted, in season and out of season, on the necessity of representative government, and upon the essential principle that taxation and representation must go together. In like manner French settlers began to feel, and have since openly confessed, that under these representative institutions they enjoyed such a measure of freedom, and therefore such opportunities of advancement in life,

wick and Prince Edward Island, and it may be worth noting that at this time the population of Upper Canada was 952,000, of Lower Canada 890,261, of New Brunswick 193,800, and of Nova Scotia 276,854. 1852 saw the Grand Trunk Railway begun, and a Royal Charter given to Trinity College, Toronto. The year 1853 witnessed the arrival of the first ocean steamer at Quebec and the opening of the railway between Montreal and Portland. In the next year the Canadian Great Western began to receive traffic ; the first screw steamer from Liverpool appeared in the St. Lawrence, and the first sod of the railway from Halifax to Truro was cut. In 1855 Niagara Suspension Bridge was opened ; in

the following year the Allan Company began a regular fortnightly service between Canada and Great Britain. In 1858 Ottawa was selected by the Queen as the capital of the Dominion and as the seat of Parliament, the Atlantic cable between England and Nova Scotia was laid, and the Hundredth Regiment was recruited in Canada. In the same year gold was found in British Columbia, and in the following year the Allan Line established a weekly Atlantic service. By 1861, the period of the next census, the population of Upper Canada was 1,396,000, that of Lower Canada 1,111,566, New Brunswick 252,000, Nova Scotia 330,857, Prince Edward Island 80,857, Vancouver, exclusive of Indians, 3420.

Canada, in fact, was advancing by leaps and bounds. Her attachment to the throne and the mother country had survived the tyranny of ignorance, and was growing apace under the fostering influence of freedom, and Canada was, like all parts of the Empire, passing anxious to set eyes upon the Queen in person. The colonists, never backward in expressing their opinions either in those days or in these, formally requested that Canada should receive the honour of a visit from Queen Victoria. But the request was not granted. The Canadian deputation who made the request were informed that it would be undesirable to expose the Sovereign to the risks of the voyage, and the fatigue which it must necessarily cause.

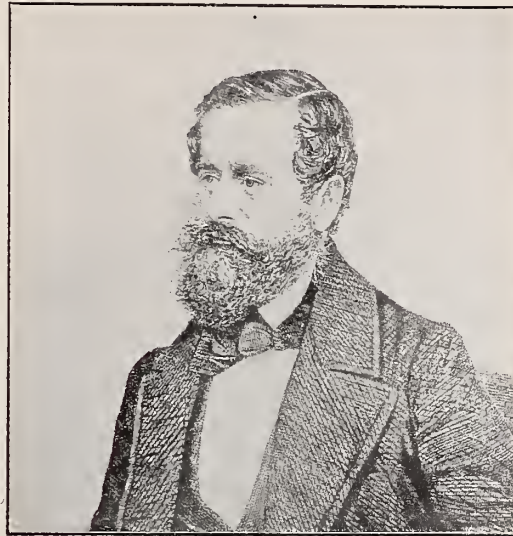
It is perhaps needless to say that in the infant days of the Allan Line the risks of a voyage across the Atlantic were infinitely greater, and the comforts immeasurably less, than they are now. The voyage across the Atlantic was an undertaking then, whereas now, save to those who suffer from sea-sickness, it is a sheer delight. And the Queen, though young and strong, was nevertheless a woman. Her life also was beyond price to her subjects.

The Canadian deputation, finding that a visit from the Queen was out of the question, promptly returned to the charge in a new formation, and asked that, if the Queen would not come—or could not come—she would at least give them one of her sons as Governor-General. The answer made was that they

were too young; and that perhaps was fortunate, for there really are a good many reasons why a Prince of the Blood Royal, young or old, should never be Governor-General of Canada. The Governor-General is not exactly a figure-head, although there may be times when some Canadian politicians would like him to be such. From time to time there is a contest of will between the Canadian Premier and the Governor-General for the time being, in which the one or the other yields in the long run, and probably no great harm is done whichever way the victory goes. But it certainly would be unseemly and inconvenient that a contest of this kind should

arise between a Canadian Premier and a Royal Prince; and it is obvious to the meanest capacity that, if such a contest did arise, the issue of it would not, and could not, be a matter of small moment.

So, by way of compromise, it was promised that as soon as the Prince of Wales was old enough he should visit Canada in State, and this promise was fulfilled in the late summer of 1862, which was a trying time, as Prince Albert noted, for the Royal Family at home; for at the same moment Prince Alfred was away at the Cape fulfilling his duties as a naval officer and also performing one of those



THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE
Who accompanied Edward VII. on his Canadian Tour
(Photo by John Watkins)

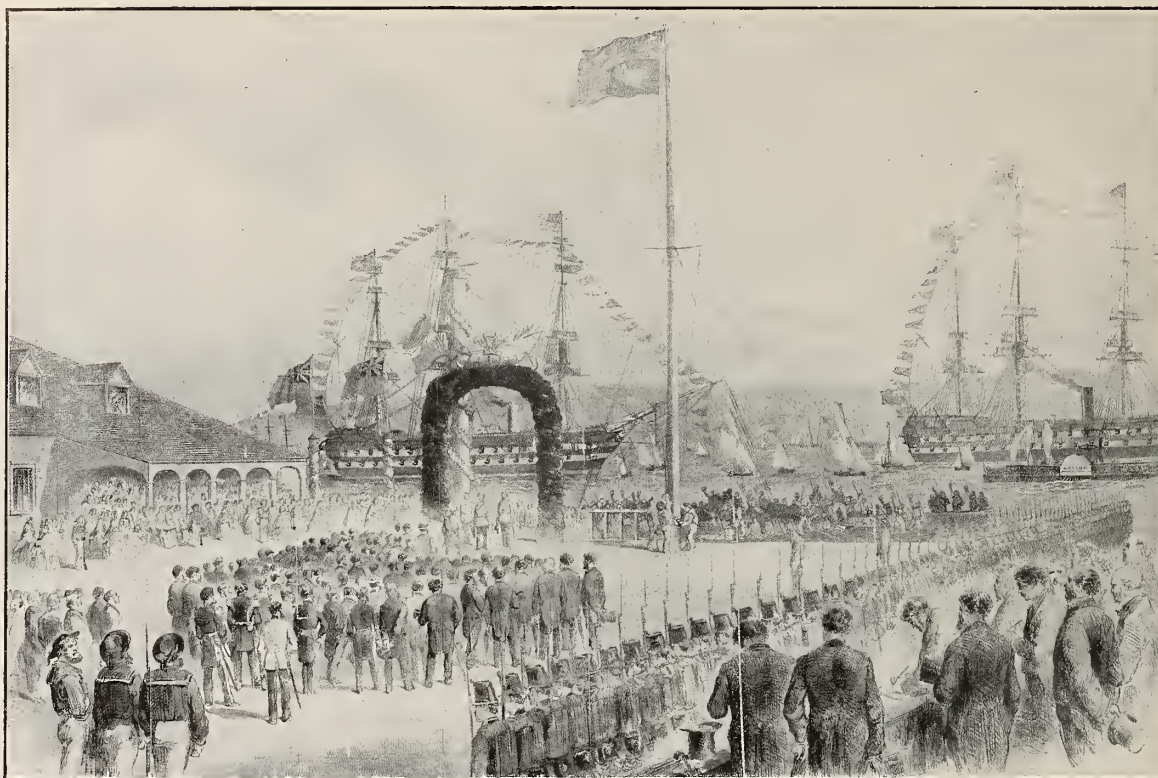
ceremonial acts which fall to the lot of Royalty. "It will be a strange and noteworthy circumstance that almost in the same week in which the elder brother is to open the great bridge across the St. Lawrence in Canada, the younger will lay the foundation-stone of the breakwater for the harbour at Cape Town at the other end of the world. What a charming picture is here of the progress and expansion of the British race, and of the useful co-operation of the Royal Family in the civilisation which England has developed and advanced! In both these colonies our children are looked for with great affection and conscious national pride."

The pride of the Cape is not to our present purpose, but that of Canada is very much to the point, and it is much to be regretted that there is an almost complete absence of contemporary record of this highly interesting tour. When our present King (George V.) made his celebrated tour of 1901 he was accompanied by no less than six special

correspondents, representing the principal newspapers and news-agencies, to whom exceptional privileges were given. The cable carried brief descriptions, to be amplified by later letters, of all the things that he did, and the exact words of every speech that he delivered were known in London as soon as they were known in Canada or Australia, as the case might be, to any save those who actually heard his voice. With his father, on this first grand tour of his life, not a single special correspondent travelled. The fact was that the day of the

made by his son in replying to various addresses, Lord St. Germans, Captain Grey, and Dr. Acland.

We are informed by some writers that the Queen and the Prince Consort chose the Duke of Newcastle to be their son's companion and adviser because they had the greatest confidence in him. But that is not the beginning and the end of the whole matter. The more accurate way of putting it is that the Duke would not have been chosen unless the Prince Consort and the Queen had reposed implicit confidence in his fidelity and



EDWARD VII. LANDING AT HALIFAX

(Drawn by G. H. Andrews)

recognition of the value of the Press, which had dawned when Dr. W. H. Russell did his splendid service to humanity during the Crimea, had not attained its fulness; which is a pity, for no doubt these speeches of 1860 would be full of interest if they could be obtained.

What we do know is, firstly, that the special objects of the tour, the opening of the railway bridge across the St. Lawrence and the laying of the cornerstone of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, were in the highest degree worthy; and, secondly, that the Prince Consort went to much pains in preparing his son's mind for the great experience which was to be his, and in selecting his companions. They were, as usual, Colonel Bruce and Major Teesdale, V.C., and to them were added the Duke of Newcastle, to whom the Prince Consort confided notes of points to be

judgment, but that there was another and a very strong reason for selecting him. From 1859 to 1864 (when he died comparatively young—he was born in 1811) the Duke of Newcastle was Secretary for the Colonies. The Colonies, for reasons which have been alluded to before, were only beginning to be understood at home; and, as Sir John Anderson attended King George V., then Prince of Wales, in 1901, as much for the benefit of the Colonial Office as for that of the Prince, so it was an excellent thing that the Duke of Newcastle, as Secretary for the Colonies, should have an opportunity of seeing with his own eyes the people of one of the most loyal and ancient among them. Sore, indeed, is the temptation to break away at this point, in order to lay stress on the priceless value of colonial travel to all politicians; but it must be resisted.

So from Plymouth sailed the frigate *Hero*, with the Prince and his suite on board, escorted by H.M.S. *Ariadne*, and, after a pleasant and easy voyage, the two ships dropped anchor in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 24th of July. It was and is the oldest of English colonies—the word *English* is used advisedly, for Sir Humphrey Gilbert raised the flag of England in Newfoundland in 1583, and long before the Union of England and Scotland—and the harbour was, and still is, one of the most picturesque in the British Empire. Then, as

now, the people were for the most part hardy fishermen, content to lead laborious lives, intensely loyal, and full of grievances against the French fishermen, against those who entered into the treaties upon which French fishermen and French diplomatists rely, and against the naval officers who had, as they still have, to perform on the Newfoundland coast the most difficult duties which fall to their lot in any part of the world. Moreover, although great progress in developing internal communications had been made since the introduction of responsible government in 1854, the industrial resources of the island had hardly been tapped. This is no place in which to discuss the prospects of New-

foundland, interesting as they are, but the writer may perhaps be permitted to say one thing. The Newfoundlanders were dissatisfied with their position in 1860; they were to some extent discontented with it in 1901, when the present King made his visit to St. John's; but the discontent of to-day is mild and harmless because enterprise has been at work, and men of business, as distinguished from politicians, have discovered that salvation lies not in ineffectual complaining concerning the so-called French shore, but in the development of those resources of the island, of copper, and iron and the like, which were unknown in 1860.

No visitor to Newfoundland will be surprised to

learn that the day of the arrival of the Prince of Wales of 1860 was, like that of his son's coming in 1901, gloomy and wet. But the ardour of the inhabitants, who are accustomed to wet weather, was not damped, and the ball given on the second evening by Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Governor, was a colossal success, chiefly because the Prince joined in it with so much good nature and cordiality. A contemporary impression of the Prince is given from a letter written by the wife of the Archdeacon of St. John's to Lady Hardwicke:

'His appearance is much in his favour, and his youth and royal dignified manners and bearing seem to have touched all hearts, for there is scarcely a man or woman who can speak of him without tears. The rough fishermen and their wives are quite wild about him, and we hear of nothing but their admiration. Their most frequent exclamation is, 'God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife.'"

Amplly indeed was the aspiration justified, as all the world knows, and there is really no reason why the words of the simple letter should not be accepted literally, even down to the tears. Newfoundland is, in very truth, a long way out of the world; its inhabi-

tants have often a feeling that they are snubbed and slighted and forgotten; it may well be that the presence of a Royal visitor, so distinguished, so boyish, so kindly in manner, may have affected them deeply. As for the addresses which were presented and received, nothing need be said of them. It is well, always, that they should be formulated and read; but their phraseology is much the same all the world over, and it is not so much the fact of presentation as the fact that they are omitted which is full of significance. The real welcome, in 1860 as in 1901, came from the hoarse voices of the people; and about that there was no sort of doubt.

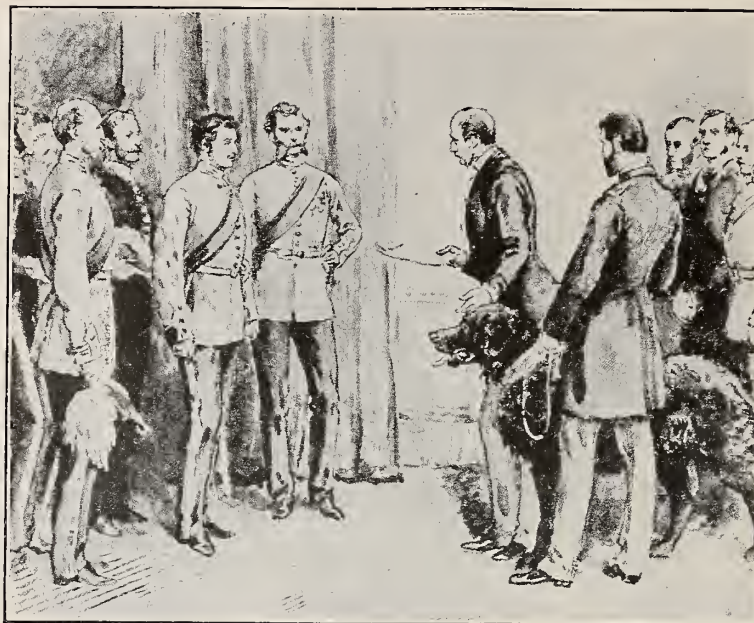
Well indeed might the wife of the Archdeacon of



EDWARD VII. IN 1860

(From a photo by Brady)

St. John's write to Lady Hardwicke: "If all the Colonies feel towards the Prince as Newfoundland does, it was a most politic step to have sent him on this tour," and her anticipations were more than fulfilled. It is worthy of notice that, young as he was, he who was our King, then charmed all with whom he came into contact by his consideration for their feelings and tastes, and by his courteous and respectful demeanour to his elders. He interested himself naturally and without effort in the things which they had near at heart.



THE GIFT OF A DOG TO EDWARD VII. BY THE PEOPLE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

"He came to see our Cathedral. The Bishop and Henry showed him over it" (Henry, no doubt, was the Archdeacon), "and his manner to the old Bishop was very beautiful, so gentle, and quite reverential. Every one remarked it, and the Bishop was so touched, he cannot speak of him calmly, but even now only sobs out, 'God bless my dear young Prince' . . . I hope he will carry away a favourable impression of the almost unknown rugged land."

That he did so, the speech of his son in the same city in the autumn of 1901 bore ample testimony.

Here H.R.H. accepted a present of a Newfoundland dog which he called Cabot, a silver collar engraved with the

Arms of England and with the Prince's badge, and with the inscription, "Presented to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales by the inhabitants of Newfoundland."

From St. John's the Prince of Wales went on to Halifax, but it was not until long after the 7th of August that the Duke of Newcastle's letter recounting the success of the Nova Scotian visit was received, and the feelings of his family during this prolonged absence may be judged from the entry in the Prince Consort's diary of November 9: "Bertie's birthday. Unfortunately he is still absent, neither do we

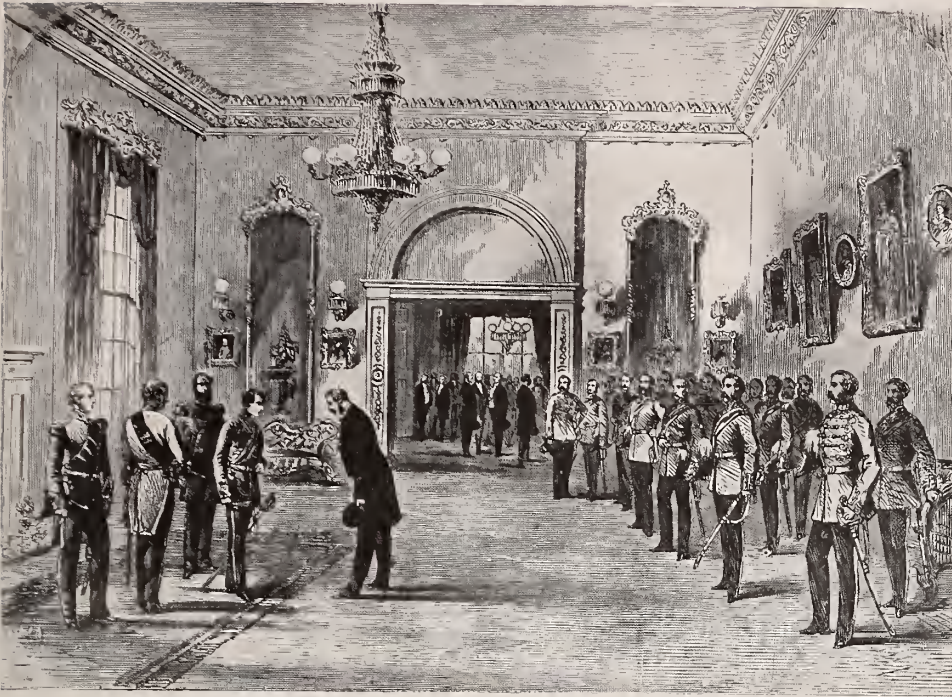
hear anything of him." Still, the Duke of Newcastle, in the capacity of Royal annalist, did his best. Concerning Halifax he waxed enthusiastic, and since receptions and welcomes given to Royalty in the colonies varied then, as now, mainly in point of locality, his views may well be given at length once and for all:

"The procession occupied nearly half an hour, and making every allowance for the fact that the latest impressions are generally the strongest, the Duke of Newcastle feels fully justified in assuring your Majesty that this last demonstration has been the grandest and most gratifying of all that have yet taken place.



THE EMBARKATION OF EDWARD VII. AT QUEEN'S WHARF, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

(From an engraving of the time)



PRESENTATIONS TO EDWARD VII. AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX

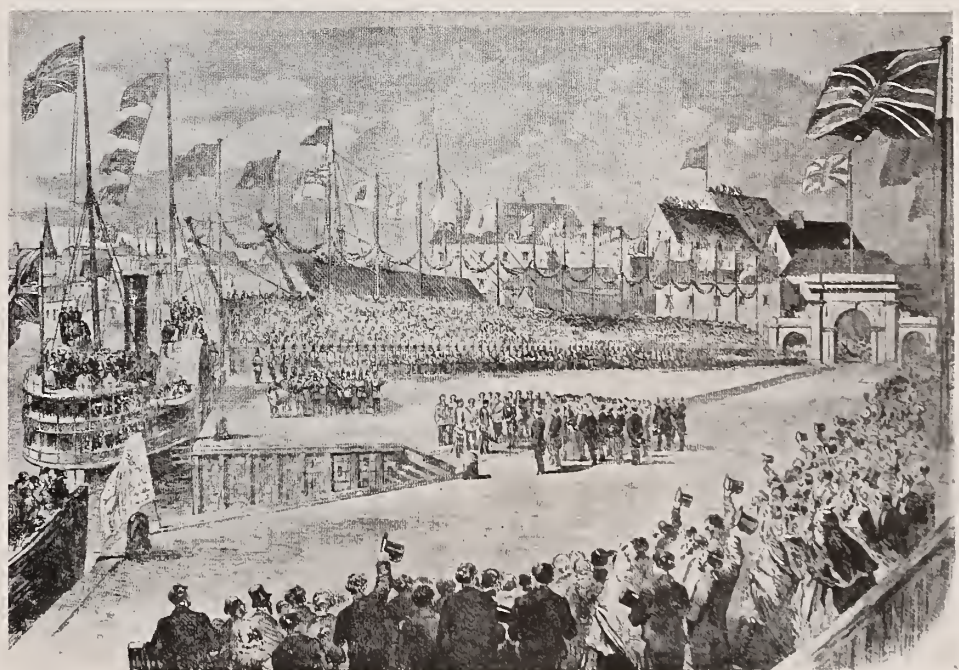
(From an engraving of the time)

"The numbers of people were so great, that it is difficult to conceive from whence they had come. Every window, every housetop, every available place was filled. Hundreds of well-dressed women, not satisfied with such safe points of view, lined the streets and braved the clouds of dust and pressure of the multitude. Enthusiasm rose to such a height as to make its expression by voice and gesture insufficient for the wishes and feelings of the crowd. Many hundreds of bouquets were thrown at the carriage, which was half-filled, though not one in fifty reached its aim. The cheers for the Queen and Prince were absolutely deafening, and when at last the Prince stepped into the boat to re-embark into the *Styx*, the excitement of the many thousands rose to a fever height, which seemed as if it could not be calmed. Numbers of steamers crowded with tiers of people looked as if they must sink with their cargo, whilst innumerable boats dotted the whole surface

of the sea. At length the Prince got on board, the *Styx* got under way, whilst the still ringing cheers from the shores could be heard in the intervals of salutes from all points fired by the Volunteer Artillerymen, and thus ended the first part of this most remarkable and, as it will surely prove, ever-memorable visit."

The Duke, says Sir Theodore Martin, goes on to apologise for his inability to do more than "give slight outlines of events and the merest indications of the spirit and meaning of them," and trusts her Majesty

"may gather a truer impression of all that her North American subjects have done and felt, from the fuller accounts of reporters, Colonial, English and American, who attend these scenes. He may venture, however, to affirm that good has already been sown broadcast by the Prince's visit, and he humbly prays that a rich harvest may arise from it to the honour and glory of your Majesty and



EDWARD VII. LANDING AT ST. JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK

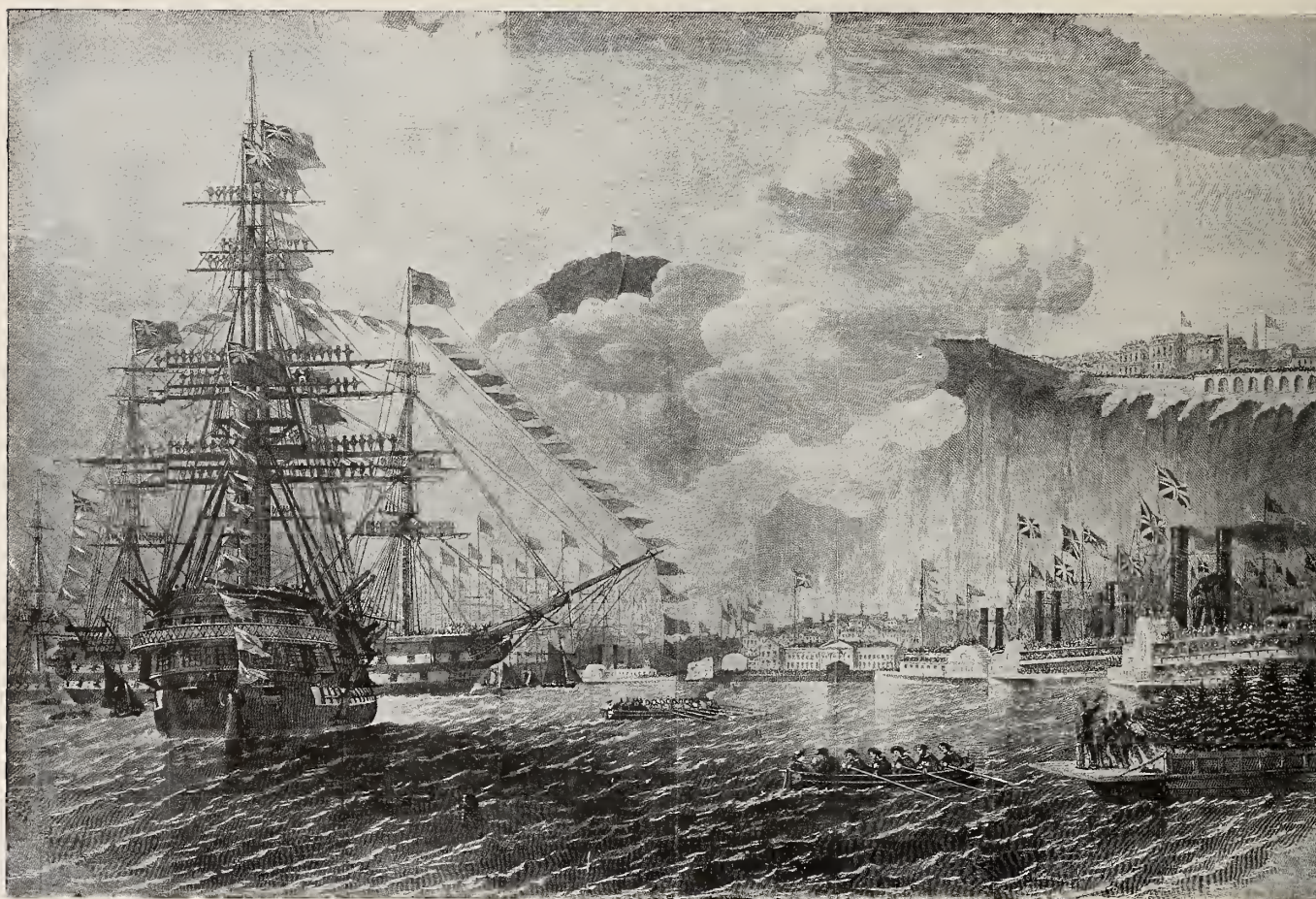
(From a drawing by the Special Artist to the Expedition, Mr. G. H. Andrews)

your family, and the advantage of the mighty Empire committed to your rule."

A review there was at Halifax, a dinner with Lord Mulgrave, and a ball, which gave the American reporter his first chance. "A capital waltzer," said he of the *New York Herald*, "and a very entertaining partner. He rests his partner frequently, and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company. . . . His finest feature is his nose, which is becoming prominent and nearly Roman."

trated the freedom from party bias in which he has been trained."

Autres temps, autres mœurs. In the light of the tour which was accomplished in 1901 by our present King and Queen, it is perhaps open to doubt whether the Duke of Newcastle's policy in their case was really quite so sapient or necessary as Sir Theodore Martin appears to have believed it to be. Irishmen of all parties, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Nationalists and Unionists, have



EDWARD VII. LANDING AT QUEBEC

(From a drawing by the Special Artist to the Expedition, Mr. G. H. Andrews)

All the way through Canada the story was the same, and twice only was there anything in the nature of a *contretemps*. Sir Theodore Martin relates that there was "an attempt at Kingston and Toronto of the Orangemen to secure a semblance of countenance to their opinions by getting the Prince of Wales to pass under arches decorated with their symbols and party mottoes. This attempt, thanks to the tact and firmness of the Duke of Newcastle, entirely failed of success, and indeed it only served to elicit in other quarters a more enthusiastic recognition of the young Prince who so effectively illus-

one quality in common. Like the lady in the familiar nonsense verse, they always insist upon expressing their feelings in a clamorous fashion; and it does them no harm, perhaps even does them good. What, when all has been said and done, did it really matter what decorations and mottoes were on the arches so long as they were not absolutely outrageous? Did not the "tact and firmness" of the Duke of Newcastle really give far more importance to these mottoes and decorations than they really merited? Did not it make men talk more upon the matter than they would have talked if the

Prince had simply driven under the arches and had taken no notice of them? That was the course adopted in 1901 by the Duke of Cornwall in some fairly flagrant cases—in Australia in particular—and the results were general good temper and no harm done. But, perhaps, in making this criticism nearly fifty years after the event, one may be reckoning too little for changed ideas and an improved feeling of toleration.

It is interesting to note that Hantsport, on August 3, became Princetown in honour of the Prince's visit, and that at St. John, New Brunswick, the "City of the Loyalists," he met a German lady from Gotha and remarked in German how glad he was to meet one from "my father's home."

Canadian travel was in its infancy in those days, and the comfort in which the Prince of Wales moved then was as Spartan discomfort compared with that

in which his eldest surviving son journeyed in 1901. Indeed that last journey across the American continent and back again, the two special trains conveying the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York

and their suite, and the Governor-General (Lord Minto), Lady Minto and their suite, respectively, to say nothing of an army of pressmen, were a miracle of luxurious ease in travelling even in these days. For nearly five weeks, off and on, sleeping on board the rushing train more often than not, provided with sleeping rooms, boudoirs, drawing and dining rooms,

kitchens and bath rooms, nay, even with a special dispensary for the doctor who accompanied them, did the present King, his consort, and those who had the privilege of accompanying them, make one of these trains their home. In them surely the fatigue which is inseparable from travel by land reached its irreducible minimum.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC
The official residence of Edward VII. during his stay in Quebec



QUEBEC, VIEW SHOWING THE CITADEL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE

(From a photograph)

In 1860 conditions were very different when, on the 18th of August, the Royal visitor landed at Quebec amidst a crowd of boats and flags and went in procession to the house of the Governor, General Sir

conceivable circumstances. Neither under the French nor under the American Republic would the Roman Catholic Church be permitted to enjoy the unrestricted power which now belongs to it in Canada;



EDWARD VII. ESCORTED TO MONTREAL BY A FLEET OF LAKE AND UP-RIVER STEAMERS

(From an engraving)

Edmund Head, but the historical associations and the matchless scenery of that precipitous city were as imposing as they are to this day, and as they will be so long as men have eyes to see the most picturesque of human habitations, and minds to reflect upon and to admire the deeds of famous men. The heights of Quebec which the Prince must needs climb, and the Plains of Abraham, which he visited with great interest, are holy ground.

Then, as now, the French population largely outnumbered those of British birth. Indeed everything about Quebec, the fine and ancient buildings, the speech of the people, their vivacity of manner, their dress, their manner of life, is essentially French. But more perhaps now than then is their loyalty to the British Crown firmly established on the ground not so much of sentiment as of assured conviction that they are better off and more free, in political and religious matters alike, under British Administration than they would be under any other

and the French Canadians, who are devout Catholics, are shrewdly aware of the fact. First and foremost, therefore, they are Canadians, and as such they have shed their blood side by side with their fellow subjects in South Africa.

But they are Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen too, and the great ball of which the Prince's visit was the occasion was very much to their taste. Of it Mrs. Belloc Lowndes records an incident. The Prince in dancing tripped and fell with his partner, and the "enterprising" American reporter, worthy forerunner of those who have followed in his train, headed his account of the affair, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

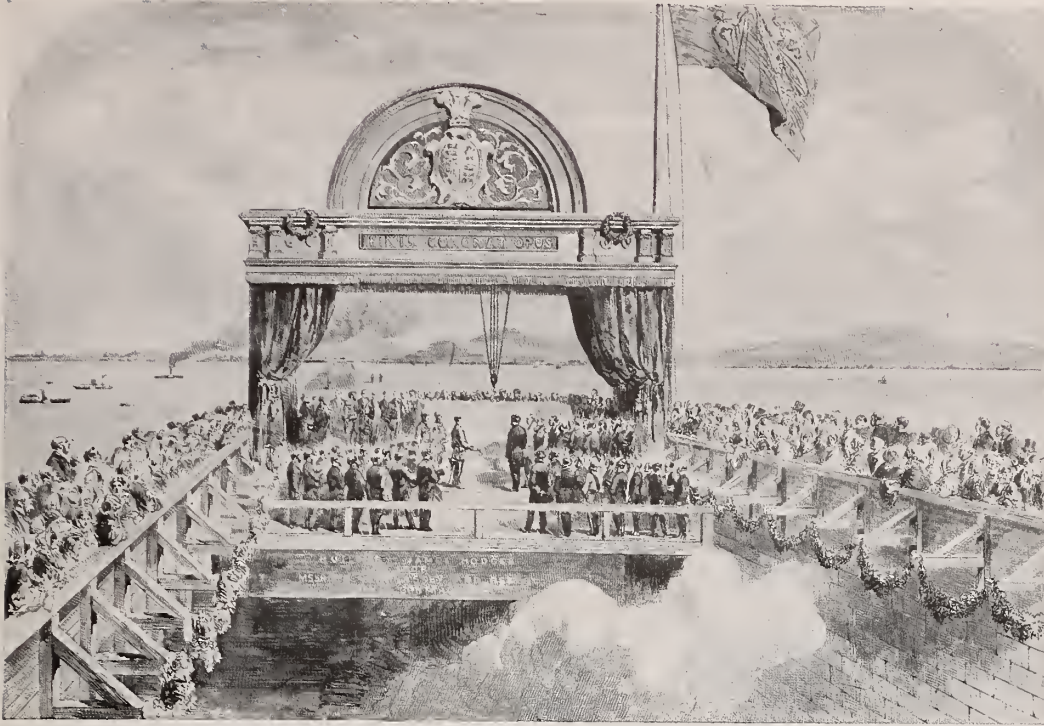
At Quebec, too, there was much ceremonial business, including a Levée, at which the Prince received deputa-

tions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in their purple robes, the members of the Legislative bodies and others. His replies, spoken in French and English, were fluent and happy, and, using the like



EDWARD VII. LANDING AT MONTREAL

(From an engraving)



EDWARD VII. LAYING THE LAST STONE OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE AT MONTREAL

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews)

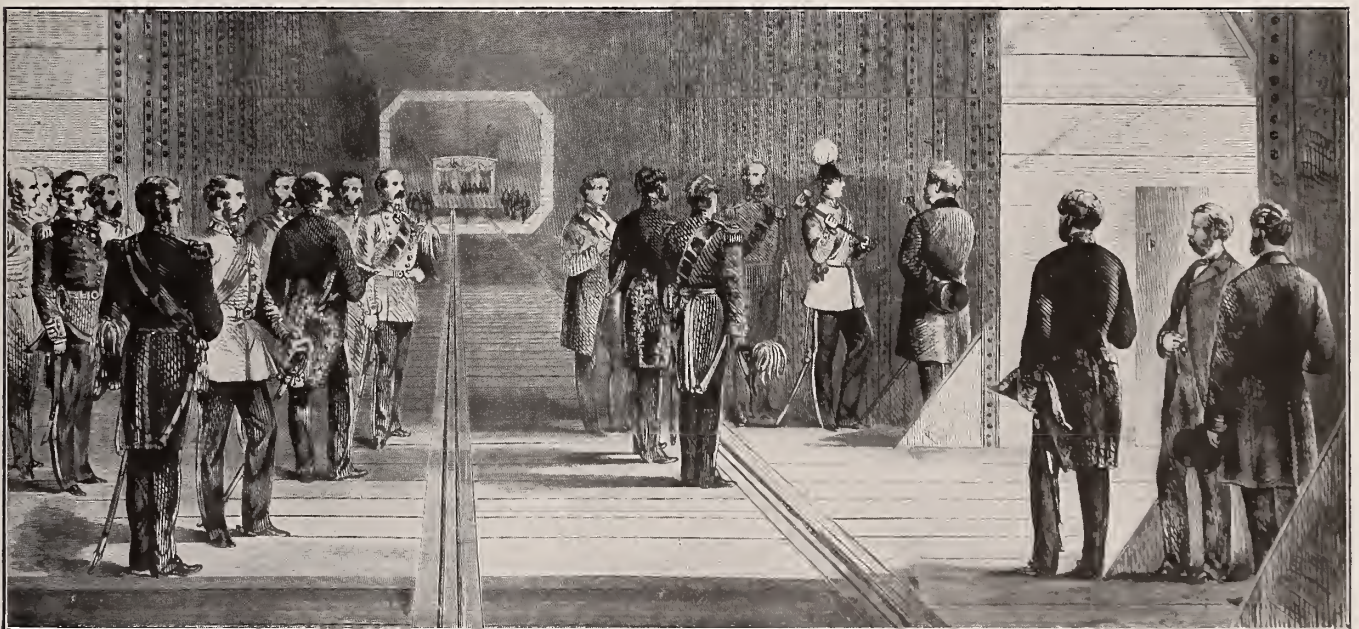
of Newcastle, who was certainly none the worse for a few seltzer-water corks descending on his august head.



TROWEL USED BY EDWARD VII. IN THE COMPLETION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE

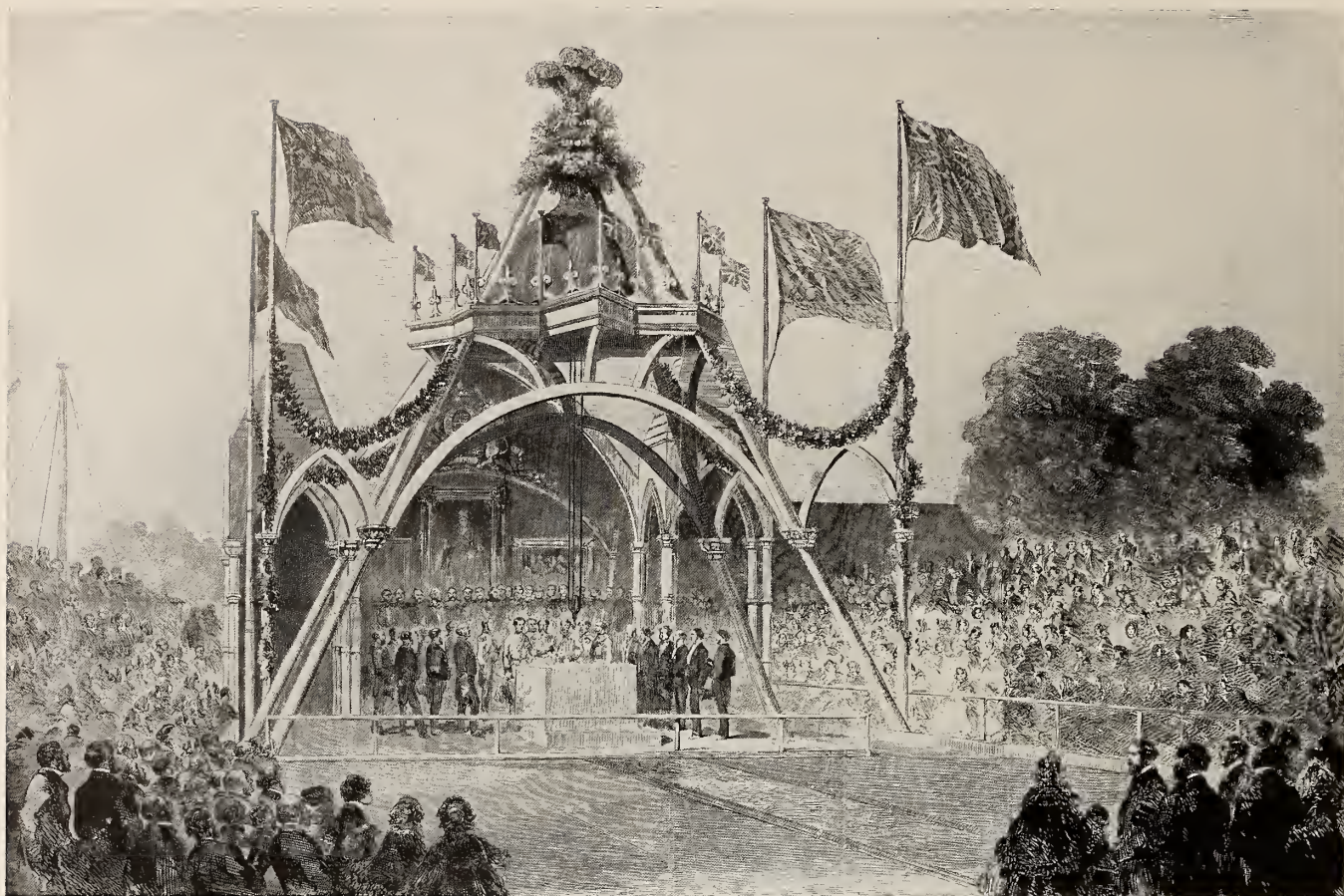
exceptional power which he gave to his son in 1901, he was able to say to the Speaker of the Upper House, "Rise, Sir Narcisse Belleau," and to knight Harry Smith, Speaker of the House of Assembly. There was also an informal visit to the Montmorency Falls, where the Prince greatly amused Admiral Milne (of the North American Squadron) by harmless practical jokes at the expense of the grave Duke

As the development of internal communication was, and still is, the most potent influence in the fostering of national unity in Canada, so the opening of the great Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, which was accompanied by every circumstance of pomp and ceremony on the



EDWARD VII. CLOSING THE LAST RIVET OF THE VICTORIA TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE AT MONTREAL

(From the drawing by G. H. Andrews)



EDWARD VII. LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews, Special Artist)

25th of August, was one of the most important public functions he was called upon to perform.

The Prince described the Bridge as "that stupendous monument in engineering skill," and proceeded to the spot with the principal members of the Government in a special car. There he laid a stone "well and truly" and, proceeding to the centre, fastened a silver rivet. Here also a beautiful commemorative medal of gold, by Wyon, the prince of engravers, who



GENERAL VIEW OF OTTAWA

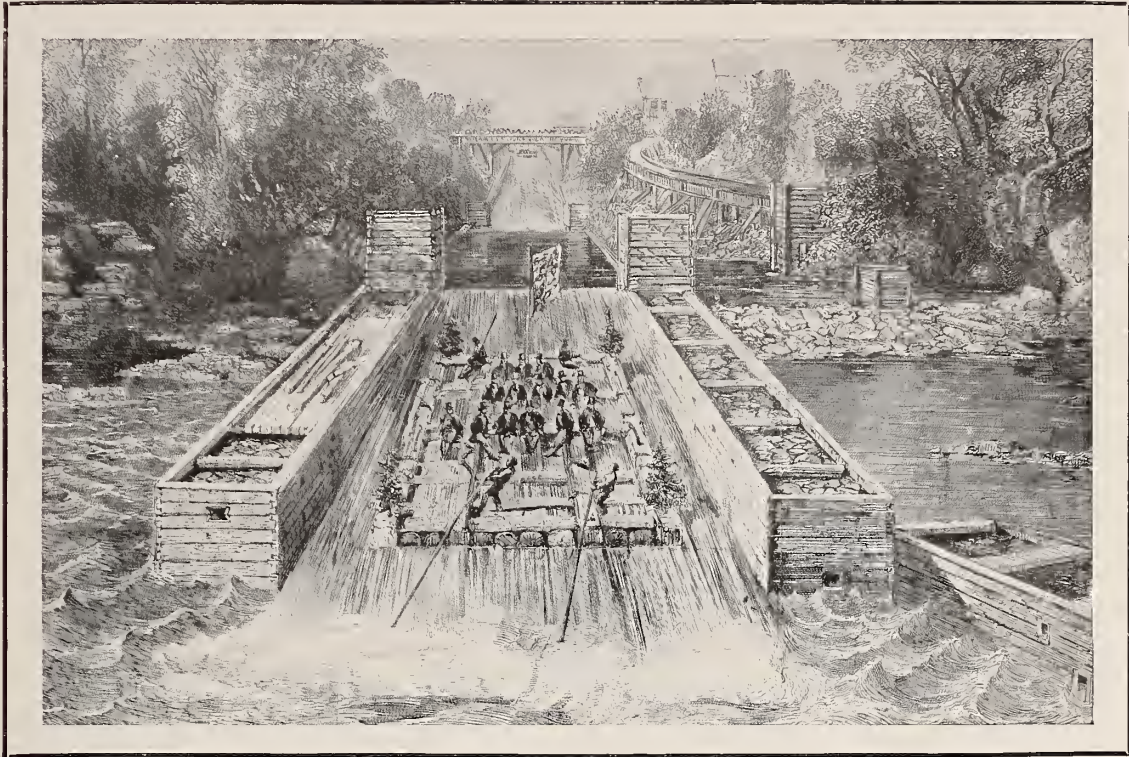
(From a photograph)

used to engrave the Great Seal of England, was presented to the Prince by Mr. Blackwell, the Chairman of the Grand Trunk; and, in a sympathetic address to the workmen, the Prince reminded them that Stephenson himself sprang from their class. Like his son too, he saw Indian war-canoes race, and the Red Man got the better of the White. Before the Duke of Cornwall, however, only white men paddled.

But most important of all was the laying of the

corner-stone of the Dominion Buildings at Ottawa which now rise as a stately pile in a splendid position, and will bear comparison with any edifice of the kind on the face of the world. These also, in all their majestic beauty and exquisite

when he presented his award of valour to the blind hero Mulloy, who, having lost his eyesight in the service of the Queen, gloried in the loss for the sake of the cause, and when the Duchess came forward with tender expressions of womanly sympathy, that was



EDWARD VII. DESCENDING A TIMBER-SLIDE AT OTTAWA

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews)

proportion, were visited by the present king in 1901, and that more than once. He saw them best perhaps one night when, at the touch of an unseen hand, every arch and tower and window and line of architecture glowed with light, first gentle and then dazzling bright, from that electrical slave of man which in his father's Canadian time, was but beginning to learn subjection. He alluded often to the fact that his father laid the corner-stone of the huge structure which stands for outward symbol and token of Canadian Liberty. But he will remember most clearly of all that touching scene, immediately after he unveiled a statue of Queen Victoria,

surely a great and a touching moment. Edward the Seventh had laid the corner-stone in the days of Canada's lusty infancy, in the very spot which Queen Victoria had chosen specially to be the political capital of Canada after disputes and troubles and riots elsewhere; and now, in 1901, the Royal son of him who had laid the corner-stone unveiled the statue of the great Queen for whom Canadians had fought side by side with English, Scots, Irishmen, Australians, New Zealanders, Natalians, Planters from Ceylon, and all the glorious army of them. And the Duchess set the seal on the day. The memory of her tall figure as she bent towards the sightless hero,



VICTORIA HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF EDWARD VII. WHILST IN OTTAWA

(From an engraving)



RECEPTION OF EDWARD VII. BY THE INHABITANTS OF TORONTO

(From the drawing by G. H. Andrews)

the noble buildings in the background, the great white statue of Queen Victoria towering above the Duke in his military uniform, the statesmen, Lord Strathcona and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with their bare heads, the grand extent of country visible from that eminence, the huge crowds in the vicinity—this memory, it is expected, will live for ever.

Indians the Royal Tourist saw also at several places, although he was not able, as his son was in his tour, to go flying across the plains in an express train or to look upon the rugged beauty of the Rocky Mountains from a perilous seat above the cow-catcher or from the window of a luxurious "observation car," and so to find his way to Vancouver, and Victoria (British Columbia), and the lovely landlocked harbour of Esquimalt. It gives one pause, indeed, to reflect that the year before the visit of 1860 saw the beginnings of Winnipeg, now a flourishing city in the centre of those great wheat plains, well calculated, as the Royal visitor of 1901 said, to be the granary of the empire. Moreover, the Indian difficulty had not been so thoroughly solved as it has been in these later years, when it involves an expenditure which, since 1882, has seldom been less, and has often been more, than

a million dollars a year. But to come away from Canada without seeing Indians would be impossible, and it is felt that without some Indian pictures the atmosphere of the Canadian tour would be incomplete.

Still more incomplete would the tour have been if Niagara had been omitted; and here, lest it should be thought that

everything is in favour of the present generation, let it be stated at once that the father had the better of the son. In the forty years which had elapsed between the two royal visits the Vandal man



THE ORANGEMEN'S ARCH AT TORONTO

(From an engraving)



CHIPPEWAY INDIANS VISITING EDWARD VII. AT SARINA, CANADA

(From a drawing by Sydney P. Hall)

had done all that lies in his power to mar the most majestic spectacle in the world. The factories which he has built on the United States shore are, not merely by reason of their incongruity, but in themselves, among the most hideous structures ever conceived by the Utilitarian mind. They succeed in spoiling the approach to the Falls; that they fail to destroy the effect of the Falls themselves is due only to the simple fact that Niagara, its massive wall of falling water, rolling down

relentlessly for ever, its clouds of hoary spray, its eternal and undying roar, are things so stupendous and overwhelming that they paralyse the spectator's brain, causing him to be utterly oblivious of all things beside, nay, even to forget them, in mute and awe-stricken wonder.

The memory of it casts a spell over the writer not less potent than it exercised upon him as a spectator. It seems almost an approach to bathos to add that,



A SARCEE BRAVE

Near Calgary

(From a photograph, by permission of the Canadian Pacific Railway)



A SIOUX MEDICINE-MAN

(From a photograph by Burgess Chamberlain, S. Dak.)

after seeing the falls on one day in all their untameable majesty, from all points of view, including the *Maid of the Mist* of those days, and after seeing them illuminated by Bengal lights—which may well have been a glorious spectacle—the Prince next day saw the great Blondin cross the Niagara River on a tight-

With Niagara the Canadian tour ended, and this is clearly the proper place in which to print the Duke of Newcastle's impression of it.

"Now the Canadian visit is concluded, he may pronounce it eminently successful, and may venture



GRAND CANOE RECEPTION GIVEN TO EDWARD VII. ON THE ST. LAWRENCE
The Canoes being manned by Indians of the Iroquois Tribe
(From an engraving)

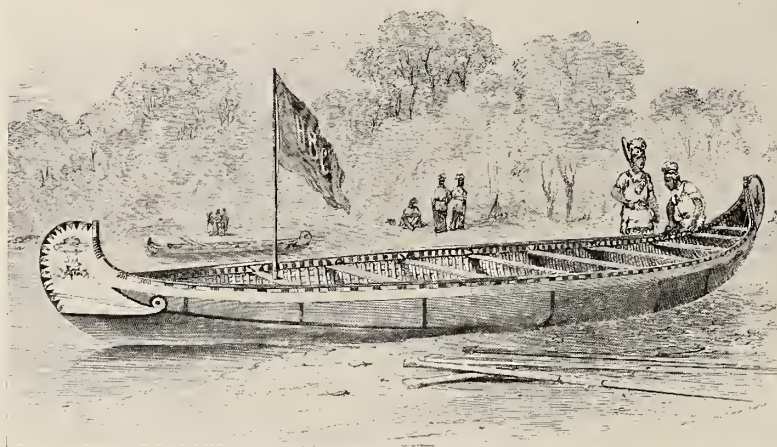
rope and on stilts, carrying a man pick-a-back the while. We are told that the Prince was very anxious, that he begged Blondin most earnestly never to repeat the performance, and that the latter, observing that there was no danger, offered to carry the Prince himself across, but that the suggestion was briefly declined.

It was, of course, impossible, in the French sense, absurd, and insolent; and the whole Blondin business would have been calculated to spoil the effect of Niagara upon the Prince's mind were it not for the ever-present fact that Niagara, once seen, asserts itself again and again in the memory. Even in the most incongruous surroundings,

and years afterwards, he who has looked upon Niagara finds himself remembering at odd moments that the wall of water is still falling, that the mist is still rising in sullen clouds, that the roar and the boom are still going on, yesterday, to-day, now and for ever.

to offer her Majesty his humble but very hearty congratulations. He does not doubt that future years will clearly demonstrate the good that has been done. The attachment to the Crown of England has been greatly cemented, and other nations will have learned how useless it will be in

case of war to tamper with the allegiance of the North American Provinces, or to invade their shores. There is much in the population of all classes to admire and for a good Government to work upon, and the very knowledge that the acts of all will henceforth be more watched in England, because more attention has been drawn to



BIRCH-BARK CANOE PRESENTED TO EDWARD VII. DURING HIS VISIT TO CANADA

the country, will do great good.

"The Duke of Newcastle is rejoiced to think that this is not the only good that has sprung out of the visit. It has done much good to the Prince of Wales himself, and the development of mind and habit of thought is very perceptible. The Duke of

Newcastle will be much disappointed if your Majesty and the Prince Consort are not pleased with the change that has been brought about by this practical school, in which so many of the future duties of life have been forced upon the Prince's daily attention. He has certainly left a very favourable impression behind him."

Before leaving Canada, the Prince of Wales, speaking for the last time for some weeks *as* the Prince of Wales, said at Hamilton: "My duties as a representative of the Queen cease this day, but in a private capacity I am about to visit, before I return home, that remarkable land which claims with us a common ancestry, and in whose extraordinary progress every Englishman feels a common interest." In other words, he was going to indulge in a somewhat protracted tour in the United States, and for that purpose he was going to use his title of Baron Renfrew. It may be remarked at once that the people of the United States, and especially the newspaper reporters, took very good care that this Court fiction should possess as little value as possible, and that Baron Renfrew was received everywhere precisely as if he had come as Prince of Wales. But the subterfuge had its uses; for the visit was not official, although it was every whit as grand as if it had been official.

Here it is necessary to go back for a moment. No sooner had it become known to the people of the United States that the Heir Apparent was going to pay a state visit to the Dominion than President Buchanan addressed a letter to Queen Victoria,

asking in most cordial terms that the Prince might be permitted to extend his journey to Washington. The reply, equally cordial, was that the Prince would gladly visit the United States in a private capacity.



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

(From a photograph)

And now, the Canadian tour being over, the time had come for the fulfilment of that promise.

James Buchanan, at that time President of the United States, was emphatically not one of those great statesmen who have led their fellow countrymen upon wise courses. He was, as James Russell Lowell said very plainly, a mediocrity; although he had the sense to foresee that at some time or other the annexation of Cuba would become an absolute necessity, it is perfectly clear that his judgment was



MONTREAL

(From a photograph)

disastrous Civil War which followed very shortly after the visit of the Prince to the United States. Personally, however, he was known to most of those who were in the *entourage* of the Prince; for, not very long before the visit, he had represented the United States at the Court of St. James.

The first important

entirely at fault upon the question of slavery—and this is the more curious in that his support of slavery was due not so much to principle as to a pusillanimous fear of the possible consequences of abolition. Buchanan was a party man pure and simple, weak and of commonplace intellect, and it is hardly too much to say that his narrowness of mind and his want of courage were largely responsible for the

PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS
OTTAWA

(From a photograph)

W. H. SCRIVENER.



VIEW OF TORONTO

(From a photograph)

place visited by the Prince was Chicago, and the reception at Chicago struck the keynote which was heard everywhere during the rest of his sojourn. The careful Duke of Newcastle seems to have looked forward to the whole business with some little anxiety. He wrote to the Queen: "The reception of the Prince in Chicago is invaluable, as it is by this time known all over the States, and will very much regulate the

proceedings in other cities." The letter begins: "Enormous crowds were settled in this city, which, though little more than a village thirty years ago, now contains about 150,000 inhabitants, but the utmost order prevailed, and indeed nothing could be more remarkable than the mixture of interest and good-humoured curiosity with respect and desire to conform to the expressed wish to avoid outward demonstrations."

The good Duke really need never have felt a moment's anxiety, for the people of the United States are the best and most generous of hosts imaginable, so long as nothing is said or done which seems to reflect upon their honour, or to wound their considerable self-esteem; and the last thing in the world to be expected was that the Prince, already famous for his tact, would fall into any error of the kind.

So, first at Chicago and later at St. Louis, the reception was enthusiastic, but it is pleasant to note that between Chicago and St. Louis there was a halt at Dwight Station—an almost unknown village—for a day's quail shooting; and some indefatigably curious reporter placed upon record the astounding fact that on that day fourteen brace of quails and four rabbits fell to the Prince's gun! This bag, seeing that the

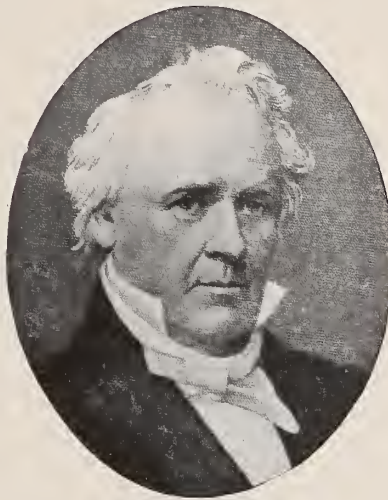
Prince was always a sound and workmanlike shot, shows that the shooting offered to his Royal Highness on this occasion was of moderate quality, to put it mildly. But, after the turmoil and bustle of Chicago, and with the prospect of more turmoil and more bustle to come, there need be no hesitation in saying that the rest and the open air were welcome and necessary.

From St. Louis, the Duke of Newcastle sent a report of a reception by 70,000 or 80,000 people, which was somewhat more informing than that which he had sent from Chicago. The distinction which he draws in it between the manner of the Canadian welcome and that accorded by the United States in two successive cities will be read with interest:

"Nothing could exceed the civility or kind demeanour of the people. None of the cheering or noisy enthusiasm of the loyal Canadians but great curiosity to see the Prince, much excitement and interest, and great courtesy combined with order and self-respect, which were very remarkable. The same may be said of this great city. The friendly spirit of the people is the same, and the courtesy of the educated classes and of the civic authorities is most gratifying."



THE RESIDENCE OF EDWARD VII. AT HAMILTON



JAMES BUCHANAN

President of the United States in 1860

(From an engraving)



STATE STREET, CHICAGO

(From a photograph)



EDWARD VII. SHOOTING ON THE PRAIRIES OF THE FAR WEST

(From an engraving)

"Before this humble tomb the Prince, the President, and all the party stood uncovered. It is easy moralising on this visit, for there is something grandly suggestive of historical retribution in the reverential awe of the Prince of Wales, the great-grandson of George III., standing bareheaded at the foot of the coffin of Washington. For a few moments the party stood mute and motionless, and the Prince then proceeded

From St. Louis "Baron Renfrew" went on to Washington, where he was the guest of President Buchanan, to whom he was introduced by Lord Lyons, at the White House, and festivities were numerous during the five days of the stay, but it is agreed on all hands that the visit to Washington's house and burial-place at Mount Vernon was the scene of paramount and striking interest. Everybody, including Sir Theodore Martin, has quoted the *Times* correspondent's observations upon this scene, and it may be said without any hesitation that they were written with dignity and feeling :



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF GENERAL WASHINGTON

(From a photo)

WASHINGTON'S TOMB

(From a photo)

to plant a chestnut by the side of the tomb. It seemed, when the Royal youth closed in the earth around the little germ, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West."

Magniloquent as the language is, and unexceptionable as is the conception embodied in it, the investigator into the cold facts of the past cannot tell precisely whether the Prince did in fact bury a seed or plant a tree; and it is not to be denied that the metaphor might have been rounded off very much more happily. At the same time this early example of a practice of planting memorial trees, which is now firmly established in the United States and in the Royal Family, is distinctly interesting. Indeed it would be a pleasant but a long task to

compile a list of trees planted in various parts of the world at one time or another by Queen Victoria, Edward VII., and our present King and Queen. The

present writer has seen such trees in every division of the United Kingdom, in Canada, and in Ceylon, and in some cases, as in the Paradenia at Kandy, the tree planted by the son is within a long stone's throw of the one planted years before by the father. To a movement having for its

object the encouragement of a similar practice in Great Britain and Ireland during the Coronation Year (1902) it may be permissible here to give a word of encouragement.

After Washington came a debated point, for, having regard to the strong feeling which existed upon the question of negro slavery in Great Britain no less than in the northern part of the United States, it was at least open to doubt whether it was wise that "Baron Renfrew" should accept the invitation of leading Southerners, backed as it was no doubt by the President, and visit Richmond. How-

ever, to Richmond he went, but, says Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, "he flatly refused to have his carriage to visit the negro quarters at Haxall's plantation, and so he returned to Washington, having shown a good

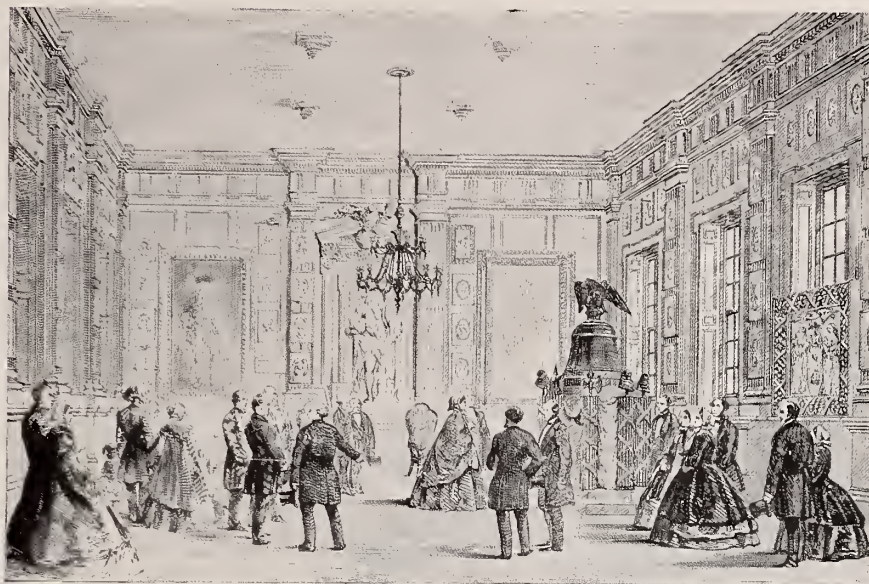
deal more common sense than had those about him." To this sweeping feminine condemnation of Lord Lyons and the Duke of Newcastle it is surely

legitimate to demur. Slavery was bad and intolerable, of course; nobody would dream of urging the contrary view now. But in 1860, at any rate, there was abundant room for two opinions on the subject, even among men of undoubted natural humanity; and "Baron Renfrew" would have departed from

the non-party attitude proper to a Prince of Wales, and would have given a great deal of just offence, if he had refused the Southern invitation altogether.

Next came a visit to Philadelphia, the very shrine of the independence of the United States, and there, for the first time, Baron "Renfrew" heard Patti, by whom, always possessed of a taste for music, he was infinitely charmed. The divine singer, then in the prime of her youth (she was born in 1843) and of her dark beauty (she is of Spanish and Italian extraction) had made her triumphant *début* at New York, but Covent Garden did not yet

know her, and her successes as Amina, Lucia, Violetta, Zerlina, Martha and Rosina were yet to come. This, too, was the first meeting between the Queen of singers and the future King of England.



INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, VISITED BY EDWARD VII. 10th OCTOBER, 1860

(From an engraving)



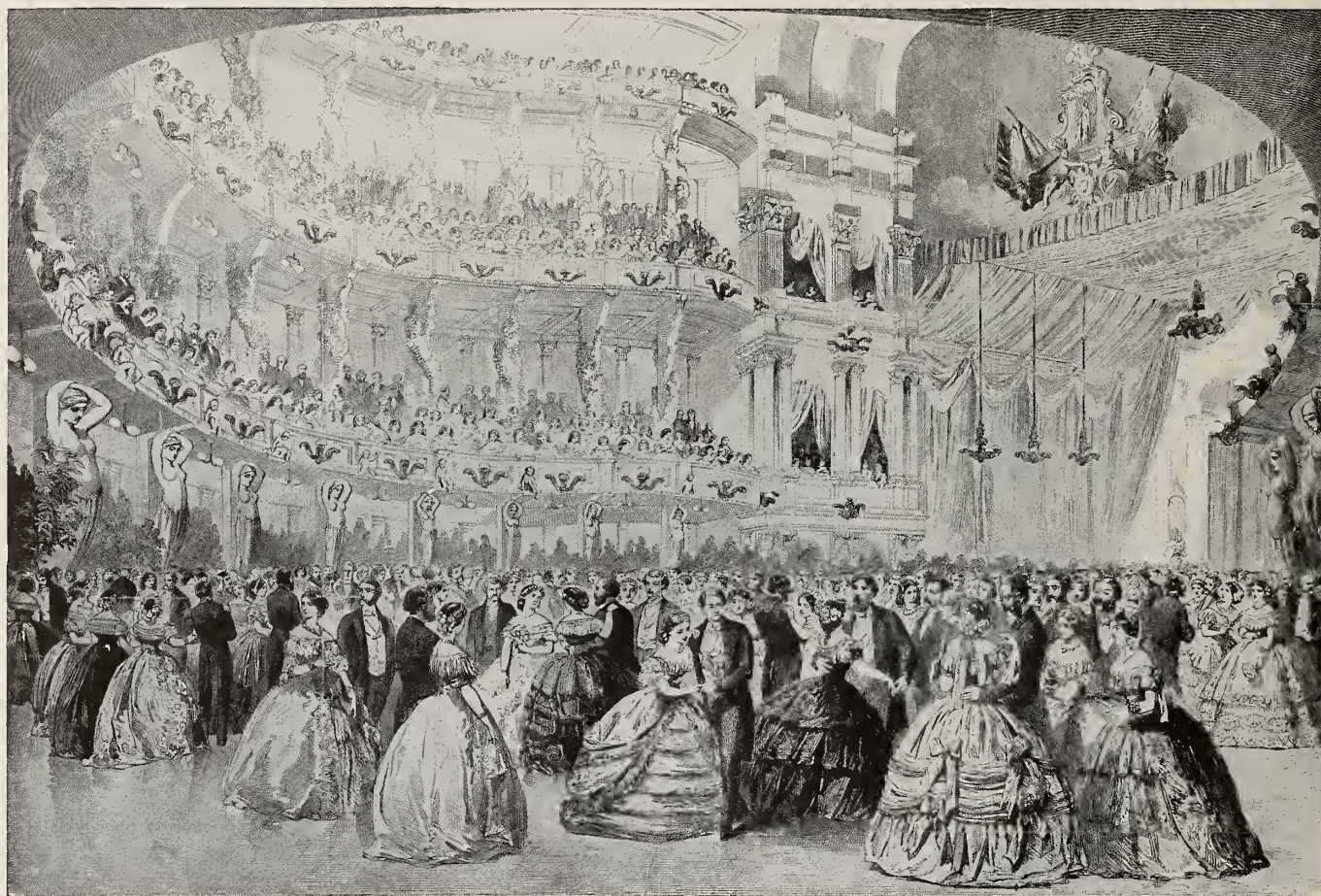
TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF FIRE BRIGADE IN HONOUR OF EDWARD VII.'S VISIT TO NEW YORK

After Philadelphia came New York and a brilliant series of festivities, including a huge ball at the Academy of Music, where the floor gave way at one point under the feet of 3000 guests, of whom the ladies, judging by a contemporary picture in the *Illustrated London News*, wore portentous crinolines, and a review of 6000 Volunteer Firemen in Madison Square, with which the Royal visitor was intensely pleased.

Of the impression produced on the citizens of New York, and of the spirit in which preparations were

most excellent family, but because he seems to be himself highly meritorious and of right promise. . . . The greatest difficulty we at present encounter is the want of a house big enough for a portion of our good citizens who desire to pay their respects to him. The structure we have selected is capable of containing six thousand, but, looking to wide crinolines and comfort, we do not intend admitting over three thousand for ball and supper.

"I have never witnessed a more unanimous desire to make the Prince's visit to us entirely agreeable to



GRAND BALL GIVEN AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, IN HONOUR OF EDWARD VII

(From a drawing by F. J. Skill)

made by them, a clear impression is given in a letter addressed by Mr. Davis, a forgotten American humorist, in a letter to a relative in England which subsequently found its way into the hands of the Prince Consort :

"During my absence from town, arrangements were entered upon here to give the Prince a hearty welcome ; and I found my name as chairman of one of the working committees, which duty I have readily accepted. . . . We intend to do the thing rightly, and in all respects most agreeably to his Royal Highness, not only because he belongs to a

himself, and if we do not succeed it will not be our fault. . . . He is decidedly a popular character with us, and may consider himself a lucky lad if he escapes a nomination for President before he reaches his homeward-bound fleet. The funny part of the whole affair is to note the decided unwillingness of our people to be *shabbed* off by another title than 'His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,' a real *up and down and out and out Prince*, of the right stuff too, coupled with a hope that he will remain so for many many years ; for there is not a living being more sincerely beloved by our people than his Royal mother, who, they think, cannot do wrong, even if she

tried to do so. . . . I hope in course of time the whole 'blessed family' of 'the good Queen' may visit hers and our dominions, as I am quite sure the more intimately we know each other the better friends we shall all become."

Such a letter, instinct with good feeling, is eminently worthy of preservation after so many years.

If an antidote for Richmond had been needed it was found at Boston, where the illustrious visitor met Emerson, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, wittiest

Anglo-Saxon race. It is a fighting race, but all the enmity vanishes when the fighting is over.

So, on the 20th October the American visit had ended and H.M.S. *Hero*, escorted by the *Ariadne*, *Nile* and *Styx*, sailed for Plymouth, encountering heavy weather on the way, so that it was not until the 15th of November that the anxious parents heard at Windsor that the illustrious wanderer was safe at Plymouth. That very evening he was at home in the happy family circle at Windsor after a tour so successful that Charles Sumner wrote from Boston to



DEPARTURE OF EDWARD VII. FROM PORTLAND, U.S.A., FOR ENGLAND

(From a drawing by G. H. Andrews)

and shrewdest of easy-going philosophers, and Longfellow, who had already sung :

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties,
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

To the Boston visit Harvard was but a natural corollary, and here two trees were planted, and a drive taken to Bunker's Hill, the classic scene of the Pyrrhic victory of the British troops in 1775. Mixed indeed must have been the feelings of the great-grandson of George III. and of his hosts as they trod this historic ground. But the whole visit showed in unmistakable fashion one traditional merit of the

Denison, the great Speaker of the House of Commons :

"I took the liberty of remarking to him (the Duke of Newcastle) that he was carrying home an unwritten treaty of amity and alliance between two great nations." Of that unwritten treaty, in spite of occasional outbreaks of temper rather than that of serious ill-feeling, after years have seen not a little evidence, of which one striking example has recently been made public. No more fitting conclusion could be found for this chapter than the letters which passed between the Duke of Newcastle and the Queen and between President Buchanan and the Queen. Of the last two, the former gave

great satisfaction to Lord Palmerston, while the latter was drafted by the Prince Consort.

"The Duke of Newcastle presents his humble duty to your Majesty and cannot say with what pleasure he writes this last letter to your Majesty from the continent of America, with everything that is agreeable to communicate, and nothing now at all likely to detract from the most wonderful and gratifying success of the visit to the United States.

"Your Majesty will remember that the Duke of Newcastle always expected a warm reception for the Prince of Wales, and never believed in the fears of insult and even mischief in this city which were entertained by many, but he certainly never ventured to hope for anything approaching the scene which occurred here three days ago—such a scene as probably was never witnessed before—the enthusiasm of much more than half a million of people, worked up almost to madness, and yet self-restrained within bounds of the most perfect courtesy, by the passage through their streets of a foreign Prince, not coming to celebrate a new-born alliance, or

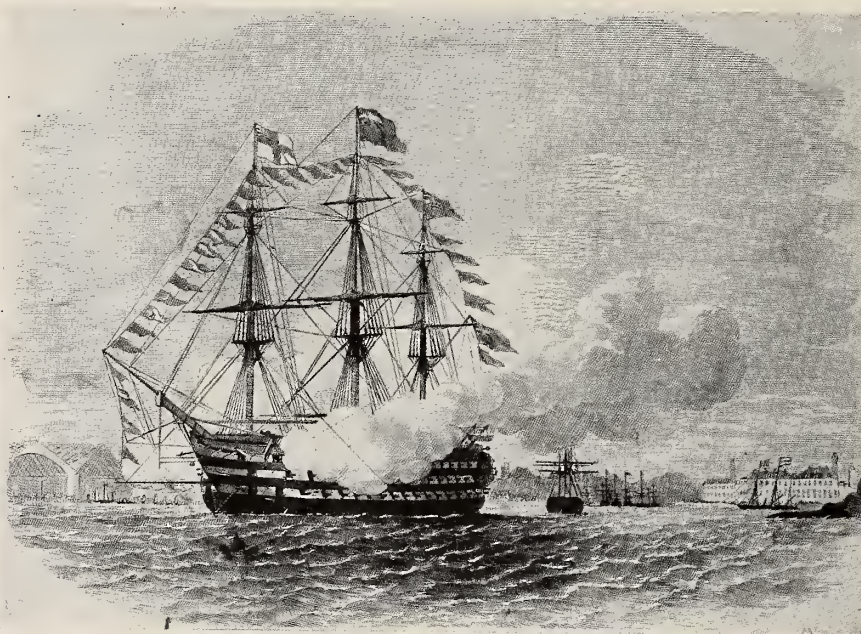
to share in the glories of a joint campaign, but solely as a private visitor, and as exhibiting indirectly only the friendly feelings of the country to which he belongs.

"Two causes have produced this remarkable result—the one is, the really warm affection for England which has been growing in the hearts of the great mass of the natives of the United States, and which only required the genial influence of such an event as this visit to force it into a vigorous expansion; and the second is the very remarkable love for your Majesty personally which pervades all classes in this country, and which has acted like a spell upon them when they found your Majesty's son actually amongst them.

"There can be no doubt that the most important results will ensue from this happy event, and such

as the ablest diplomatist could not have brought about in a quarter of a century. The Duke of Newcastle does not doubt that the feelings of amity between the two countries will, in spite of the alien element which is so strong in this land, be such for some time to come, as to have an important bearing upon those events which it is too probable will soon arise in Europe. The President's hospitality was in thoroughly good taste and most agreeable to all most concerned. There is no doubt that pleasant impressions have been left on both sides. The old gentleman was quite touched at parting and promised to write to your Majesty."

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN to HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA



THE ARRIVAL OF EDWARD VII. IN PLYMOUTH HARBOUR

H.M.S. Impregnable firing a salute

(From an engraving)

"When I had the honour of addressing your Majesty in June last I confidently predicted a cordial welcome for the Prince of Wales throughout this country, should he pay us a visit on his return from Canada to England. What was then prophecy has now become history. He has been everywhere received with enthusiasm; and this is attribu-

table not only to the very high regard entertained for your Majesty, but also to his own noble and manly bearing. He has passed through a long ordeal for a person of his years, and his conduct throughout has been such as became his age and station. Dignified, frank and affable, he has conciliated, wherever he has been, the kindness and respect of a sensitive and discriminating people. His visit thus far has been all your Majesty would have desired; and I have no doubt it will so continue until the end.

"The Prince left us for Richmond this morning with the Duke of Newcastle and the other members of his wisely selected suite. I should gladly have prolonged his visit, had this been possible consistently with previous arrangements. In our domestic circle he won all hearts. His free and

ingenuous intercourse with myself evinced both a good heart and a good understanding. I shall ever cherish the warmest wishes for his welfare.

"The visit of the Prince to the tomb of Washington, and the simple but solemn ceremonies at this consecrated spot, will become an historical event, and cannot fail to exert a happy influence on the kindred people of the two countries.

"Miss Lane [the President's niece] desires to be kindly remembered to your Majesty.

"With my respectful regards for the Prince Consort,
"I remain,

"Your Majesty's Friend
and obedient Servant,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"WASHINGTON, 6 October, 1860."

THE QUEEN *to* THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

"WINDSOR CASTLE,
19th November, 1860.

"The Duke of Newcastle knows already how high a sense we have ever entertained of the services he has rendered at all times to the Queen, but especially on the recent very important occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada and the United States, an event of the greatest importance, but attended with considerable difficulties, which has, however, terminated in the most successful and gratifying manner. The Queen is anxious to mark these feelings publicly by offering to the Duke the Order of the Garter, which she trusts he will have no hesitation in accepting. The Duke will be an extra Knight till a vacancy occurs, but the Queen did not wish to wait for that event, being anxious to mark her approbation at once."

The Duke was invested at a Chapter of the Order on the 16th December.

THE QUEEN *to* PRESIDENT BUCHANAN

"WINDSOR CASTLE,
19th November, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"Your letter of the 16th ult. has afforded me

the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanour and the feelings evinced by him have secured to him your esteem and the general goodwill of your countrymen. I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales's safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced in his travels. He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and whilst, as a mother, I am most grateful for all the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection towards myself personally, which his presence has called forth. I fully reciprocate towards your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity.

"The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as a type of our present feeling, and I trust of our future relations.

"The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane.

"Believe me, always, your good Friend,

"VICTORIA REGINA."



MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE EDWARD VII'S VISIT TO CANADA
AND THE INAUGURATION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE



DRAWING-ROOM HELD BY QUEEN VICTORIA AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE IN 1861

(The last attended by the Prince Consort)

Edward VII. stands between his Father and the Duke of Cambridge

(From the picture by Jerry Barnett, Cambridge)

CHAPTER V



THE late King, Edward VII., spent the autumn of 1861 at Cambridge, and it may very safely be said that at no period of his career had his spirits been higher or had his prospects looked brighter than they were then. He seemed to possess everything that it could enter into the heart of prince or peasant to desire on this earth; and the varied delights of his existence at that time were thrown into greater prominence by the memory of his gloomy boyhood. As it was, he had done his grand tour, he was in the middle of his third University career, his father—like any ordinary father—had come down to Cambridge to see him, and he was looking forward to a Christmas at home, where he might hope to see all the members of the family except Prince Alfred, who was away on his naval duties, and the Princess Royal, who was in Germany with her husband.

Beyond that, there seemed to lie before him the prospect of pleasant and dignified ease for some time to come. His father, whose knowledge of European affairs was equalled only by his industry, appeared to be in the full vigour of life. His mother, the Queen, was not likely, with the Prince Consort beside her, to ask advice upon Affairs of State from her son. And that son's life had been pretty well mapped out. It was to involve—as was right and proper in the case of the heir to a great colonial empire—much travelling, and this travelling would be done in all lightness of heart, and with the delicious sense of freedom from responsibility,

because the young Prince would know all the time that his father's strong hand was ready to assist the mother. Young as he was, too, his marriage was all but decided upon, but his engagement, and the romantic episodes in connection with it, are not matter proper to a chapter which must needs be sombre.

Then suddenly, almost in a moment, all was changed. Late in November, the Prince Consort,

who had been very much overworked in connection with the *Trent* affair, began to be taken ill. But it does not seem that at first his symptoms obtained quite the notice that they deserved, except from the Queen herself, and she was rather sorry for the patient than really anxious.

There were guests at the palace during all the early part of the illness: they were, to start with, Lord Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and the Duc de Nemours; and the Prince Consort does not appear to have felt sufficiently ill to be unable to do his duty as a host. Or perhaps it may have been that his strong sense of duty compelled him to undergo exertions which he felt



H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

(From the picture by Winterhalter)

were not prudent. Thus, on the 28th of November, the Eton Volunteers were reviewed on the walk below the South Terrace, and entertained at luncheon in the conservatory later. The Queen and the Prince Consort walked round the tables, and the anxious wife noted "Albert was well wrapped up and looked very unwell, and could only walk very slow." "Unhappily, I must be present," were his own words. "Ought not to go, but must," *i.e.*, the version in Dean Stanley's *Life*. In fact it is difficult to read, in these after years, Sir Theodore Martin's account of the Prince Consort's

illness without suspecting that he might have been spared to us if he had spared himself. The next day he seemed a little better, but on the morning of December 1st he rose early and set to work. "He could eat no breakfast and looked very wretched, but still he was well enough to get up to make a draft for me to write to Lord Russell in correction of his draft to Lord Lyons sent to me yesterday, which Albert did not approve." That draft, a fac-simile of which is preserved in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life*, is an intensely pathetic document, containing as it does abundant evidence of the physical weakness of

fatal to him. Of course, as we all now know, his own illness was fever, and was fatal to him.

It was really Lord Palmerston first, shortly after he came to Windsor Castle as a guest, who saw how serious was the Prince Consort's condition and insisted upon having other advice. At first he was not listened to, and Sir James Clark, on being appealed to by the Queen, explained that there was no cause for alarm. But the Prince Consort was no better on the next day, would take no food, and although he liked being read to, could not be satisfied with any book that was begun. The books actually



WINDSOR CASTLE

(From a photograph by J. Russell & Sons, Windsor)

the Prince Consort, and numerous alterations in the firmer hand of the Queen.

Later, he walked a little, and went to service in the chapel; and in the afternoon Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner saw him, and that night he went to bed early. But even yet his condition does not seem to have excited any serious alarm, and although he sent for Dr. Jenner the next morning, and Sir James Clark came to see him, still he saw Lord Methuen and Colonel Francis Seymour, and was eager in asking them all the details connected with the death of the King of Portugal; nay, he even said to Lord Methuen, surely in melancholy prescience of the doom that was impending, that it was well his own malady was not fever, as *that*, he felt sure, would be

tried were George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Anthony Trollope's *The Warden*, and Charles Lever's *Dod Family*, which last he simply disliked. Again on the 4th the Prince got up, and Princess Alice read to him; but after this interval of time it is almost sickening to read of the doctors and their best bedside manner. Sir James Clark comforted the Queen with the hope that there would be no fever, "of which we live in dread." "Mr. Brown, of Windsor, came up and was most kind and reassuring, and not alarmed." But Dr. Jenner said the "Prince must eat, and that he was going to tell him so—that the illness would be tedious, and that completely starving himself as he had done would not do." In fact, at this period of the illness, Dr. Jenner and

Lord Palmerston seem to have been the only persons who had any conception of the real state of affairs, although the Queen was very much distressed at the miserable state of her husband's spirits.

On the 6th the physicians made up their minds; Dr. Jenner told the Queen that "they had all along been watching their patient's state, and suspected fever, but were unable to judge what it might be, and how to treat him till that morning . . . that the fever must have its course, viz., a month, dating from the beginning, which he considers the day Albert went to Sandhurst, the 22nd November or possibly sooner, that he was not alarmed, and that there were no bad symptoms. He could not be better until fever left him. . . . He would tell me everything, I might be sure. . . . Albert himself was, not to know

it, as he unfortunately had a horror of fever." On the 8th the Prince Consort was moved, at his own suggestion, to the blue room, which he enjoyed because it was large and bright, and Princess Alice played to him on a piano that was brought into the next room, and the Queen read portions of *Peveril of the Peak* to him.

Then on the 9th, for the first time, the public was apprised of the state in which the Prince Consort was. Again Lord Palmerston, now joined by Lord John Russell, Sir George Cornwall Lewis and the Duke of Newcastle, practically insisted upon more advice, and Dr. Watson first and Sir Henry Holland later were called in. On the 10th and 11th things looked a little more hopeful, and on the 12th

the Prince was decidedly very much worse. On the 13th the Prince of Wales was summoned from



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE

In 1861

(Photo by Hughes & Mullins)



PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCESS HELENA IN 1861

(Photo by Hughes & Mullins)



HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1861

Madingley by telegram, sent by Princess Alice, and it is fairly clear that by this time Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner were aware that the end was coming. Nevertheless, that good, comfortable Mr. Brown of Windsor came at six o'clock in the morning to inform her Majesty that he had no hesitation in saying that he thought the Prince was much better, and that there was ground to hope the crisis was over.

As a matter of fact, the end had almost come. That 14th of December, 1861, a fine and bright day, was the last that the Prince Consort was to see on earth. In the late afternoon he saw his children, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Princess Louise and Prince Arthur, and the faithful Sir Charles Phipps, General Grey, and Sir Thomas Biddulph. Then just before ten he died, there being in the room the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess



H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

Alice, Princess Helena, Prince Ernest Leiningen, General the Hon. Robert Bruce, the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps and General Grey.

So the whole aspect of life was changed for the Queen and for the Prince of Wales. She, who had fondly hoped to rely on the Prince Consort for help and counsel for many years to come, was left a widow surrounded by a large family; and the Prince of Wales, who might reasonably have looked forward

to a few years of easy and pleasant life, suddenly found himself thrust into a position of more than considerable responsibility.

As for the Queen's own grief, it was terrible. Before the last moments came she had found it impossible to remain in the chamber of the sick man and control her emotions, and she had to be summoned specially for the last farewell. Then, when all was over, she went to Osborne, the beloved

home planned by the husband whom she had lost, but before she left she called her children around her and "told them that the interests of a great nation depended upon her firmness. Though crushed by the loss of her life's companion, she knew how much was expected of her, and called on them to give her their assistance in order that she might do her duty to them and the country."

To the Prince of Wales himself the death of his father, coming as it did without any preliminary warning, was a severe and almost stupefying shock. His grief, as was plainly to be seen at the funeral service later, was deep and inconsolable, for he had

loss that could have fallen upon it. . . . We shall need time fully to appreciate the magnitude of the loss we have sustained. Every day will make us more conscious of it." Thus the *Times*, which proceeded:

"It has been the misfortune of most Royal personages, that their education has been below the dignity of their position. Cut off by their rank from intimate association with young persons of the same age, they have often had occasion bitterly to lament that the same fortune which raised them above the nobility in station had sunk them below them in knowledge



OSBORNE HOUSE

(From a photograph by J. Valentine & Sons)

almost idolised his father. But in the meanwhile he had duties to perform, and he accomplished them without flinching. "In that [the Royal] Family"—said the *Times*—"there are two upon whom the eyes of all England will naturally be attracted at this juncture. . . . If the Prince of Wales is ever to be a wise and good sovereign he will now be a wise and good son . . . the Prince of whom we have seen so much yet know so little." It may be written without hesitation that the Prince of Wales, in spite of his sorrow, rose to the needs of the occasion with noble courage.

The national grief, mixed with sympathy for the Queen and with grave anxiety for her health, was deep. "The nation has just sustained the greatest

and acquirements. Thanks to the cultivated mind and sterling good sense of the Prince Consort, no such charge will be brought against the present generation of the Royal Family of England. Possessing talents of the first order, cultivated and refined by diligent and successful study, the Prince has watched over the education of his children with an assiduity commensurate with the greatness of the trust, and destined, we doubt not, to bear fruit in the future stability of our reigning family and its firm hold on the affections of the people. The Queen supports her great affliction with admirable fortitude."

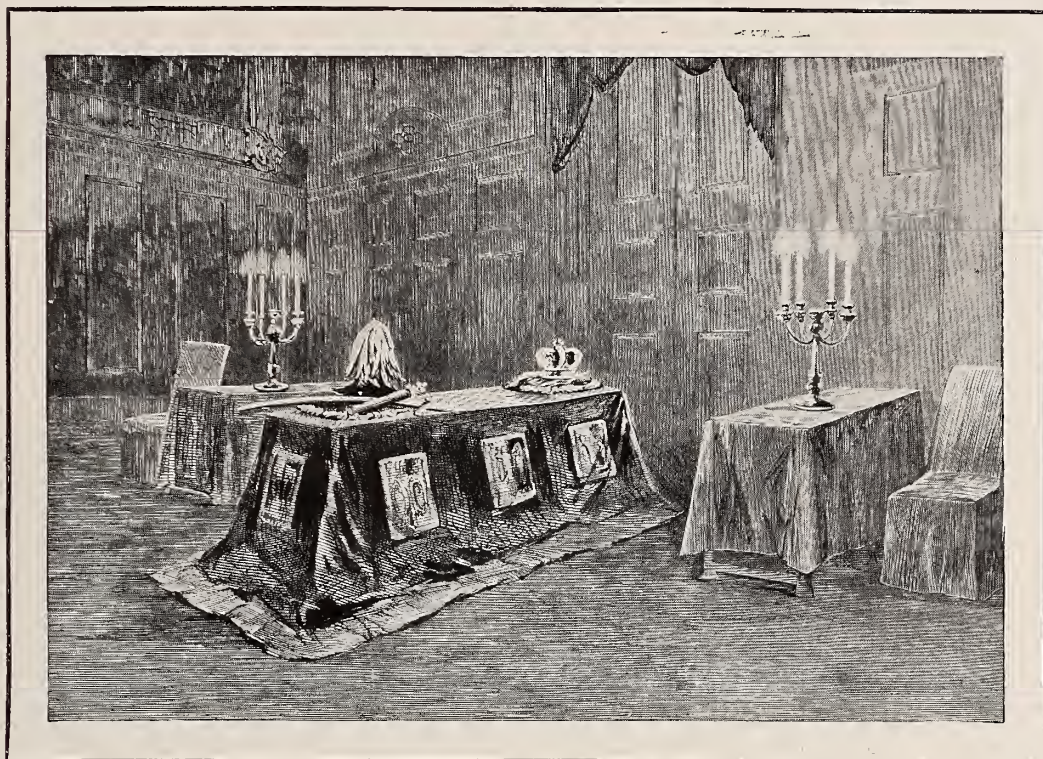
But far and away the most complete tribute

to the memory of the Prince Consort was Alfred Tennyson's dedication to a later edition of the "Idylls of the King," which the Prince Consort had much admired :

"These to his Memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king';

A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his?
Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of Peace—
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.



THE PRINCE CONSORT'S COFFIN IN THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER, WINDSOR CASTLE, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FUNERAL

(From an engraving)

Whose glory was redressing human wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it ;
Who loved one only, and who claved to her—
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse
Darkening the world. We have lost him. He is gone ;
We know him now : all narrow jealousies
Are silent ; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure ; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot ; for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee that ye made
One light together, but has passed and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendour."

Never was there elegy more genuine, more heart-felt,
more truthfully expressed ; and it was followed by
the sublime aspiration which the rolling years have
seen fulfilled to the letter :

"May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

Upon the Lord Chamberlain, who went to Windsor
on Sunday morning to receive the commands of

the Queen before she left for Osborne, fell the duty of making the formal arrangements for the funeral ; but the Prince of Wales, albeit prostrated with grief, had necessarily abundance of occupation during those

and the one of his chaplains whom the Prince Consort trusted so entirely and completely that it was almost his dying wish that the Prince of Wales in the Eastern tour, which was even then in prospect, should have him for guide and companion. It was in the following terms :

DEPOSITUM
ILLUSTRISSIMI ET CELSISSIMI
ALBERTI
PRINCIPIS CONSORTIS
DUCIS SAXONIÆ
DE SAXE : COBURG ET GOTHA
PRINCIPIS
NOBILISSIMI ORDINIS PERIS
CELESTIS EQUITIS
AUGUSTISSIMÆ ET POTENTIS-
SIMÆ VICTORIÆ REGINÆ
CONJUGIS PERCARISSIMI
OBIIT DIE DECIMO QUARTO
DECEMBRI MDCCCLXI
ANNO ÆTATIS SUE XLIII



WEST END VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S
CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

(Photo by H. N. King)

sad days between the 15th of December, when his father died, and the 23rd, when he was committed to the grave. An interval, not very considerable in the case of a royal personage, was necessary because of the arrangements which had to be made for the representation of foreign Powers. But the processes of Nature will not be denied, and on the 17th of December the officers of the Board of Works sealed down the inner shell and the outer leaden case which contained all that was mortal of a prince cut off in his prime.

The inscription on the leaden coffin, on a massive silver plate, was probably the composition of Professor A. P. Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster,



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

(Photo by H. N. King)

It had been the desire of the Prince Consort that his funeral should be limited in all that relates to funeral pomp and ceremony, in fact that it should resemble as nearly as possible that of the Duchess of Kent, and this modest request was followed in so far

as circumstances permitted. But, in the first place, the Prince Consort had a large number of personal

there were, and the hearse with an escort of 2nd Life Guards and after that the carriages of the Queen, the



THE FUNERAL OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT

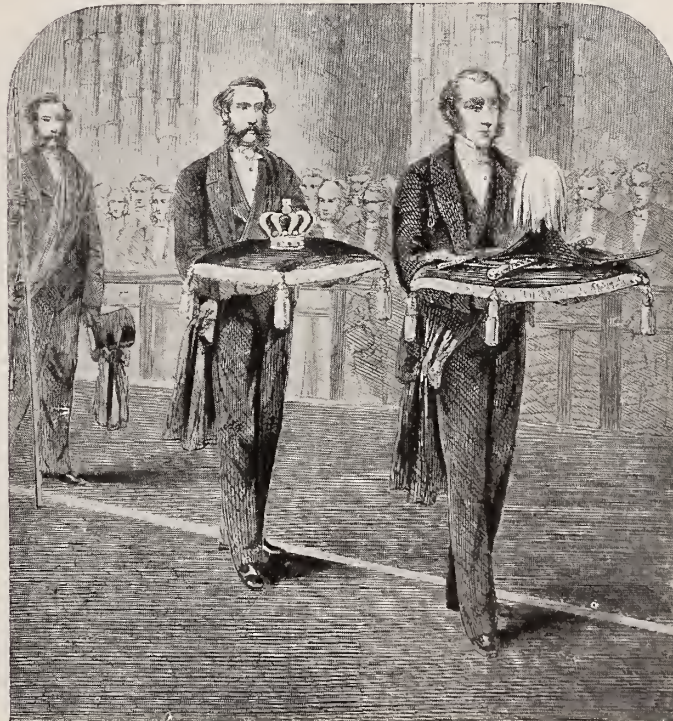
Scene at St. George's Chapel

(From an engraving)

friends of illustrious position, and in the second place it was essential that the Most Noble Order of the Garter should have a part in the ceremony surrounding the burial of him who had been one of its most distinguished ornaments.

So, on the morning of Monday, the 23rd of December, a long funeral procession moved slowly from the State entrance of Windsor Castle through the Norman Tower Gate to St. George's Chapel, which was draped not in purple as we saw it on another sad occasion on which it came into use, but in solemn black. Fourteen mourning-coaches

Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Cambridge, all the servants being in State liveries; the line of route was kept by dismounted men of the 2nd Life Guards, and by the 1st Battalion of the Scots Fusilier Guards — a title which sounds strange now — with reversed arms. Upon the Grenadiers fell the mournful privilege of finding a Guard of Honour at the exit from the State Apartments, and at the door of St. George's Chapel during the service. The greater number of the Royal Family and other Royal personages arrived privately from the Castle, and, after waiting in the



EARL SPENCER BEARING THE CROWN OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND LORD GEORGE LENNOX BEARING THE BATON, SWORD AND HAT OF THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

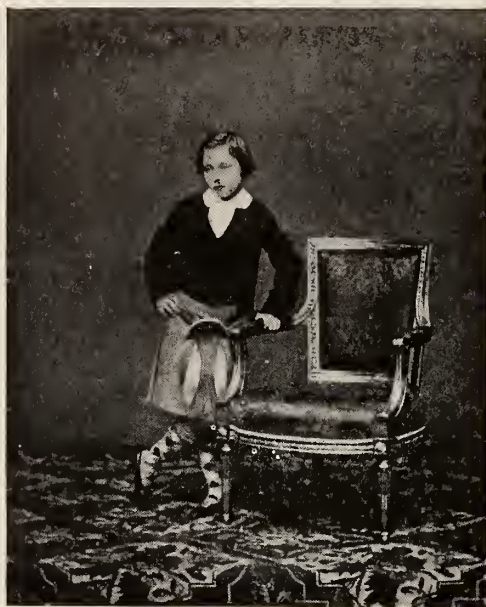
(From an engraving)

Chapter Room, were conducted to their places in the procession by the Lord Chamberlain.

Heading the procession came valets, *jägers*, bailiffs from the farms in which the Prince Consort had taken so deep an interest, librarians, solicitors, apothecaries, surgeons and the like; and then the physicians who had been in attendance during the Prince Consort's last and fatal illness. Next came the chaplains — Professor Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and one of the most distinguished biblical scholars of the century; Professor Stanley, whom the Prince Consort trusted above all others; and the Dean of Christchurch, to whom he had confided his eldest son. After them followed Baron von Boddien, representing the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; Sir Edward Cust, representing the

Rear-Admiral Blake and Major-General Ridley; Equerries, Colonel Ponsonby, Colonel Hardinge, Colonel Gordon; the Master of the Household to the Queen, Colonel Biddulph; the Equerry to the Queen, Lord Alfred Paget; the Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, Sir Henry Bentinck; the Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, Lord Camoys; the Lord Steward, Earl of St. Germans; the Master of the Horse, the Marquis of Ailesbury; the Choir of Windsor, the Canons of Windsor, the Rev. E. Moore, and the Rev. Lord Wriothsley Russell (Chaplain to his late Royal Highness), Rev. F. Anson, and Rev. C. L. Courtenay, and the Dean of Windsor, the Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, D.D.

After the Dean of Windsor came Lord George Lennox, bearing the field-marshal's *bâton*, the sword and hat upon a velvet cushion, and Earl Spencer, who was Groom-of-the-Stole to the Prince Consort, carrying the Crown (the silver-gilt "Consort" Crown



H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR IN 1861

(From a photograph)



THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA
Brother of the Prince Consort

(From a picture by R. Thorburn, A.R.A.)

King of the Belgians; Baron von Hammerstein, representing the King of Hanover; Monsieur de Seebach, representing the King of Saxony; the Comptroller and Equerry to the Duchess of Cambridge, Lieut.-Col. Home Purves; the Equerry to the Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Macdonald; the Equerry to the Prince of Wales, Major Teesdale, V.C.; Gentleman Ushers to his late Royal Highness,



THE MAHARAJAH DHULEEP SINGH

(From an engraving)

much resembling that of the Imperial House of Austria) on another dark velvet cushion. Next followed the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, and the Vice-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, Viscount Castlerosse, and behind them, and in front of the coffin, walked the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, Viscount Sydney. Then the coffin, the pall-

bearers being (on the left) Sir Charles Phipps, General Grey, General Wylde, Colonel Francis Seymour, and (on the right) Lord Waterpark, Colonel Hood, Colonel Dudley de Ros, and Major Du Plat. Behind the coffin moved Garter King-at-Arms, Sir Charles Young, in all the glory of his office, and then occupying for the first but by no means for the last time the position of chief mourner, the Prince of Wales, supported by Prince Arthur and by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. After them came General Bruce, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Duke of Brabant, the Count de Flandres, the Duke de Nemours, Prince Louis of Hesse,

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count Gleichen, the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the Equerries of the Prince of Wales, Captain Grey and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel; the Governor to Prince Arthur, Major Elphinstone, V.C.; the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on the Crown Prince of Prussia, Baron Moltke, Count Fürstentein, Lieutenant-Colonel von Oberritz, Captain de Lucadou; the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Major von Reuters, Councillor Samwer; the Gentle-

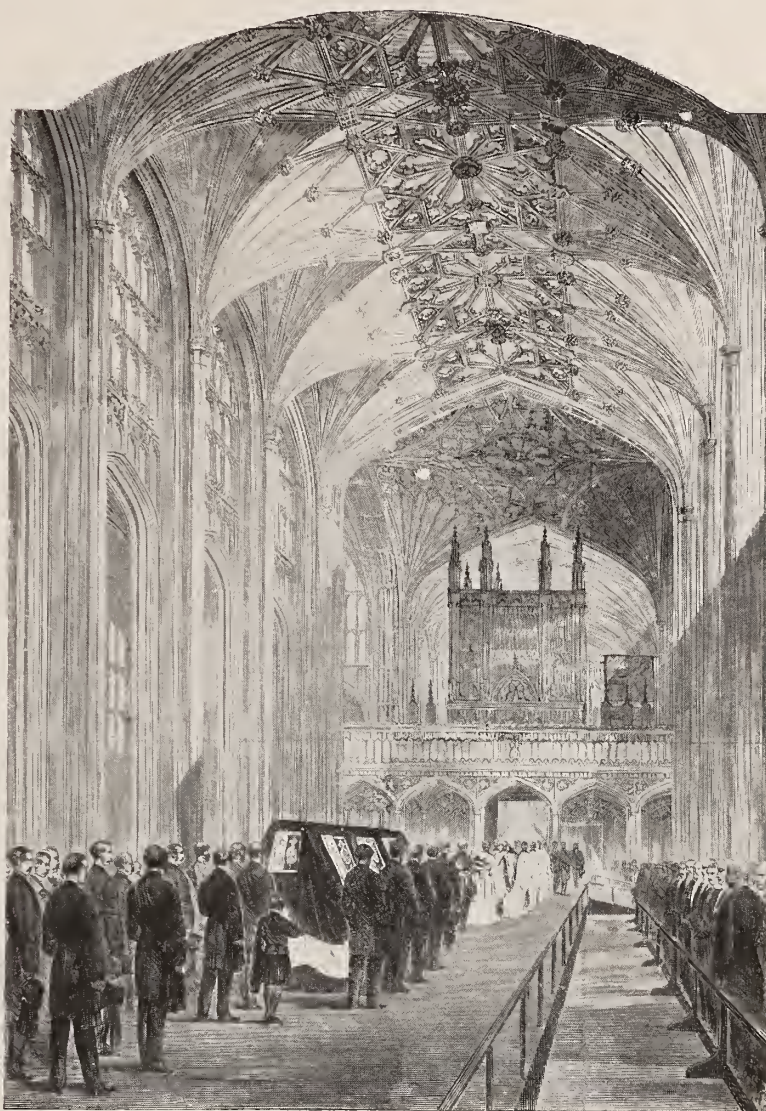
man-in-Waiting on the Duke of Brabant, Count de Launoy; the Gentleman-in-Waiting on the Count de Flandres, Major Burnell; the Gentleman-in-Waiting on the Duke de Nemours, Count de Chabannes; the Gentleman-in-Waiting on Prince Louis of Hesse Baron Westerweller; and the Gentleman-in-Waiting on the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, Colonel Oliphant.

Then came the funeral service, very similar to

that which was held in February, 1901. The crown, *bâton*, sword and hat were placed by the bearers upon the cushion, the mourners took their proper places, the Prince of Wales at the head of the coffin with his supporters on either side, the other royal personages being grouped near him; the Lord Chamberlain stood at the foot of the coffin. Then the service proceeded, the opening sentences being sung to Croft's music and the Thirty-ninth psalm—peculiarly appropriate in its references to the uncertainty of life—being chanted to a funeral chant adopted from Beethoven.

The anthem was Martin Luther's Hymn, the coffin was lowered into

the entrance of the vault only, in accordance with the intention, which was afterwards carried out, of making the Mausoleum at Frogmore, to which members of the Royal Family have paid and continue to pay so many pilgrimages that are pious in the true sense of the word. Finally, Garter King-at-Arms recited in a clear voice the style and titles of the dead Prince, just as in February, 1901, his successor in the same office proclaimed the style and titles of the late Queen. It is worth while to add



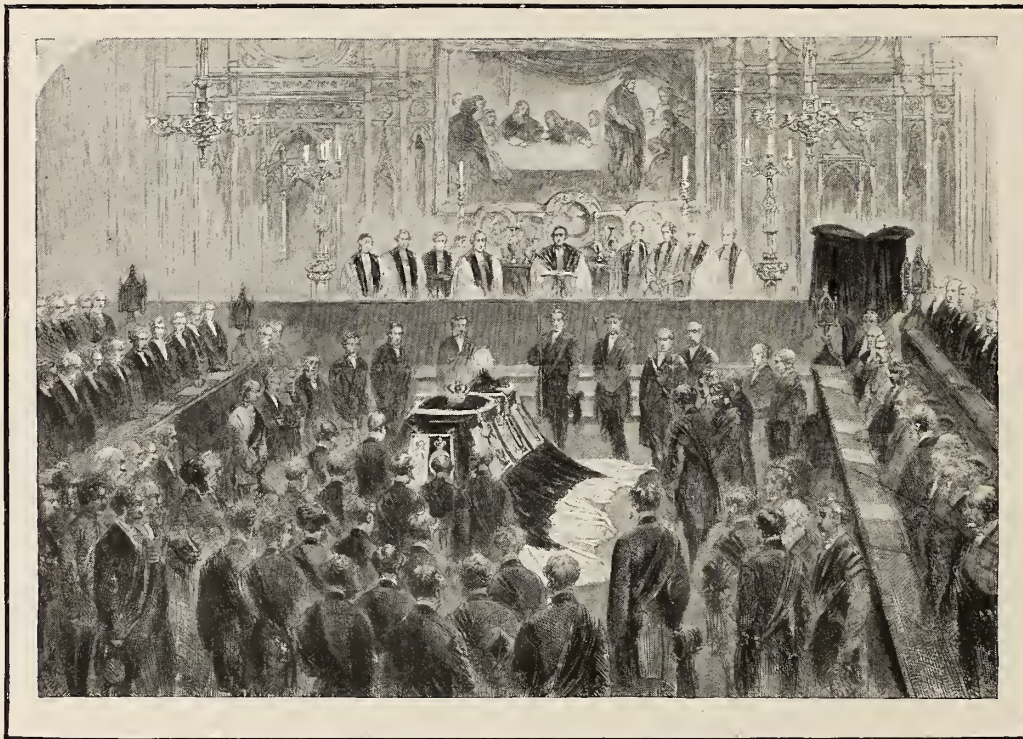
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE NAVE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

(From an engraving)

that amongst those who were present were, besides officers of the Queen's Household, Lord Westbury (Lord Chancellor), Earl Granville (President of the Council), Sir George Grey, Bart. (Home Secretary), Earl Russell (Foreign Secretary), the Duke of Newcastle (Colonial Secretary), Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Bart. (Secretary for War), Sir Charles Wood, Bart. (Secretary for India), Mr. Gladstone (Chancellor of the Exchequer), the Duke of Somerset (First Lord of the Admiralty), Lord Stanley of Alderley (Postmaster-General), Mr. Edward Cardwell, M.P. (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster), Mr. Milner Gibson, M.P. (President of the Board of Trade), Mr. Pelham Villiers, M.P. (Chief Commissioner of the Poor Law Board), Earl of Carlisle, K.G. (Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), Mr. William Cowper (First Commissioner of Works, &c), the Hon. Charles A. Gore (First Commissioner of Woods), the Archbishop of Canter-

bury, the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., the Duke of Atholl, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Wellington, K.G., the Marquis of Abercorn, K.G., the Marquis of Exeter, K.G., Lord Ebury, the Marquis of Breadalbane, K.T., Earl of Derby, K.G., Earl de la Warr, Earl of Clarendon, K.G., Earl Cowley, Lord Bagot, Bishop of London, Bishop of Oxford, Bishop of Chester, Bishop of Worcester, Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Portman, The Speaker of the House of Commons.

Thus closes the saddest chapter which it will be necessary to write during the early part of this book, for it is not too much to say that the death of the Prince Consort left not only the Queen but also the Prince of Wales so utterly cast down and broken with grief that it seemed at first that even an undying sense of duty would not enable either of them to revive.



THE FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

The Ceremony in the Choir, St. George's Chapel

(From an engraving)

CHAPTER VI



THAT wholly unexpected calamity, the death of the Prince Consort, plunged the Royal Family into a very stupor of grief. The husband who was all in all to the Queen had left her desolate and inconsolable. The father who had planned every detail in the lives of his sons, choosing their associates, selecting their teachers, prescribing their course of study and their very amusements had vanished.

His learning and wisdom, his companionship in the music-room and in the chase, at which he excelled, were gone for ever. As it was at Osborne, when, forty years later, the Queen herself passed away, so in these first days of life without Prince Albert the prevailing feeling was one of stunning shock of complete failure to realise or to recognise the awful and all too certain fact. "The Prince Consort dead!" so we can picture one of the familiar personages of the Royal Household, Sir Charles Phipps for

example, saying, as another said when Queen Victoria died, "it is impossible, incredible, I cannot understand it; how are things to go on?" But the blow had fallen and the stately towers of Windsor had not availed more than the thatch of a peasant's cot to turn aside the sword of the Destroying Angel. Widowed Queen and orphaned Princes and Princesses had to bow before the decree, to prepare themselves to pass their lives without that strong stay and comfort upon which they had indulged every reasonable hope of being able to rely for many a year to come.

It has been written, it is indeed matter of historical truth, that the grief of the Prince of Wales at his father's funeral was terrible and pitiful to witness. Perhaps, indeed, there is no sorrow so touching as that of a young man who mourns a father. It has been written also, but this probably is matter of inference rather than of history, that the state of the Prince of Wales's spirits in the weeks following his father's death was such as to cause real anxiety lest he should suffer permanently in health; that it



EDWARD VII. IN 1862

(After E. Desmaitons)

was recognised, in fact, that something must be done to rouse him from the despairing lethargy into which he seemed to be falling. Certain it is, at any rate, from the published correspondence of the late Dean Stanley, that the absolute necessity of doing something, and that soon, had been recognised at Osborne, whither the grief-stricken family had betaken itself almost immediately after the funeral of the Prince Consort.

Education, formal education at any rate, was over; steps towards the promotion of that happy marriage, which had already been in remote prospect, to the cordial delight of the Prince Consort, clearly could not be taken. For the moment, indeed, under the shock of sudden grief, that bright project seems to have been completely forgotten. Foreign travel was the only relief available for the calming of that sorrow which the Queen, in the midst of her own grievous pain, perceived with her ever-ready sympathy. It was beyond question likely to be a real palliative. The poet, usually shrewd to a marvel, was never more in error than when he traced upon the wax the words:

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
 "Men change not minds but skies by crossing seas."

For, although the same mind must needs remain with him who travels, with the memory of a deep sorrow ever present and refusing to be exiled altogether, experience has proved over and over again that travel, with its constantly varying scenes, its innumerable and new impressions is a distinct relief. Travel, or hard and absorbing work, commanding the absolute and undivided attention of

the whole mind, are the real anodynes for acute grief; and in this world there are none other.

That the Prince should complete his University education by a grand tour in the East under the superintendence and in the company of Professor A. P. Stanley had been an essential and fundamental part of the Prince Consort's plan. Nor could the

anxious father possibly have chosen a man more absolutely suited to his purpose than Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. He was, indeed, a character comparable in point of brightness and of purity to a perfect crystal. Born in 1815, he was now in early middle age. One of Arnold's favourite pupils at Rugby (he was the Author of *Tom Brown's School Days* in all his points of character), he was perhaps the best product of Arnold's system who ever left Rugby for Oxford. At Oxford he had won every honour and, as was perhaps more valuable, every heart. Truth was his goddess, tolerance was his ideal, travel was his passion. In the stormy seas of the theological ocean of those days he had



DEAN STANLEY

(From a photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

steered his bark with inflexible courage by the light of principle, not fearing to offend either party as long as he was convinced that his course was right. In that extraordinary controversy over *Essays and Reviews*, the fierceness of which can only be realised after a strong effort of historical imagination by a generation which honoured Dr. Temple as Archbishop, he raised the fury of both sides. On the one hand he lamented the publication of a work so unequal, so negative, so inharmonious; on the other hand he resented with fierce indignation, as an offence against every principle of justice, the Episcopal Letter signed by Dr. Tait, the Archbishop, and the

mass of the bishops, demanding the removal of five distinguished clergymen, without specifying any precise charges, and involving all the writers in one vague anathema. "The learning of the most learned, the freedom of the freest, the reason of the most rational Church of the world seemed to be threatened"; and he spoke his mind, and he wrote his mind with a freedom which would not be restricted by the knowledge that it involved the sacrifice of all prospect of a bishopric, with a literary force born of sheer conviction, deep culture, and brilliant talents.

Of all this, of a breadth of view which had not the most remote connection with that kind of Broad Churchmanship in which it is easier to find the breadth, or the looseness, than the Churchmanship, the Prince Consort was well aware. Not less familiar was he with the fact, patent to all who knew Professor Stanley and the joy of association with him, that this champion of freedom and justice was far and away the brightest and most illuminating talker of his generation.

Besides that, Stanley had shown very distinctly during his later Oxford life, which was passed in the seclusion of Tom Quad, oddly enough one of the quietest places in Oxford, that he possessed in an extraordinary measure the power of inspiring and fascinating the minds of young men. When he first returned there, he absolutely despaired of being able to induce the undergraduate mind to take the slightest interest in the subject of ecclesiastical history, of which he was Regius Professor, with a Canonry of Christ Church annexed. His personal magnetism and the gentle delight of association with him were such that before long his lectures were actually attended otherwise than under compulsion—which was quite an unheard-of thing. Above all, Stanley had travelled already as a keen and enthusiastic student in those very countries, the original home of our religion, which it was proposed that the Prince should visit; and his *Sinai and Palestine* (1855), the result of a prolonged tour with his friend, Theodore Walrond, had already become, and still remains, not only the standard work on the subject, but far and away the most interesting.



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. R. BRUCE

(From a photograph by H. C. Watkins)

Dr. Stanley's association with the Prince Consort had been very close. Not only did he attend the funeral, which he described as "a profoundly mournful and impressive sight," adding, "I do not think that I have ever seen or shall ever see anything so affecting," but he also wrote a private account in descriptive form of the progress of the Prince Consort's illness, accompanied by a plan, a description of the pictures on the walls of the suite of rooms occupied by the Prince Consort at the time of his death, and of the books on the tables—a part only of which has been allowed to become public. His

keen eye noted the portraits of the Queen and the Princess Royal, the books of reference, the books which went as near as might be to light reading, the brightness of the room to which the Prince Consort was moved, as we have already seen, at his own desire. He was soon to revisit the Court, or so much of the Court as continued to exist at Osborne, whither the Royal Family had gone, for on January 13, 1862, he heard from General Bruce in the following terms:

"MY DEAR DR. STANLEY,

"It was the wish of the lamented Prince Consort, when he decided on the Prince of Wales making a tour in the Holy Land, to have had the benefit of your advice and knowledge in regard to the details.

"Under these circumstances I have been directed by her Majesty to ask whether you can conveniently come to Osborne for a few days, choosing the earliest convenient day after to-morrow for that purpose.

"Yours truly,

"R. BRUCE."

With this same General Bruce Dr. Stanley was to be more intimately connected, for in 1863 he married General Bruce's sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, after the former's death. Whether the alliance was then in prospect is not quite clear. Probably it was not, for if it had been, the form of address between the two men would have been less ceremonious.

Meanwhile it is not altogether easy to follow the course of negotiations during the two following days. Dr. Stanley clearly went to Osborne at once,

but two days elapsed before anything was done. Then he describes the whole scene and the manner in which General Bruce, haltingly as it would seem, broke the project to him. He was, it appears, sitting in the Equerries' Room, which is quite small and, as a rule, littered with papers, reading the *Times*, when General Bruce came in. "He seemed uneasy, as if wishing to say something, and at last I laid down the paper. He then turned to me and said, 'I hardly know how to approach what I am going to say; but is it totally impossible that you should go with us?' I was silent. He went on: 'The Prince Consort has often said, "What would it be if Professor Stanley could go with you?" I fear it is impossible. The Queen has said the same thing to me since you came, and this morning the Prince of Wales has said the same thing from himself. They do not urge it, they do not intend to request it, because they know what it is that they ask. But if you could go it would be inestimable.' Such a thing had never occurred to me before I came here, and, to speak quite openly, I doubt whether I am the proper person. It is neither compliment nor blame to me to say either one or the other. I should not be a suitable companion for him. 'I assure you,' he said, 'you are the only person that I can think of. . . .'

"I said, 'Have you considered what his father would have thought of my theological connections? I have endeavoured to keep impartial in the midst of our Church

parties; the special object of my going might distress the many excellent persons who regard me with terror and aversion. It is of the utmost importance that the Prince should grow up, not under the influence of any special theological school. Have you thought of this?' 'I can only tell you,' he said,

'what occurred when the Prince of Wales went to Oxford. It was mentioned to me, and I mentioned to the Prince, that it was thought objectionable that the Prince of Wales should be there without some

religious instruction. The Prince replied, "I cannot endure to see him placed under any of those extreme influences. There is only one man in Oxford to whom I could entrust him for this—that is Dr. Stanley." 'Well,' I said, 'it is impossible not to be moved by what you say. But there are two great objections. One, the extreme inconvenience of leaving my occupations and my employments; the other, the reluctance I have to leave my mother for so long a time and for such a distance. One mode does occur to me, that I should join you at Jerusalem, after you have finished Egypt. You will have then gone through a part of your journey for which I have no special qualifications—you will have had chaplains

on the way. Would this meet the case?' 'I accept anything which you offer.' I said, 'You know that I do not use many words on these occasions. But you will let me express that, whatever is my final decision,

I cannot but have been most deeply gratified by the manner in which the proposal has been made.' I had walked with the Prince of Wales and Prince Louis just before in the most entire unconsciousness. . . . I feel now as if it must be, but two or three things I shall urge further to-morrow."

There were, indeed, many reasons why Stanley should not desire to make

a prolonged tour in the East or anywhere else at this particular time. To begin with, as his friend Professor Jowett noted in writing to Mrs. Stanley, he had a particular dislike to visiting the same place twice. His quick mind took in during a single careful visit everything that there was to be observed, and he



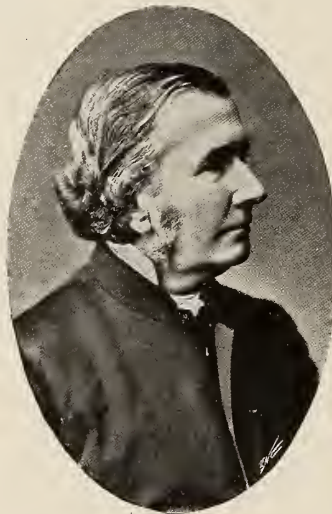
TOM HUGHES

(From a photo by Lyddell Sawyer)



PROFESSOR JOWETT

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)



DOCTOR VAUGHAN

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)

regarded time spent in revisiting a spot which he already knew as time which might have been better

Everybody was agreed, however, that go he must. He himself felt, as he wrote to Hugh Pearson, that



ARRIVAL OF EDWARD VII. AT ALEXANDRIA

(From an engraving)

employed in visiting some other place of at least equal interest. Besides that, his mother, for whom he had the most devoted and touching admiration and affection, was in delicate health. He was haunted by the fear that, if he went away, she might die during his absence, and he might lose the last opportunity of saying "Farewell" to her on earth. It needs hardly to be said that this apprehension was realised in the future, and that Stanley's letters from the East to his friends upon the death of his mother remain, and are likely long to continue amongst the most affecting documents of English literature.

he "could not refuse such a contribution to a household plunged in such grief as this." Dr. Tait, with

his customary directness, never hesitated a moment, never doubted that the project would be accomplished. "The Queen," he wrote, could not have chosen better for her son." Dr. Vaughan, a man who in a quiet way influenced his generation almost more than any other, wrote: "I doubt not that, when your life is seen as a whole, this chapter in it will not be one of



RECEPTION OF EDWARD VII. BY SAID PACHA AT CAIRO

(From an engraving)

its least useful and least eventful." F. D. Maurice, that curious and earnest pioneer of reform and associate of Kingsley and Tom Hughes, looked at the

matter, in characteristic fashion, from the point of view of the country. His words were: "I rejoice for the country's sake in your new work."

But still Stanley hesitated, and it was not until his mother herself brought pressure to bear on him that he consented to leave her. Her action was undoubtedly due to a powerful letter written by Professor Jowett—a letter which has a double interest. In the first place it shows the acute and caustic Master of Balliol in a light very different from that shown by a thousand familiar anecdotes. In the

memories of Palestine would give him a new spring of life."

So, finally, it was decided that this ideal companion and friend should accompany the Prince of Wales during the whole of his tour in the East, not in the Holy Land only, and it is not too much to say that the memories of that tour and the friendship with Dean Stanley which resulted from it was one of the most valuable friendships of the King's life. So, on February 28, 1862, the little party met at Alex-



EDWARD VII. AND PARTY LEAVING THE ENCAMPMENT AT DJIZEH FOR THE PYRAMIDS

(From an engraving)

next, it gives us a little impressionist picture of Stanley and his capacities, which is distinctly worth having:

"I hope that you will let him go. There is no one equally fit, no one who could amuse and influence the Prince in the same way. I know his old dislike to going to the same places twice over, but I think they would derive a new interest from being seen in such company. . . . Arthur has simplicity, and nature, and endless stores of amusing conversation. I feel convinced that the Prince would take to him and like him. . . . For Arthur himself, I think the break in the monotony of life would be a great advantage. He seems to me to have been somewhat overstrained during the last few years, and I believe the rest of six months and the refreshment of the

andria as a rendezvous. Professor Stanley had come by the ordinary route, stopping at Malta, reading *Hypatia* (which he found "too highly coloured") and re-reading *Tancred* by the way, besides writing a great part of the preface to his lectures. The Prince came from Trieste in H.M.S. *Osborne*, and it must surely be the period immediately preceding this, to the way out in fact, that a pleasant passage in Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's *An Artist's Reminiscences* belongs. At any rate, Mr. Lehmann records that it was in 1862, and that the Prince, who was then engaged to be married, commissioned from him a little picture, a *Lavandaja*, which was subsequently hung in Marlborough House. The Prince of Wales was staying at the Prussian Embassy, with his sister and his

brother-in-law, afterwards the Emperor Frederick. He sat for his portrait, a sketch in an album, to Mr. Lehmann, and in the middle the Crown Princess entered with a portfolio, asking if Mr. Lehmann objected to her drawing her brother's face also while he sat and smoked. Of course Mr. Lehmann did not object; but when the Crown Princess finished her portrait in five minutes and asked his opinion on it, with an artist's frankness he informed her that the

spoiling my drawing and my claim to politeness, and, not without a struggle, chose the latter. The Princess withdrew, evidently surprised, and I fear I have reason to regret, if not to repent, my sinning against etiquette." Mr. Lehmann probably was unduly sensitive. The story leaves the impression that the Crown Princess was annoyed at the moment, naturally if unreasonably, but the fact that he was not considered to have committed any offence against etiquette is



EDWARD VII. AND PARTY LEAVING KARNAK ON THEIR RETURN TO LUXOR

(From a drawing by F. George)

drawing would have been the better for a little more time bestowed upon it. Her retort was that she had been trained to do everything as quickly as possible, in order to be able to cope with her multifarious duties. "And now I want to see how you do it," her Royal Highness added, and established herself quite close to me, following with her eyes every line I was drawing. To my shame I must confess to a weakness I have been unable to conquer, that of being utterly paralysed when somebody looks at my hand while I am drawing. For some time I tried to bear up, but soon found that I had to choose between

sufficiently proved by the fact that he was commanded to dinner the next day, when his album was examined with interest and admiration by a large number of distinguished persons. This same fact, that there was a dinner-party, also makes it probable that the episode occurred later in the year; but, be that as it may, this is the most convenient point at which to record it.

The Prince's party consisted of himself, Dr. Stanley, General Bruce, Major Teesdale, V.C., Captain Keppel, the Hon. R. Meade, Consul-General Colquhoun, Dr. Minter, and Captain Power of the *Osborne*, and a

start was made for Cairo at once. Here, on the Sunday (March 2), a State visit was paid to the Prince by Said, the intelligent Khedive of those days, the ruler who, with Napoleon III., was encouraging M. de Lesseps in the construction of that grand enterprise the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean end of which now, in the name of Port Said, commemorates his share in the work. It may be taken that the subject was not much discussed at the interview, for the Prince and his advisers must have been well aware that Lord Palmerston, with a fatuity which altered circumstances render almost incomprehensible,

Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, the Prince of Wales attended specially to present to M. de Lesseps the gold medal founded in memory of the Prince Consort; and this is a translation of his speech, which was delivered in French: "Great Britain will never forget that to you is due the success of this great enterprise which is destined to develop to a very high degree those commercial interests which exist between herself and her possessions in the East, and I hope that, since you are now amongst us, the English nation has proved to you how well she appreciates the advantages which your great work



JEREED EXERCISE PERFORMED BY ARNOUTS AND ARABS BEFORE EDWARD VII. AT THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, ASSIOUT

(From a drawing by F. George)

was bitterly opposed to the construction of that canal, which, ever since it was completed, has been of more value to British commerce than to all the rest of the commerce of the world, and has seen any number of British ships of war on their way to India and to the East. Of M. de Lesseps, therefore, one finds no mention, and it was not until later years that the Prince of Wales had an opportunity of expressing his appreciation of the efforts of that prince of engineers.

Then, indeed, the engineer had his triumph. It was in 1870, when the huge work which had been inchoate in 1862 was complete, when its value to us had been completely realised, but before it had become, as it virtually is, the finest national investment ever made by or for Great Britain. Then, at a meeting of the Society for the encouragement of

has already procured, and will procure, for our country." A few days later M. de Lesseps received from Mr. Gladstone the announcement that the Queen had bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Star of India, and on the 30th of July he was admitted to the freedom of the City of London.

Never, in fact, was there a clearer case of *Sic vos non vobis*; seldom can man have felt more honest pride than that of De Lesseps when he received these honours for an enterprise which Lord Palmerston had resisted to the last, which Robert Stephenson had condemned as commercially hopeless, which it was not apparently thought worth while to take the Prince of Wales to visit in 1862. Time has its revenges, but they rarely come so quickly as in this case.

Apology is neither needed nor offered for lingering somewhat over the details of this first tour in the East, since it was undertaken under circumstances of more than common human interest quite apart from the scenes which were visited and from their historical associations; and it was momentous for all persons concerned, inasmuch as it affected their personal history. For one thing, it cemented that close friendship between General Bruce and Stanley which was to end, after the untimely death of the

to meet in circumstances of a peculiarly touching character?

Besides this, in Stanley's Letters (*Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*, by R. E. Prothero: Murray 1893), there is a veritable treasure-house not so much of mere information as of the kind of description which enables, indeed compels, him who reads to picture for himself the very colour and atmosphere of every striking scene. Only in Cicero and in the late Lord Dufferin, the two greatest masters of the epistolary



RIDE OF EDWARD VII. AND PARTY TO EDFOU TEMPLE

(From a drawing by F. George)

former, in an alliance between Stanley and Lady Augusta Bruce which made for the great happiness of Stanley's life. Very early in the tour, on March 3 in fact, we find General Bruce writing to his sister: "The Prince takes great delight in the new world on which he has entered, and we have made an immense acquisition in Mr. Stanley, who communicates to others the intelligent interest which he finds himself in all that relates to the past as well as to the present." Who can doubt that the constant references to Stanley in Bruce's letters home excited in his sister's mind that interest in Stanley's character which was to ripen into warm affection when, after the tour, they were

art known to me, have I found anything to touch Stanley's letters in point of sheer humanity, and in natural quality of tone he is superior to either. He tells exactly that which the reader desires to hear, he opens his heart freely, and he never omits those little points which, while they escape the notice of the unobservant, serve to round off and complete the picture.

First, there is a bright little scene which it does the heart good to read about after the sombre events that it has been but recently necessary to record. The Royal party went careering about the streets of Cairo on donkeys, ignoring the protests of a pompous chamberlain, who complained that the Comte de

Chambord had been ever so much more dignified than the Prince of Wales. The Royal donkey went by the name of "Captain Snooks"; Stanley bestrode the hind quarters of "Tom Sayers." The very name recalls the feelings of the age and Thackeray's delightful Roundabout Paper on "Some Recent Famous Victories." Then they went by carriage, "but no carriage could penetrate the

intricate and narrow lanes of the Coptic quarter, and so we defiled on foot through those filthy passages." Then, suddenly, and in church, the Prince recognised Crichton, with whom he had once played tennis at Oxford, although he had not up to that moment the slightest idea that he was in Egypt, and waited for him outside the church. "Crichton" must surely have been the present Lord Erne, (some two years older than the late King), whose son accompanied the then Prince of Wales on his great Imperial tour. One can well imagine the delight of the young Irish peer, and appreciate Stanley's comment: "That is surely a most useful and king-like quality."

The Great Pyramid was ascended in the early dawn of March 6, the travellers having slept in tents hard by. First to stir, and to begin the ascent alone and without escort of

Arabs, was the early-rising Prince of Wales, and here again Stanley's graphic letter makes the whole scene rise and move before the eyes of the reader. Bruce and Stanley had been sleeping in the same

tent. They are roused by Keppel, who, pulling the tent-curtain aside and letting the dim twilight of dawn filter in, tells them that the Prince has already started. They huddle on their clothes, and



ROYAL PARTY LANDING ON THE ARABIAN COAST FOR VISIT TO THE WELLS OF MOSES

make the best pace they can towards the base of the Great Pyramid. Stanley stumbles over somebody in the gloom. It is the Prince, who insists on scrambling up the huge and smooth blocks alone, for there are no Arabs to help, and therefore there is a blessed absence of that yelling bakshish-

demanding crowd which usually deprives the ascent of half its glamour. Stanley insists that the Prince shall at least permit his own Bedouin boy to be beside him to give help if necessary, for the stones are slippery and smooth as glass, and a false step would mean a headlong descent and perhaps a serious accident. But, so far as the ascent is concerned, the Prince manfully scrambles up alone, to the astonishment of the Arab lad, who cries: "What, that little chap! Why, he go up alone!" and refuses to believe that the central personage



EDWARD VII. IN 1863

(From an engraving by William Holl)

of the expedition can be thus active, thus physically independent. Such is not the manner of Eastern potentates.

One can see every detail, every figure, in such a description as that of Stanley; but what no man can picture is the joy of that half-hour spent at the top, with the sun just risen, and the wreaths of mist floating over Cairo, and the desert all round, and the author of *Sinai and Palestine* for companion. It was indeed a case of ideal co-companionship in a solemn and imposing environment.

Then it was a case of away up the Nile, with, as Stanley rejoiced to find, unlimited time for reading,

who happen to meet any member of the Royal House, and it is an open question whether it is due to something exceptional in the system upon which they were trained in early youth or to heredity. It would be useful to any man and to any woman; to a ruling family it is priceless.

From a letter written on the Nile on the way to Thebes it is surely permissible to quote at some length. It gives a perfect picture of the quiet happiness enjoyed by the whole party, a happiness soon to be broken by sorrowful news, and it contains an admirable sketch of some salient points in the Prince's character: "I cannot refrain from writing



EDWARD VII. AT JERUSALEM

(From an engraving)

and the Prince, having set his mind on Stanley's reading *East Lynne*, it was accomplished in three sittings, whereupon the party, with all the good spirits of Mr. Andrew Lang setting a mock paper on *Pickwick*, set to work to cross-examine one another on the subject of the book. One learns without surprise that A. P. S. (Dr. Stanley, to wit), being one of the most acute men of his generation, came off with flying colours. Again, he draws attention to the personal magnetism of the Prince: "It is impossible not to like him, and to be constantly with him brings out his astonishing memory of names and places." It may be noted in passing that this peculiar and very valuable habit of memory prevails amongst all members of the Royal Family, and that it is no mere conventional courtesy to mention it from time to time. It raises the admiration of all

to you, though I have hardly anything to say. But I feel so increasingly satisfied that you must have this expression of my pleasure. The mere enjoyment of a perfectly good-humoured and happy party sailing, without the slightest discomfort, up the most wonderful of rivers, is in itself not to be despised, and I am more and more struck by the amiable and endearing qualities of the Prince. . . . H.R.H. had himself laid down a rule that there was to be no shooting to-day, and, though he was sorely tempted as we passed flocks of cranes and geese seated on the bank in the most inviting crowds, he rigidly conformed to it. A crocodile was allowed to be a legitimate exception, but none appeared. He sat alone on the deck with me, talking in the frankest manner for an hour in the afternoon, and made the most reasonable and proper remarks on



EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF 22

(From the painting by G. Walton)

the due observance of Sunday in England. We are now sitting in his cabin—he writing his journal, I writing this. In short, I am very happy, and shall be so to the end, if all goes as well. We shall probably be on land again on the 25th, and I think see all that we need see.”

Unfortunately letters received at Thebes put an end to this happiness for a while, for then Stanley learned that his mother had grown alarmingly worse shortly after he had left England, but she seemed to have amended somewhat, and Stanley was able to carry out a pretty little project conceived by the Prince, and to hold a Christian service in a corner of the Great Hall at Karnak, in the shade



EDWARD VII. IN AN ENCAMPMENT OF BEDOUIN ARABS NEAR TIBERIAS

of two gigantic pillars, and with the horses, dromedaries, asses and their attendants herded together in one of the aisles. A weird picture this, and there Stanley preached a characteristic sermon on the good, as well as the evil, of the ancient religion of Egypt, for a copy of which the Prince asked.

By way of preparation, too, for the subsequent journey to Palestine which,

as in the case of the children of Israel, was to follow upon a sojourn in Egypt, the Royal pilgrims during this eventful month of March went in a small steamer across to Arabia and the Wells of Moses, and a striking and humorous picture shows them wading ashore through the shallow water, the Prince walking sturdily ;



EDWARD VII.'S ENTRY INTO BEYROUT, 1862

(From an engraving)



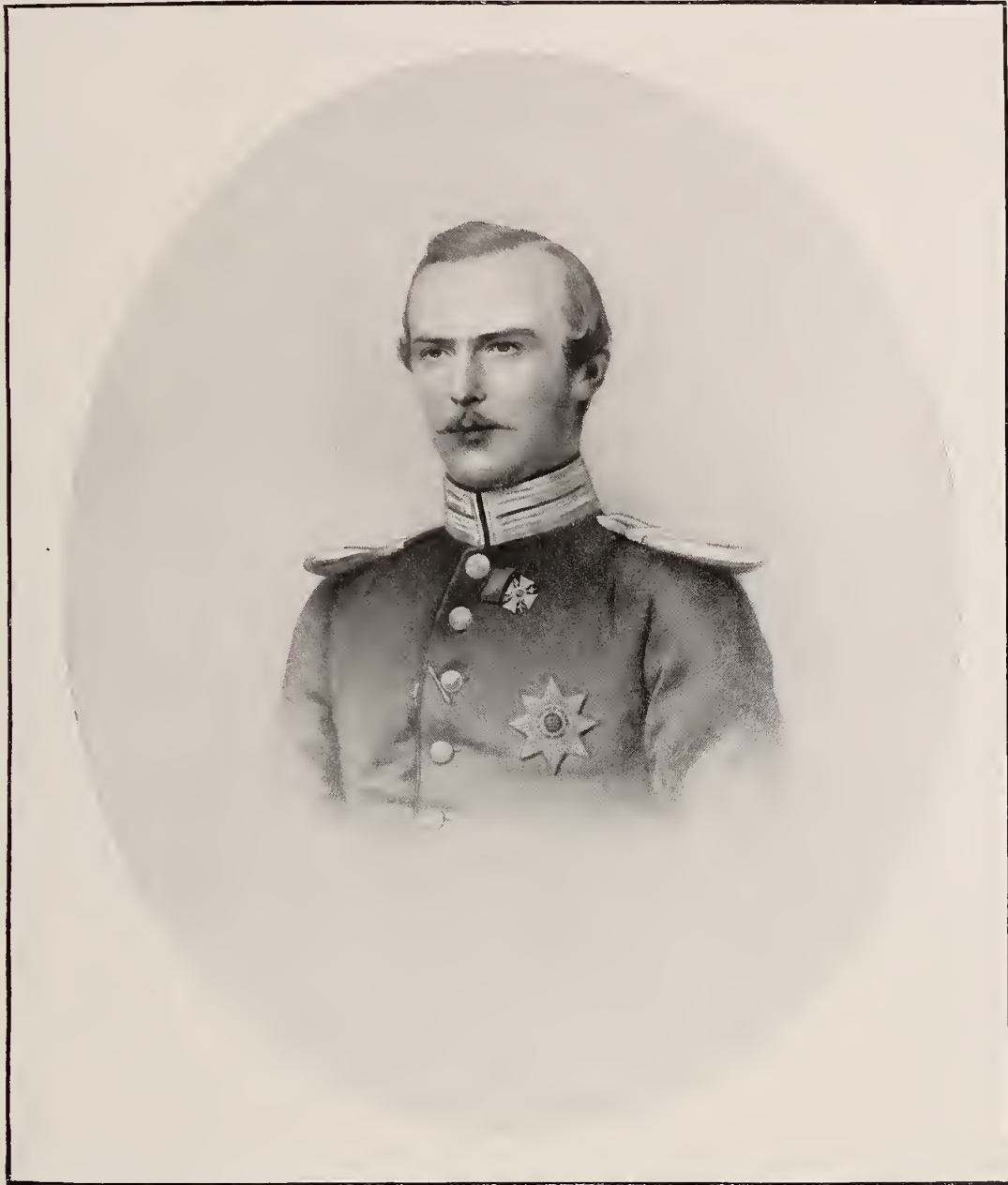
H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE

Married to Prince Louis of Hesse on July 1st, 1862

somebody in the eternal tall hat of England, and somebody else riding on Arab but biped steeds, and one of the suite struggling with one of those minor troubles which beset the unaccustomed paddler.

Soon came a crocodile hunt, which was abortive,

world. "Would the Bishop of Oxford have been gratified or not," asks Stanley, "to have seen us all standing before the gigantic Queen and speculating on the resemblance of her features to his?" The irreverent modern is much more tempted to reflect



PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE

Married to H.R.H. Princess Alice on July 1st, 1862

(From the drawing by R. J. Lane, A.R.A.)

for there were no crocodiles to be hunted, and a visit to Dendera and its Temple by candlelight. Here all were in high spirits, scrambling all over the place to examine the sculptures and tracing an extraordinary likeness between the features of Cleopatra and those of the Bishop of Oxford, of all men in the

that, whatsoever might have been the feelings of the bishop, the body of the enchantress Queen must have turned in its sarcophagus at the mere idea of the comparison.

Then on March 23 the party were back at Cairo, and there the fatal news of Mrs. Stanley's death met



MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS ALICE TO PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT, JULY 1, 1862

Edward VII. is seen standing to the right of Queen Victoria

them. It was not broken at once. Mr. Calvert, the Consul, came on board and informed General Bruce, who doubtless told the Prince, and Stanley was asked to accompany the Prince, Major Teesdale and General Bruce in the first carriage to the Palace. There General Bruce took Stanley aside and told him the news.

It was a terrible shock. "I do not know, I do not understand what has happened," writes the stricken son, and then goes on to tell his sisters of the consideration and kindness shown to him by all, and especially by the Prince, himself with the memory of his father's death fresh and sore within him. The new grief was an additional bond of sympathy between the younger and the elder man.

It says much for Stanley's courage that, after so severe a blow, he was still determined to persevere with the tour. Many men, most men perhaps, would have felt an unreasoning desire to return to the home with its chief light extinguished, to hasten back as soon as possible to be at the side of his sisters in their affliction. Friends—Tait, Acland, Jowett and others—were insistent that he ought to stay where he was, at the side of the Prince, and that his return to England, while it could do no kind of

good, would cause disappointment and grief. But clearly that which moved him most was the knowledge that it had been his mother's dying wish that he should go on with his high and honourable task in company with him who, in God's good time, would be King of England. Moreover, mother and son had discussed more than once, for theirs was an intimacy exceedingly close and affectionate, what course he should pursue when she died.

He set himself to work to soften his sorrow by performing with all his heart and with all his strength the high duty which lay nearest to his hand. It was in this spirit that he preached in the *Osborne*, as she lay in the harbour of Jaffa on March 30, that beautiful sermon, "Gather up the fragments," which gripped the mind of the Prince then, so that he referred to it often later, which since then has comforted hundreds upon hundreds of those who have been sorrowful and heavy laden.

Here, then, at a natural interval, and on the eve of the beginning of a new epoch in the tour, we may leave the Royal traveller and the guide and friend whom he had learned to love so warmly and to respect so deeply.



ST. CLARE, ISLE OF WIGHT

The temporary residence of Prince Louis of Hesse and Princess Alice after their marriage

CHAPTER VII



IN Egypt the Prince had inspected the monuments of the oldest civilisation in the world of which the history is known to us, with the possible exception of that of China. Now he was going as a Crusader of Peace, to visit the cradle of the Christian religion under the happiest of auspices. He was to tread in the footsteps of the first Edward, and in those of Richard of the Lion Heart, as his Imperial nephew was to follow in his footsteps, and he was to have for guide and friend and teacher throughout the holy and inspiring journey the man who was above all others specially fitted for the task. Deeply read in the Scriptures and in the history of the Holy Land, Stanley, the

compare. On the other hand, during his previous tour with Theodore Walrond, he had found that the Turk barred the way to some of those places which most of all he longed to see. But now, with the Heir-Apparent to the Throne of England to the fore, with the Crimean War fresh and green in memory, the Turk was all smiles and courtesy, honestly anxious to oblige, and the consequence was that gates opened and guards moved aside as if by magic, and Stanley was able to see far more than he had ever feasted his eyes upon before.

Almost instinctively, and certainly quite irresistibly, the pen rebels against modern names when it comes to a matter of dealing with the places in the Holy Land. "The Prince of Wales," it is written, "landed at Jaffa on the 31st of March, 1862."

Jerusalem was naturally the first point, and a some-



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK IN 1863

The parents of Queen Alexandra

(From the paintings by M. August Schjott)

most illuminating talker of his age, had already devoted much time and care to exploration in the land of sacred memories; and now his ready tongue and his richly stored brain were at the service of the Prince.

The association was delightful and, it may be added, profitable for both the elder and the younger man. Stanley's knowledge of the whole subject was beyond

what motley cavalcade—it is Stanley's word, and the right one, for the procession went on horseback—emerged from the Jerusalem gate. At its head and at its rear were Turkish spearmen, an escort of honour, but not present solely for ornament, with pennons waving and steel flashing in the Eastern sun. The Prince and his suite followed, the Prince wearing a flowing white garment, a burnous in short, for pro-

tection against dust and sun. There were those who laughed at the German Emperor for following his uncle's example during his comparatively recent tour ; but they were the men who knew not the East.

There must have been, and in fact there was, a peculiar charm in the progress of the Royal cavalcade on horseback through this rugged country. No hotels offered to them "all modern comforts" ; no railway

its Crusader's Church destroyed by Saladin and re-erected by Richard Lion Heart ; Judæa, the scene of a hundred gallant fights ; and many other places rich in biblical and historic interest captivated the fancy of the royal pilgrim.

The triumph of the whole tour was the visit to Hebron and the Cave of Macpelah, passing Solomon's Pools, the lowest of which still supplies Bethlehem,



EDWARD VII. IN 1863

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company)

whirled them at express speed through ground of which almost every stone was instinct with memory ; they could stop whensoever they pleased, linger and loiter at their desire, and at night a little group of tents was their only shelter from the kindly sky.

Through the famous plain of Sharon ; Lydda (where St. Paul cured a palsy of eight years' standing), with

by the way. Into the Mosque at Hebron, which really does stand over the original Cave of Macpelah where Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah were buried, no European had ever penetrated, save in disguise, since 1187. Stanley himself had failed to effect an entry on his former visit to the Holy Land ; but this time the diplomacy



BERNSDORF CASTLE, NEAR COPENHAGEN
The Country Home of Princess Alexandra

of General Bruce, the presence of the Heir-Apparent to the Throne of Great Britain, and the complaisance of the Turk, availed to accomplish that which had been impossible before; and the travellers entered a truly historic edifice. That Mosque has known many masters. Justinian began it in the sixth century; Crusaders completed it according to their lights, so that its architecture is in part Byzantine and in part what, for lack of a better name, may be called Crusading in style; and the Moslems, who have been its owners for many centuries, have altered it not a little. In the floor of the Mosque are holes, which correspond with the entrances of the cave below, and monuments stand over the tombs.

Into this Mohammedan Holy of Holies the Royal Pilgrim and Stanley alone were permitted to enter;

and no man who knows the East will hesitate for a moment to say that the concession, even to them, was a very great one.

Hence came it that the progress to the Mosque was made under conditions distinctly striking and indicative of the knowledge of the authorities that it was a dangerous enterprise. Swarthy soldiers of the Turk, sullen and silent, lined the streets, looking on at what to them was sheer profanation. The populace kept within doors, in obedience to orders no doubt, lest they should stone the intruders in the cruel fashion which the Jews initiated; a solitary soldier guarded



From a

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN 1861

photograph



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA AND HER FATHER IN 1861

With her Sister the Empress Alexander, and her
Brother the King of Greece

(From a photograph)

each housetop for fear, from that coign of vantage, missiles should be launched upon the heads of those below.

At the summit of steep steps of stone, at the entrance to the Mosque, they were met by the principal guardian of the Mosque, who received them with the true courtesy and dignity of the Oriental; but he made it clear that the occasion was more than exceptional, and that for no other prince or man than the eldest son of the Queen of England would he have made the concession that had been forced upon him. "Sooner should the princes of any other nation have passed over his dead body." Then, when the various shrines were opened, the feelings of the attendants were not to be controlled. They groaned aloud as each fresh shrine was approached, and one may well imagine that they expected the heavens to fall, or the earth to open and swallow the visitors, as Korah, Dathan and Abiram were swallowed up, when Stanley thrust his arm

as far as it would reach into the recesses of Abraham's grave, hoping to discover whether it were part of the native mountain or no.

A great scene was this, and a memorable. There, in the gloom, were the young Prince and the English clergyman, and clustered round them, shuddering with fear and groaning in indignation at profanation, as they deemed it, a body of devout Orientals to whom human life was of no account or value whatsoever. But it all ended safely, the great experience had been gained, and it is pleasing to note that when Stanley and the Prince returned to the encampment where General Bruce and the suite had remained, the former immediately went up to thank the General and to congratulate him. Then, and not until then, did Stanley learn how steadfast the Prince had been to him in this important juncture. "The Prince, from the first, had made my entrance an indispensable condition of his going at all." And then, when Stanley went to thank the Prince in his turn, came the Prince's turn. "Well," he said, with touching and almost reproachful simplicity, "high station, you see has, after all, some merits, some advantages." "Yes, sir," I replied, "and I hope that you will always make as good a use of it"—an anecdote which serves, *inter*



From a

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN 1863

photograph

alia, to show the friendly and intimate terms upon which Prince and clergyman lived.

Various other places were visited, Shiloh and Bethel, for example ; but the greatest remaining scene in the Holy Land was, like the one which has just been described, one of those which Stanley was able to see this time by reason of the presence of His Royal Highness, although on a previous occasion it had been denied to him. It was nothing less than the Samaritan Passover surviving to these days, and

anxious for dramatic effect of the best and truest kind, Stanley had planned from the beginning that this solemn Easter Day, the first for the Prince after the death of his father, the first for him after the loss of his mother, who was all in all to him, should be spent on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. He was clearly intent upon so managing this tour in the Holy Land that every single circumstance, every association, every memory should be used to its full advantage to impress the mind of him whom he had in charge.



EDWARD VII. HOLDING HIS FIRST LEVEE, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS MARRIAGE

(From an engraving)

apparently almost as distinct from the original Jewish Passover as that curious travesty of the Passover by which the Mohammedans celebrate Easter, or something approaching to Easter.

Certainly it was a grand thing, and an occasion made the more memorable by contrast, that Easter Sunday, April 20, should have been spent by the party on the shores of Lake Tiberias, on the way to which the Prince was entertained by a Bedouin chief, who showed him the warmest pledge of true Arab hospitality by offering to him a present of two mares, as well as by kissing his stirrup. Nearly always

Good Friday had been spent at Nazareth, and we have a touching account of the following Easter Eve. As at Bethany, so now : Prince and clergyman, companions in sorrow and in hope, rode apart from the rest of their companions, and opened their hearts one to another. And here, surely, it is legitimate to quote Stanley's own words :

"It was Easter Eve. The Prince and I rode alone over the hills. He made the best proposals for the arrangement of the Communion the next day, and spoke much of you, of Catherine, of our dead mother . . . of his father. 'It will be a sad Easter for

me,' he said. . . . 'Yes,' I said; 'and a sad one for me. But I am sure that if your father and my mother could look down upon us, they would be well satisfied we should both be at this time in this place.'

" . . . Suddenly we reached the ledge of the cliffs, and the whole view of the Lake burst upon us. He exclaimed with surprise and pleasure. 'So unexpected and so beautiful.' It was, indeed, that view of which I am always afraid to speak, lest the glory of the recollection should tempt me to exaggerate its real character. But on that evening, the setting sun throwing its soft light over the descent, the stormy clouds flying to and fro, it was truly grand; . . . and when we found our tents pitched at the bottom of the hill, by the old walls of Tiberias, on the very edge of the Lake, General Bruce came up to me and said, 'You have indeed done well for tomorrow.'"

The next day came the Communion Service, and after it a long walk and intimate converse between Stanley and the Prince.

Some lighter touches there are, too, for Stanley did not fail to write to his family and friends in England descriptive accounts of that excellent kind which leaves a picture of almost Dutch exactitude. He shows us the Prince riding at the head of the cavalcade in his white robe with his gun by his side, the suite following, the fifty spearmen with their scarlet pennons, the simple camp pitched, the quiet dinner, the evening smoke, the morning rounds of the doctor, the interest shown by the Prince in collecting botanical specimens for the Princess Royal, and in the curing and stuffing of the strange birds and beasts (in which Stanley's servant was an adept); and then the last scene of all that he gives us is mention of the fact that the Prince desired a service to be held on the last Sunday morning under one of



EDWARD VII. TAKING THE OATH AS A PEER OF THE REALM AT THE TABLE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

those venerable (but, it appears, somewhat disappointing) trees, the Cedars of Lebanon, a happy conception which was frustrated because the windows of heaven were opened and the party had to take horse for Ehden without more ado. But there Stanley, the glorious Dean Stanley of later days, whom all remember with affectionate veneration, preached what he then called his Cedar Sermon, although in *Sermons in the East* it is entitled "The Last Encampment."

been made to give a full list of places visited, we may well leave this glorious and memorable tour, for on May 13 the party left Syria.

The homeward journey, which consumed a month as nearly as might be, was by way of storied places—Patmos, Ephesus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, and then across France to England. Perhaps its most pleasant interlude was at Constantinople, where a week was spent, where the Sultan gave a banquet to the Prince and suite at his kiosk over-



DEPARTURE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA FROM COPENHAGEN: SCENE AT THE RAILWAY STATION

(From an engraving)

Most Eastern in its atmosphere is a picture showing the scene at Beyrout when, a day or two before his departure, the Prince made a State entry, and was received by the Turkish officials in gala dress. It was, writes a contemporary chronicler, almost insupportably hot, and the glare of the sun on an unshadowed wall confirms the statement abundantly. Rarely has the spirit of the East been emphasised better than in this little picture. The blaze of the sun, the crowds upon the housetops, and the crowd in the square around the young Prince bring the scene home in a very vivid fashion.

And here, merely mentioning that no attempt has

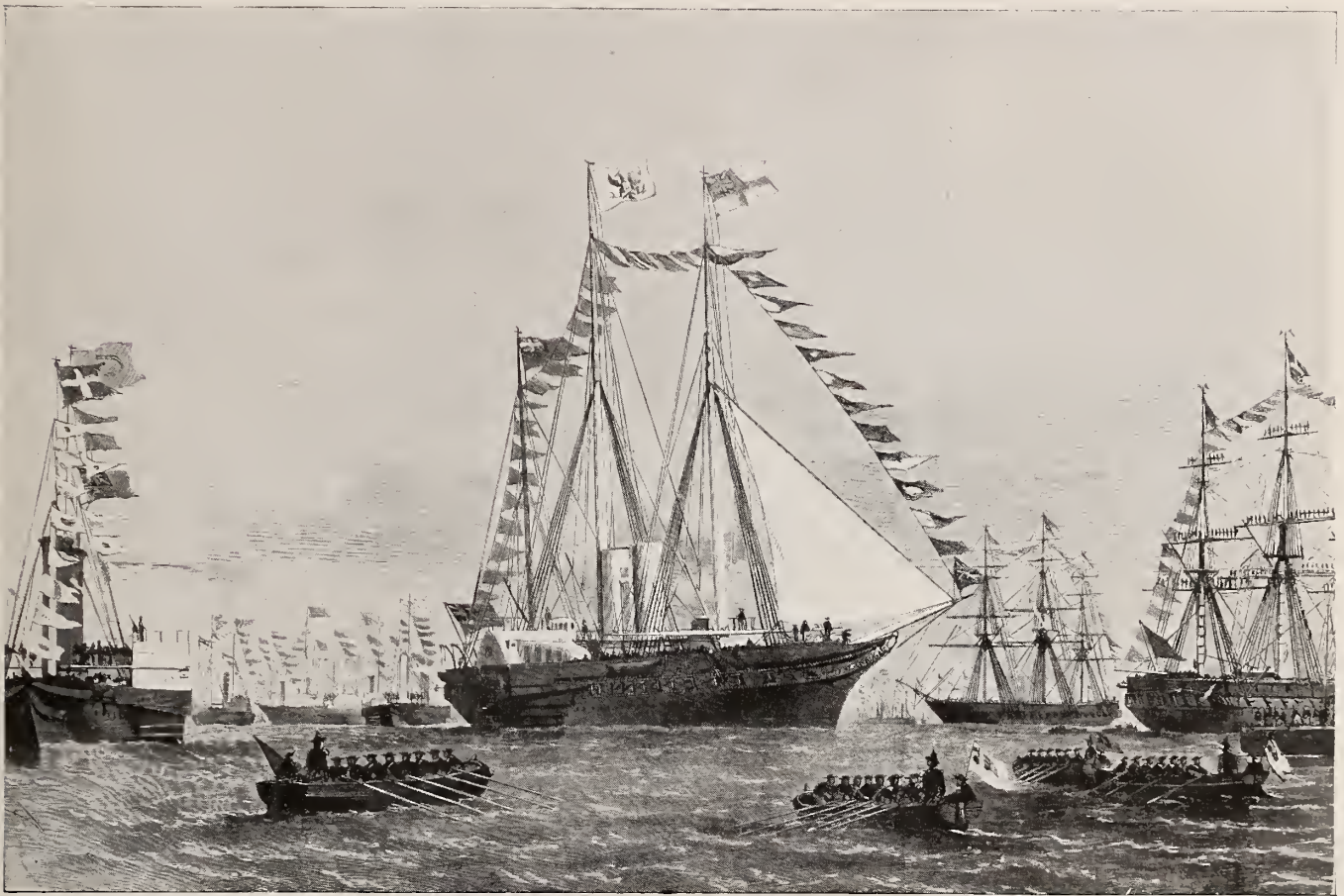
looking the Sweet Waters. At the same banquet the Turkish ruler also presented the Prince of Wales with a narghilé, set with diamonds, worth £3000, surely the most costly altar on which the divine herb was ever burned, and later the Order of the Osmanli was conferred upon him by the Sultan. Also a flying visit was paid to the Emperor Napoleon III. at Fontainebleau.

But in these final days there was yet another great sorrow to come for Stanley and for his Royal charge. For most members of the expedition travel had been productive of sound health and of relief from bitter sorrow; but responsibility and Eastern fever had

clearly broken down the constitution of General Bruce, who, it will be remembered, had been the close associate and intimate companion of the Prince for many years. In fact, from the moment when the Prince entered man's estate General Bruce had practically never been away from his side. But he was now to be parted from him for ever. London was no sooner reached than it was seen that General Bruce, who had been far from well at Constantinople, was dangerously ill. He was taken to the

Victoria and the wife with whom he lived afterwards so happily. But to dilate on that were outside our scope.

Another marriage, which had been waiting only for the return of the Prince of Wales, took place almost at once. It was that of Princess Alice, on the 1st of July, 1862, to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Princess, whom all England mourned in 1878, was then given away by the Duke of Coburg in the presence of all the Royal Family, the



ARRIVAL OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT GRAVESEND WITH PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ON BOARD

(From an engraving)

rooms of his sister, Lady Augusta Bruce, in St. James's Palace, and there, on the 27th of June, to the heartfelt sorrow of the Prince and of all who knew him, he died. The Prince must indeed have felt that he was left alone in the world. His father was gone, and now he had lost his right-hand man, the most trusted of all the counsellors whom his father had chosen for him.

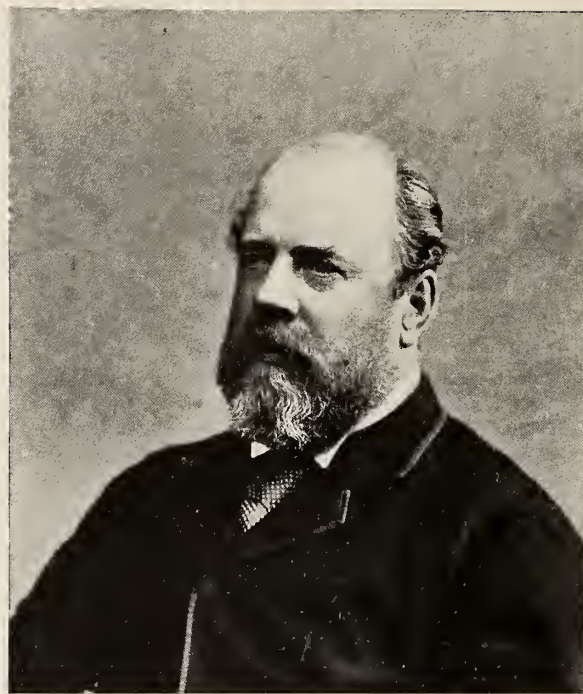
It is impossible to close this chapter without observing that the Eastern Tour and the death of General Bruce were instrumental in bringing together and into closest association Stanley and Lady Augusta Bruce, the close intimate of Queen

Prince of Wales superintending the whole. The wedding was as quiet as it could possibly be, but it was a union which was to produce many personages of the highest place, including Princess Louis of Battenberg, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, Princess Henry of Prussia, the present Grand Duke of Hesse, and the present Czarina of Russia.

The Queen, no doubt, felt acutely the parting with the daughter who had been her close companion since the marriage of the Princess Royal. But the pain of parting was softened somewhat by the fact that the newly married pair did not leave England

immediately. They spent their brief honeymoon at St. Clare, in the Isle of Wight, some three miles from Ryde, which was placed at their disposal by Colonel and Lady Katherine Vernon Harcourt; the latter

Osborne was finally chosen as the quiet country home of the Royal Family, and it was designated by the Queen herself, partly, no doubt, because of its associations and of her friendship with Lord Liver-



CAPTAIN GEORGE TRYON, R.N.

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

the daughter of Lord Liverpool, who, although Disraeli dubbed him a mediocrity in *Coningsby*, was implicitly trusted by the Queen. St. Clare, it may be remarked, was one of the places considered when

pool, as a fitting resting-place for her daughter and her daughter's husband. From it, after a very short stay, they migrated to Osborne for a visit before departing finally for the Continent.



PRESENTATION OF A BOUQUET TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA BY THE MAYORESS OF GRAVESEND

(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

CHAPTER VIII

“**E**VIORE plectro.” Let us be thankful that, in this chapter, at any rate, there is an opportunity of striking the lyre with lighter touch, a chance of endeavouring to reproduce the sunshine rather than the shadow and the gloom of fifty years ago.

And it is certainly a joyous relief to banish the trappings and the suits of woe, to let the echoes of the funeral marches grow faint and die away, to conjure up in imagination the pealing of the joy bells, the thunder of the guns, and the acclaim of a delighted people when, after the announcement of 1862 that the Prince of Wales was engaged to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the fair “sea king’s daughter from over the sea,” the triumphal entry into London was made and the marriage

itself was solemnised with all imaginable pomp in the following year. It was indeed an event of supreme importance in the English history of the nineteenth century.

Innumerable stories are, naturally enough, told of the manner in which the acquaintance, which soon ripened into attachment, was brought about. Says Mrs. Belloc Lowndes: “As is very generally known” — convenient phrase — “the marriage of King Edward and Princess Alexandra of Denmark was brought about in quite a romantic fashion. It is said that long before his Majesty saw his future wife he was very much attracted by a glimpse of a photograph shown to him by one of his friends.” That, surely, is a trifle vague. An anonymous biographer, in a volume entitled *The Private Life of the King*, says: “The Prince’s marriage was a romance savouring of the ‘once on a time’ fairy period, or of the most poetical traditions of the



THE ROYAL PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON. THE GRAND ARCH AT LONDON BRIDGE

(From an engraving)

Middle Ages. Before the Prince Consort's death it had been almost settled between him and Queen Victoria that the Prince of Wales should seek a wife among the German Princesses, and the Prince of Wales, brought up as he had been in the strictest habits of obedience, was prepared to accede to all the wishes of his parents till the merest accident upset all calculations. A young German officer, who was a friend of the Prince, informed his Royal Highness one day that he was engaged to be married, and that he would like to show him a portrait of his bride-elect. Then," continues this sagacious chronicler in effect, "the young German officer pulled out of his pocket a photograph not of his own *fiancée* but of Princess Alexandra, and the Prince refused to part with it; and then, a few days later, the Prince saw a miniature of Princess Alexandra in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Cambridge, and vowed that he would marry her and none besides."

The worst of this story, and the best of it, is that, far from being romantic, it is so absurd as to carry its own refutation on its face; for the worst enemy of Edward VII. has never accused him of such impulsive folly or lack of common sense as would be involved in falling in love with a photograph, particularly a photograph of 1861. Moreover, there is the less excuse for the tales, which appear to possess a good deal of family resemblance, in that the true story of the acquaintance and attachment is told quite plainly by Sir Theodore Martin. It is that the Prince went

to Germany in the autumn of 1861, taking to the King of Prussia, whose guest he was to be, a letter from his father, who was enjoying some excellent deer-stalking at Balmoral. His primary object was to see the German military manœuvres; his second aim was to make the acquaintance of Princess Alexandra, between whom and him it had been arranged that there should be a marriage if mutual attachment warranted. Moreover, as has been previously remarked, the Continental journals were quick to pick up the object of the Prince's visit to Germany and to comment upon it; and these comments were repeated in England, to the great and expressed annoyance of the Prince Consort.

If any particular person was more instrumental than another in bringing about this happy match, it was undoubtedly the late King Leopold. But there were strong political reasons for it, although they were of the opposite kind to those which had prevailed in the case of the Princess Royal, and it is not to be supposed that the alliances of

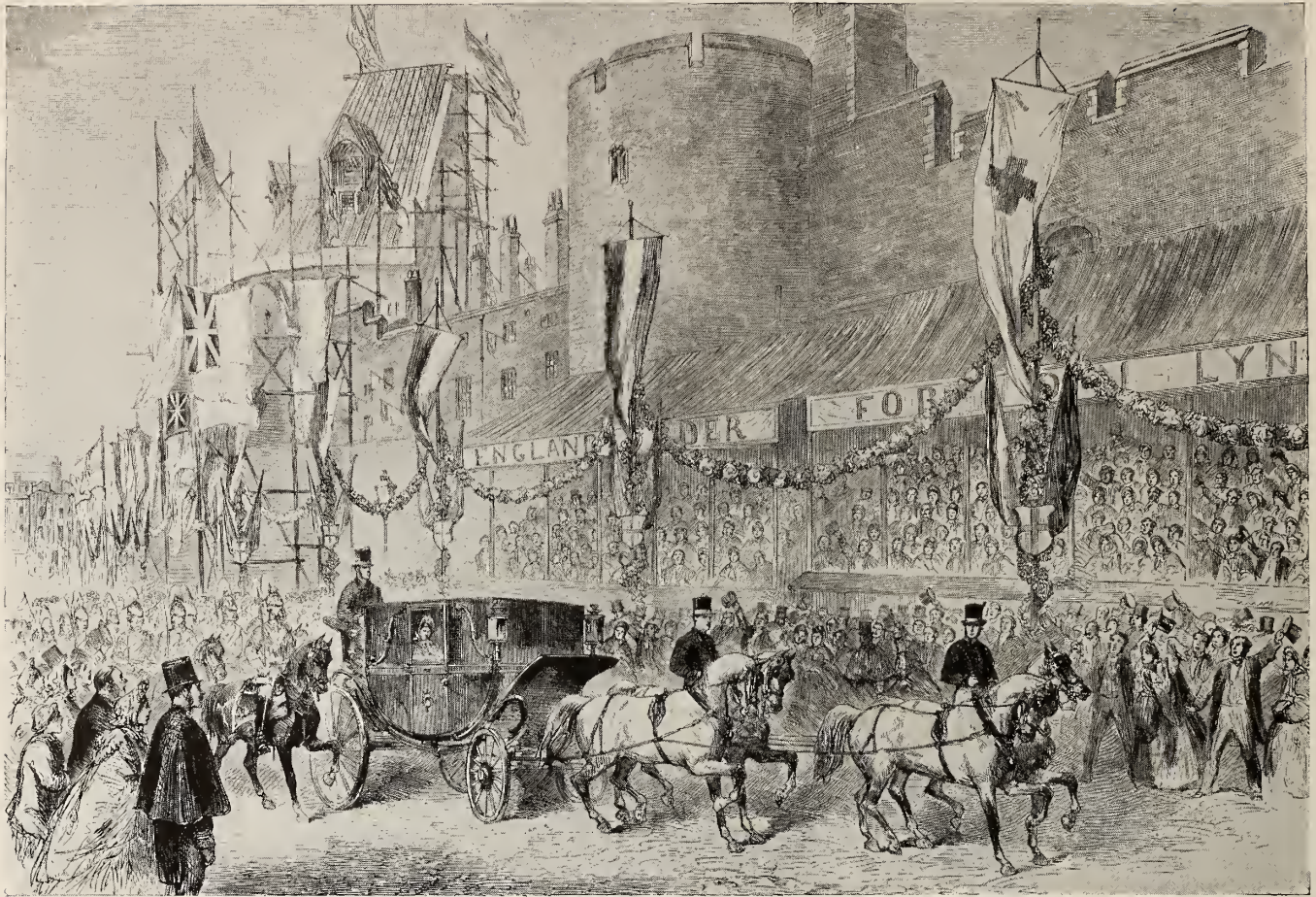


PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
BY THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR

(From an engraving)

princes in the way of marriage can ever be so free as those of persons of less importance. That is one of the inevitable penalties of greatness. And princes are fortunate indeed when, as undoubtedly happened in the case of Edward VII., natural inclination goes hand in hand with political necessity.

The plain fact of the matter is that the English people, as was clearly shown when the long delayed announcement of the engagement was made, were at this time very jealous of German influence. A rebuke



THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING THE CURFEW TOWER, WINDSOR
(From an engraving)

of that jealousy appears in the dedication of the *Idylls of the King*, already quoted in another chapter,

in that telling phrase: "All narrow jealousies are silent," and there is plenty of evidence of it in the



ETON COLLEGE AND BOYS' ARCH

Visit paid by Princess Alexandra, March 9, 1863

published correspondence of the period. Lady Palmerston wrote to Richard Monckton Milnes in September, 1862:

"The Prince of Wales's marriage seems also to be in a fair train, and everybody says she is charming. I like the idea of a Danish connection; we have had too much of Germany, and Berlin, and Coburgs, and this is returning to our old friends and a few honest people." Nor is the reason far to seek, for the Prussian power was growing very rapidly, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, there was no reason to apprehend any danger from Denmark. In fact, the insignificance of Denmark

was as great a recommendation from one point of view as was the growing power of Prussia. There is no doubt that the first meeting between the Prince and Princess Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louise Julia, which occurred at the Cathedral at Worms, whither the Prince had gone to examine the frescoes, was brought about of set purpose, although Sir Henry Burdett is likely to be correct in recording one little incident of that visit to the Cathedral, with which neither of them had any special concern. He tells us that one of the equerries of the Prince noticed a gentleman, who had been attached to the Princess's party, apparently left alone, and that, with a geniality rare among Englishmen, he went to converse with and to entertain the solitary gentleman, who turned out, after a pleasant talk, to be no less than the King of Denmark.

The Prince, it will be remembered, had still to go

back to Cambridge, and if events had proceeded as was expected, the probabilities are that the engage-

ment would have been announced and a marriage made early in 1862. As things were, it is clear, from the memoir of the late Duchess of Teck, that, at one of the customary gatherings at Rumpenheim in the autumn of 1861, the family were discussing the proposed marriage with curiosity rather than with assurance. For Mr. Kinloch Cooke, the official biographer of the Duchess of Teck, who cannot afford to write without warrant, prints these words: "As soon as the Princess arrived at the Hessian

palace, her cousins were most anxious to hear all about the meeting, and great excitement followed when Princess Alexandra, producing a photograph from her pocket, laughingly exclaimed: 'I have got him here!'"

Then, of course, came the death of the Prince Consort, which upset all plans, and the Eastern Tour, which has been described. Then, in the autumn of 1862, the Prince paid another visit to the Continent, the Queen's consent was finally secured, and the glad news flew over England.

It was joyful tidings even in the material sense. All the nation had sympathised with Queen Victoria in her sorrow, but it began to be clear already that, although she would not neglect her official duties, although her Cabinet Minis-

ters proudly boasted that she never kept them waiting, she was not likely for many years to come to take part in any of those public ceremonies and



HOISTING THE ROYAL STANDARD AT WINDSOR CASTLE AT SUNRISE
ON EDWARD VII'S WEDDING-DAY

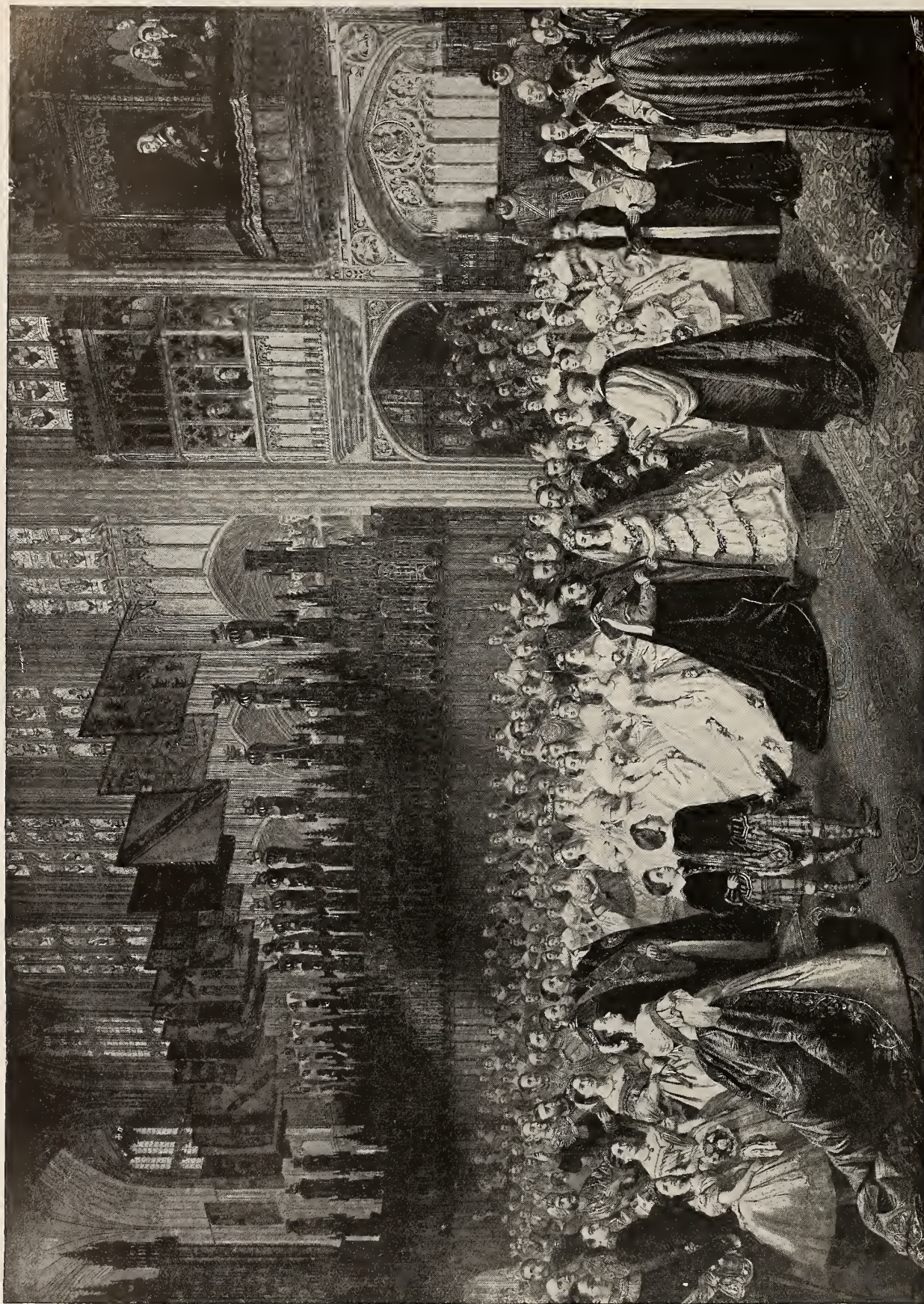
(From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)



DR. LONGLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Who conducted the marriage service

(From an engraving)



THE MARRIAGE OF EDWARD VII. AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK

(From the picture by W. P. Frith, R.A.)

pageants which English people like just as well as any other nation. Commerce, in the large sense, was not suffering; but it is a commonplace of observation that a dull Court and a Court in mourning involve partial paralysis of what may be called fashionable trades upon which, by the irony of fate, huge numbers of the poorest classes in the community rely for a livelihood. All the people were full of sympathy for the Queen, but they could not be expected to feel her sense of irreparable loss, and there had already begun to be a trace of that feeling so well expressed in the poet's phrase, "Because Tom's dead, are there to be no more cakes and ale?"

The prospective entry of the couple into London, and the wedding which must follow, promised to give that fillip to trade and that pleasing excitement to society which were sadly needed by both. In the House of Commons, then led by Lord Palmerston, the proposed marriage was exceedingly well received, and an income of £40,000 a year was assigned to the Prince of Wales in addition to his revenue from the Duchy of Cornwall, and £10,000 a year was allowed for his prospective bride. The young couple, therefore, would begin married life at Marlborough House and at Sandringham, which

had been purchased out of the savings of the Prince of Wales's minority, with a handsome income. In the meanwhile, Princess Alexandra, having been brought over by her father, paid a long visit to the Queen at Osborne and at Windsor, and the diary of the Duchess of Teck gives some happy glimpses of the family life:

"Brighton, November 9.—The Prince of Wales—God bless him—attains his majority (21) to-day.

"After luncheon we watched anxiously for the expected and longed-for arrival of dear Christian, who was on his way back to Copenhagen, having established Alix at Osborne. At half-past three we had the happiness of welcoming him, and for upwards of three hours sat talking over the *verlobung* [betrothal] of Alix and Bertie. We had much to

hear and discuss, and while fully sharing his happiness at the marriage, we could enter into his feelings at leaving Alix thus for the first time. We dined at eight o'clock, a party of five, and toasted our dear Prince in champagne."

"*Cambridge Cottage, November 21.*—... We reached Windsor Castle about twelve, and were shown into our old Lancaster Tower rooms, where we were presently joined by darling Alix—too overjoyed at the meeting to speak! dear Alice and Louis; after a while Alix took me to her room. . . . I then returned to the others, and we went with Alice to see her rooms in the Devil's Tower, where Louis was being *sketched*; here the poor dear Queen joined us and remained with us for some time. We lunched without her Majesty, and Beatrice came in afterwards. . . . Went into Alix's room again and played to her *En souvenir de Rumpenheim*, afterwards accompanying her into all the state-rooms, Mama, Alice, Louis,

and Helena being also of the party. On our return Mama and I were summoned to the Queen's closet, and had a nice little talk with her, ending with tea. We were hurried off shortly before five, Alix, Alice, and the others rushing after us to bid us good-bye."

On February 5, 1863, the business before the House of Lords being to consider the Address

from the Crown concerning the approaching marriage of the Prince, the personage most closely concerned in this Address was himself sworn in with all appropriate ceremony, in full robes, and before an assembly in full dress, as a member of the House of Lords, to which he returned a short time later in ordinary morning dress, and took his place upon the cross benches.

Everything was now in train for a wedding which was equally grateful to the British and to the Danish people, and there is something particularly touching in the manner of the departure of the Princess Alexandra from her native country. She had, as is generally known, been brought up of necessity in the most economical fashion. It is even said—greatly to her credit if it be true—that she who has



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE
Procession of the Bridegroom to the Altar
(From an engraving)



EDWARD VII. AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN HER WEDDING DRESS

The King wearing General's Uniform, with Mantle and Decorations of the Order of the Garter, the Golden Fleece and Order of the Star of India

(From a photo by Mayall & Co.)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, QUEEN VICTORIA AND EDWARD VII.



A ROYAL GROUP

(From photographs by Mayall. Taken on the Wedding-day)

long been among the best-dressed ladies in England was, as a young girl, in the habit of making her own clothes, and it is certain that then as later she was

intensely interested in and beloved by the poor. And it was by the poor of Denmark that a dowry of 100,000 kröner was contributed, lest the beautiful



EDWARD VII. AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING WINDSOR FOR OSBORNE

(From an engraving)



WEDDING PRESENTS

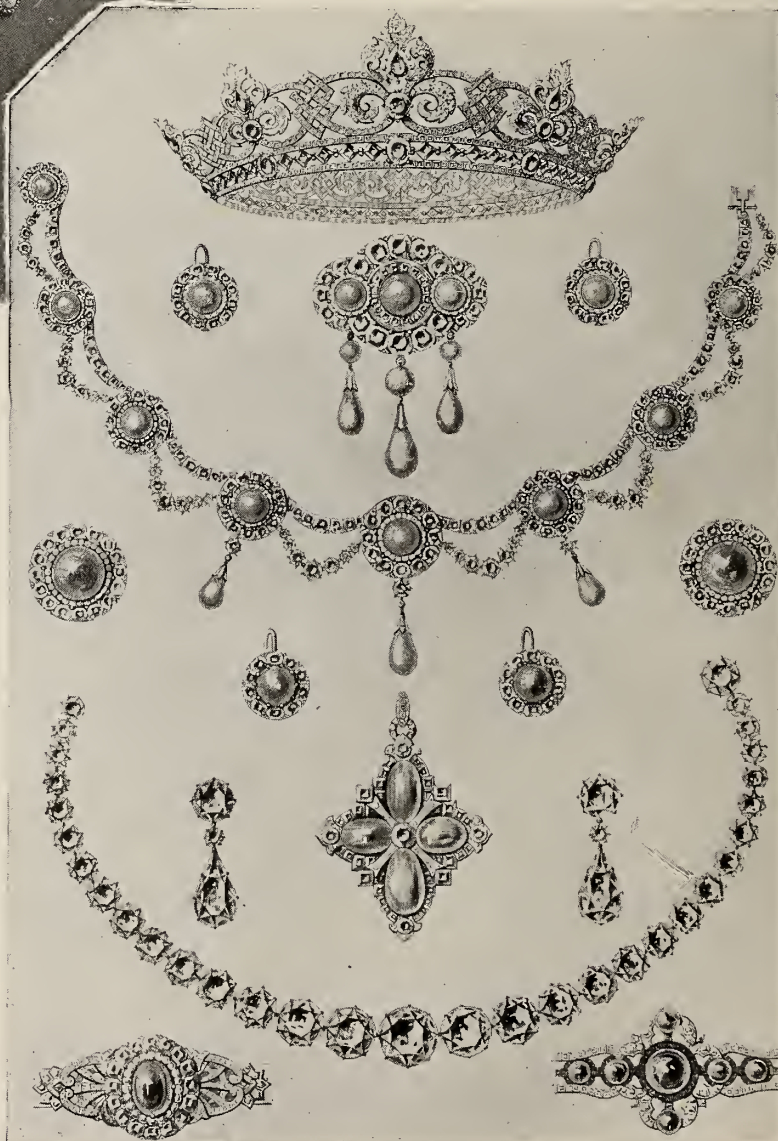
The necklace and facsimile of the Cross of Dagmar given to Princess Alexandra by King Frederick VII. of Denmark

princess whom they idolised should go away without a dowry. She on her part set aside, before her departure, a large sum for the dowering of poor Danish maidens.

That is a touching side of the departure of the Princess Alexandra from her home, but there was a ceremonial side also, for it was a Royal progress that was made from Denmark to Brussels, where the Danish Royal party were gorgeously entertained by the Count of Flanders. Prince Christian, with his Consort and the rest of his family, accompanied his eldest daughter to be present at the first of the brilliant marriages which his daughters were to make. A wonderful Royal family, indeed, is that of Denmark. It has provided our present Queen Mother, whose sister, Princess Dagmar, was married to the Czar of Russia, while another sister was married to the Duke of Cumberland. Then her brother, the Crown Prince, married a daughter of the King of Sweden, and her

other brother, George, was appointed King of the Hellenes.

The Danish Royal party took ship at Flushing on board the *Victoria and Albert*, which was escorted by H.M.S. *Warrior* (Captain George Tryon, R.N.), then admittedly the finest ship in the Royal Navy. Of this officer, whose unhappy fate in later years the whole Navy and the whole nation deplored, the Prince and Princess were to see much more in the time to come. He was the sturdy champion of the Navy, who, as confidential adviser to Mr. Goschen in 1872, insisted that the Naval Brigade should be ordered to the place of honour at St. Paul's, and on the right of the line, on the occasion of the Thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales's



WEDDING PRESENTS

The Gifts of Edward VII. to his Bride



OSBORNE HOUSE

THE TERRACE

THE DRAWING-ROOM

THE DINING-ROOM

VIEW OF THE HOUSE FROM THE TERRACE

(From photos by H. N. King)

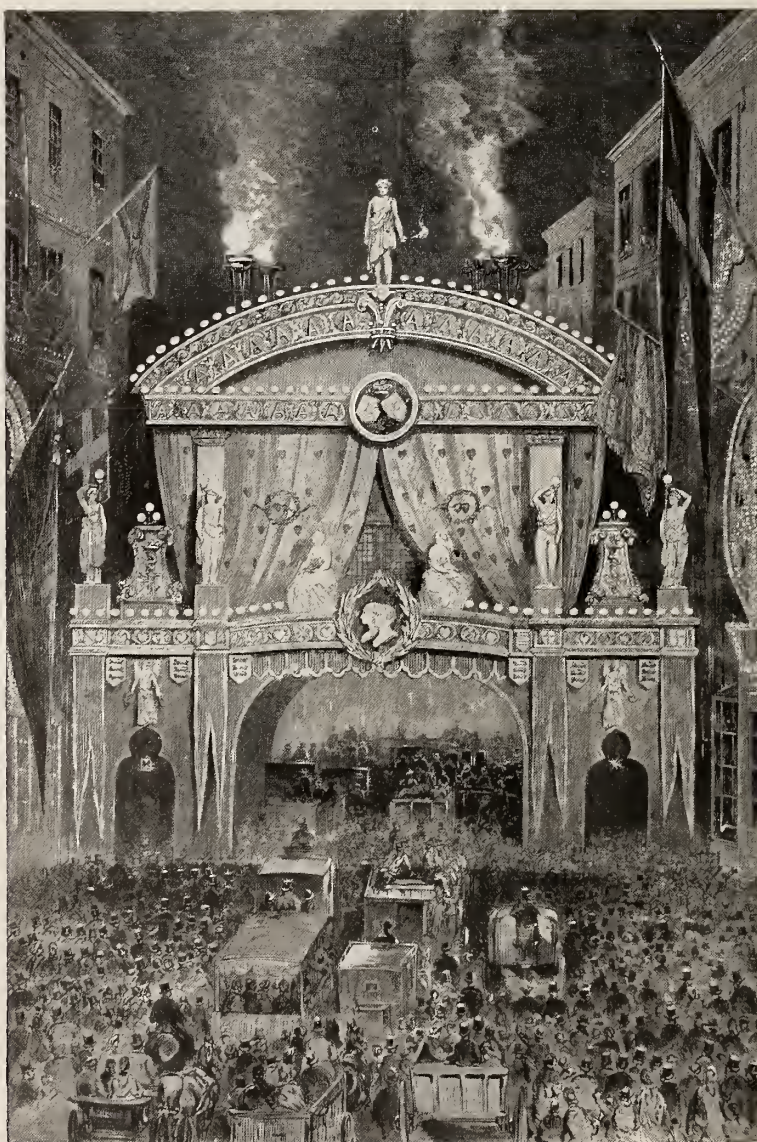
recovery from illness. He, then in command of the *Raleigh*, as escort at sea, and up country, was to have a great share in the glories of the Prince's visit to India, and later, when in command of the Mediterranean Squadron, and not long before the fearful accident which ended his career, he was to be the host and guide of the Princess of Wales and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, during a visit which they paid to Malta in the *Osborne*.

For the moment, he had the pretty and intricate task of escorting the *Victoria and Albert* across from Flushing and up the estuary of the Thames as far as Gravesend. Take it for all in all, there can be no more appropriate or more imposing way of introducing foreign princes to the greatness of England than by taking them up the mouth of the Thames and anchoring at Gravesend in the early morning. But it is



THE ROYAL WEDDING: ILLUMINATION OF ST. PAUL'S, March 10, 1863

(From an engraving)



ILLUMINATION OF TEMPLE BAR, March 10, 1863

(From an engraving)

not easy navigation, and it is recorded in Sir George Tryon's Life [*Sir George Tryon, K.C.B.* by Rear-Admiral C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald (Blackwood)], that "the *Warrior* performed the duty of escort so satisfactorily, and kept so close to the Royal Yacht, follow-

ing her up through the intricate navigation of the estuary of the Thames, that the Princess Alexandra was greatly pleased at the performance of the monster ironclad, and requested that the signal might be made to the *Warrior*: 'Princess is much pleased'—words which the Captain of the *Warrior* caused to be inscribed in brass letters on the wheel, which in those days stood upon the quarter-deck, and there they remained for many years as a memento of this interesting event, and possibly they are there still."

But when one comes to think of it, it is doubtful whether, during all the long years that have passed since,



From an

ILLUMINATIONS IN EDINBURGH
View from Calton Hill on the night of March 10, 1863

engraving

and during all the labours which have been performed, she who is now Queen Alexandra ever went through so severe and so trying a day as that 7th of March, 1863. Early in the morning Gravesend was reached, and there the Prince of Wales boarded

the *Victoria and Albert* to greet his future bride. On the same day came the triumphal entry into London through the City—an occasion when the City surpassed itself in decorations and triumphal arches and in demonstrations of hearty welcome. Seats for



EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM
(*From an engraving*)

viewing the procession fetched fabulous prices, and it may readily be imagined that at least 50 per cent. of the girl children who were born on that day were christened Alexandra. Nor was the City alone in enjoying the opportunity of feasting its eyes upon the

may study all the historical portraits in all the exhibitions, in all the books of beauty, in all the private galleries, and he will find no picture of any Queen to compare with Queen Alexandra. She took London by storm.



(From a photograph taken at Althorp shortly before his marriage)

face of her who may, without the slightest exaggeration, be described bluntly as the most beautiful princess who ever came to England, as also she is the most beautiful Queen in all the long roll of Queens and Queens Consort. The honest admirer of beauty

Then, as she passed through the City first, and then through part of the West End on her way to Paddington, in the pride of her youth and strength, there is no question about it but that the people fairly raved about her. It is no conventional figure of

speech to say that, until the great Jubilee of 1887, there was no public pageant concerning which men and women talked so long, and with so much admiration, as they did of the public entry into London of the Prince of Wales and his bride of the future.

the best known amateur locomotive engineer of the day." On that same day, too, Eton had her share, and presented an address; and Windsor, which practically lives on Court festivities, was not to be denied. Without a doubt, the Princess must have



(From the painting by Lauchert, published by Colnaghi)

But even at Paddington the day was very far from being at an end; the journey to Windsor on the Great Western was, of course, rapid, and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes records the fact that the engine which drew the train "was driven by the Earl of Caithness, then

been glad indeed when the happily brief drive from station to castle was accomplished, when she had been greeted by the Queen with warm affection, and when she had at last been permitted to rest.

Two days of absolute quiet followed, and then came



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
(Photo by H. N. King)

the wedding, in relation to which the right of reproducing the famous picture by the late W. P. Frith R.A., has been fortunately secured. It was painted by special command of the Queen, and the vivid painter, who at this kind of picture, which may be described as massed portraiture, has never had a rival worth speaking of, was concealed near the corner of the altar on the North side. It is a wonderful picture, and can well serve as a text. Most prominent figure of all, though the occasion is one of marriage, is that of the Queen in her closet, which is a small balcony looking directly down upon the altar. One can see

are two of her ladies, including Lady Augusta Bruce, herself in deep mourning for her brother, and ignorant then that among the brilliant crowd below was the one who was to be her husband, and later the famous Dean of Westminster. The sunlight streams gaily in through the Gothic windows, and brings the leading figures into clear prominence. Chief among them, standing before little faldstools, are the Prince and his bride, the former robed in the mantle of the Garter, wearing many Orders, and also whiskers, which in these days have a strange appearance; the latter—naturally, since she was a bride—in white satin and Honiton lace with a wreath of

orange blossoms, and with the flounces of her full skirt adorned with orange blossoms also. She is glittering with jewels, worn not at all in the spirit of display, but solely in the desire to do honour to the Queen, the Corporation of London, the great cities of Leeds and Manchester, and the Prince of Wales, who had given them. Behind Royal bride and Royal bridegroom come the bridesmaids; Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Agneta Yorke, Lady Feodora Wellesley, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Georgina Hamilton, Lady Alma Bruce, and Lady Helen Hare. Their white dresses are simple, though somewhat voluminous from our



**MEDAL STRUCK BY THE CITY OF LONDON IN HONOUR OF
QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ARRIVAL IN 1863**

plainly the widow's cap, her dark hair as yet hardly tinged with grey, her black dress and gloves, and the riband of the Order of the Garter, the only concession she was disposed to make even upon so bright an occasion. Behind her, looking forward with interest,

present point of view, albeit the tyrant crinoline had not then obtained quite the sway which he (or perhaps it should be she) afterwards secured. Each on her right arm wears a bracelet, the gift of the Prince of Wales, and their wreaths and bouquets, and the

sprays of flowers upon their dresses, are clearly composed for the most part of roses. It is a Garter ceremonial, and apart from the Archbishop, the officials of the Order are in their most gorgeous robes. Near to the Prince, on the right, are his younger brothers and his supporters, the Duke of Coburg and Gotha, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, always a noble and commanding figure. There also are the Crown Princess and she who had been Princess Alice, and the Prince's other sisters, most of them quite young, and on Princess Alexandra's left are the members of her own family. Then the light streams upon the pendent banners of the Knights of the Garter, and upon the heads of rows of notabilities, whom it is unnecessary to name again, since nearly all of them were present the year before, on a more mournful occasion, of which full details have been given. Interesting is it rather to note that in one of the lofts of the organ, where Dr. Elvey presided, were the choir, exiled from their places and reinforced for the occasion by female voices, amongst them those of Jenny Lind and Louisa Pyne.

Fortunate, indeed, is it also that amongst those who were present was Charles Dickens, one of the most particular descriptive writers of all time, and stronger in description than in anything else, who succeeded in giving an impression of the scene which is simply matchless. It ought to be confessed that this is inference from the facts that Dickens was present, that he was then editor of *All the Year Round*, and that the style of the description which appeared within a very few days in that periodical was undoubtedly his:

"Who knows how far the minds of those who pronounced that wedding procession to be the loveliest sight they had ever seen were unconsciously affected by the presence of the dark figure of the mourning Queen, half-concealed in the pew above the altar? . . .

"Those who watched the details of that glorious pageant, with somewhere down in the recesses of their hearts an undefined memory of all that preceded it, saw a perfect thing through a perfect medium, and came away convinced that they might live long and

see many things, but never anything in its own way so beautiful as that.

"One thing very remarkable about that spectacle, treating it only *as* a spectacle, was the great comfort it gave you from its reality. It was so like the theatre, with everything that the theatre wants. There were no bad actors in the parts. The princes were real princes, and the jewels were real diamonds and pearls. All that the theatre attempts, spectacularly, was here thoroughly realised. When you found a duke announced in the programme, it was really a duke whom you saw, not a suit of clothes with a scene-shifter inside them. . . . It was a sort of combined

sensation of getting married, of going to the play, of standing godfather, and simply going to church, all mixed up together, with a suspicion of morning concert and a faint dash of flower show."



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863
(From a photograph)

Others have preserved interesting and authentic observations concerning this gorgeous and touching scene. Dr. Norman Macleod noticed the Royal princesses weeping, and the expression of the Queen, her face turned upwards while her husband's *Chorale* was sung. Bishop Wilberforce was struck by the Prince's depth of manner and by the calm disposition of the Princess.

In such surroundings were the Prince and Princess Alexandra married, and after the wedding-breakfast in St. George's Hall they retired to Osborne for a short honeymoon, after which they came

back to Windsor and work.

It was indeed an entirely new life into which they were to enter; for on him and on her were to fall the mass of the public duties which, if the course of nature had been kinder, would have been performed by the Queen, and at the same time he was to be master of, and she was to be mistress of, one of the most delightful country houses in England, to say nothing of Marlborough House lying in the very heart of fashionable London. From 1863 to 1883 alone, that is to say in the first twenty years of his married life, the Prince of Wales of those days delivered not less than 154 important addresses, eleven



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN ROTTEN ROW, MAY, 1863

(From an engraving)

at the Royal Academy Dinner, six at Trinity House, four in connection with the Royal College of Music, and the remainder dealt with all

manner of subjects, including commerce, agriculture, education, public works, medical charities and philanthropy.



SANDRINGHAM CHURCH

(From a photograph by A. W. House)

CHAPTER IX



F the Prince of Wales, when he was married in 1863, had already succeeded to the throne which was not to be his until the twentieth century had begun to run, he could hardly have been more busily engaged in public duties than he was for more than thirty years. Looking back over the years of Queen Victoria's life which are

as the central figure in the innumerable ceremonies to which the presence of the highest available personage in the realm is indispensable. On him, too, "the fierce light which beats upon a throne" began to shine with strong and premature intensity.

At one and the same time he had to establish himself in his homes in Norfolk and in London and to perform a thousand public duties. On one occasion, when a complaint was made to a person in high place that work (in connection with a certain Royal



STATE VISIT OF EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN, 1863

(From an engraving)

most fresh in memory, that is to say, the years from the Jubilee in 1887 until that before her death, years in which her Majesty was constantly in evidence before the eyes of her subjects, it is difficult to remember and to realise those long years of solitary sorrow in which she was little more than a name and an idea to her people. Yet such was certainly the truth, and on the Prince of Wales fell at once the task of appearing

Commission, as it happened) was growing severe and that it involved an inordinate amount of travelling from place to place, the reply was, "My dear sir, it is nothing to the life of a man of fashion, and not to be compared to the everyday life of the Prince of Wales." And this person in high place was a witness of truth. The Prince of Wales, from 1863 to 1887, with brief intervals for illness and relaxation, certainly showed an almost superhuman

energy which compelled the admiration and the sympathy of quiet folks.

But there was the home life too, and their Royal Highnesses were able, it had almost been written allowed, to see something of it in the old house at Sandringham before plunging into the full whirl of a London season rendered more brilliant than ever by natural reaction after the gloom of the preceding year and by the determination of Society to celebrate the Royal Marriage year in the most emphatic fashion. To Sandringham, therefore, they betook themselves for Easter. It was a plainer house than the Sandringham of to-day, although even that aims to be a fine country house rather than a King's Palace, but the surroundings were much the same in character. To the traveller who comes from Wolferton, Sandringham, with its park and fine trees, with the little church and rectory nestling near it, seems to be an oasis in the wild moorland. But, save for a little judicious planting, the character of the moorland has been preserved and although there are many new buildings on the estate, including a number of perfect cottages and a model public-house, they are only new and not additional. In like manner, if, passing the gates of Sandringham and turning to the left directly away from them and the house, the traveller passes under the shade of the noble trees to Dersingham, he finds quite a number of new buildings, but the village itself probably contains few if any more residents than heretofore. They are better housed, that is all. There is not, and there never has been, any desire to make Sandringham the nucleus of a populous community. It is a country home, meant for rest and quietness, and was purchased for the Prince of Wales out of the savings of his minority by the Prince Consort.

That Easter was memorable for the presence of Professor Stanley, and he in his turn, by his habit of noting precisely the points which were likely to interest those to whom his letters were addressed, has, now

that the letters or part of them are public property, made the scene live for us. Not long before, after the consecration of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, the Prince had by word of mouth invited Stanley to be present, and a fortnight later he wrote with his own hand saying, "It would be especially agreeable to me, as last Easter Sunday we took the Holy Sacrament together at Lake Tiberias." That unique Easter Sunday of 1862 had already made a deep impression on the Prince's mind, and of the visit to Sandringham Stanley writes: "On the evening of Easter Eve the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer-book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities, and the likenesses and differences to and from the

Danish Service. She was most simple and fascinating." Surely this picture of the Princess, young and exceeding beautiful, having the service explained to her by so gentle and learned and pure a master of religion, is intensely pleasing.

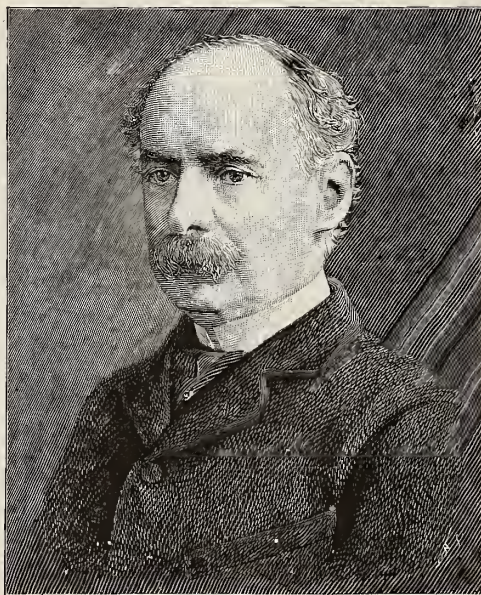
But repose was not to be for any long time. The Prince and Princess were soon up at Marlborough House, and a Levée was among the first duties. Then came the Royal Academy Banquet of 1863, in the Presidency of Sir Charles Eastlake, memorable for the presence of the Prince of Wales and for that of Thackeray, who made one of his last public speeches. The Prince was attended by Major Teesdale, V.C., and by Lieut.-General Knollys, the father of Lord Knollys, for many years the faithful friend and Private Secretary of King Edward.

His Royal Highness, who



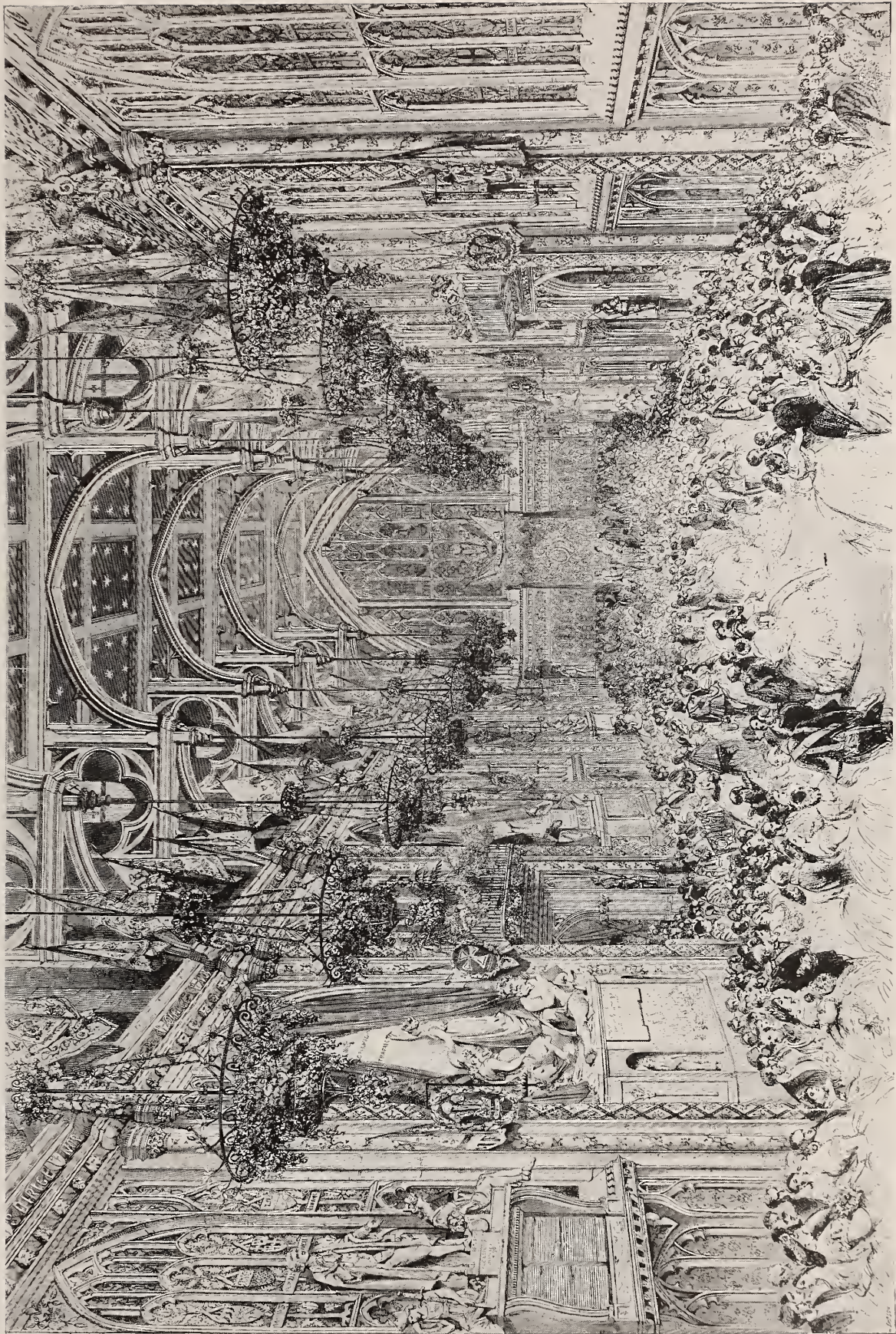
MISS KNOLLYS

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)



LORD KNOLLYS

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



THE STATE VISIT TO THE CITY. SCENE AT THE GUILDHALL

(From an engraving)

spoke evidently under deep emotion, but in a peculiarly clear and pleasing tone of voice, and with great impressiveness of manner, said :

“ Sir Charles Eastlake, your Royal Highnesses, my

mind of the associations connected with my beloved and lamented father. His bright example cannot fail to stimulate my efforts to tread in his footsteps ; and, whatever my shortcomings may be, I may at least presume to participate in the interest which he



THE STATE VISIT TO THE CITY
Presenting the Freedom of London to Edward VII.
(From an engraving)

Lords and Gentlemen,—It is with the most contending feelings of pleasure, pride and sorrow that I rise to return you thanks, in the name of myself and the Royal Family, for the kind terms in which you, Sir Charles, have proposed our health, and for the very cordial way in which this distinguished assembly has received it. I cannot on this occasion divest my

took in every institution which tended to encourage art and science in this country, but more especially in the prosperity of the Royal Academy. Adverting to my marriage, I beg you to believe how grateful I feel for, and I may be permitted to add how sincerely I appreciate, the sentiments you have expressed with reference to the Princess. I know that I am only

speaking her mind in joining her thoughts to mine on this occasion. We neither of us can ever forget the manner in which our union has been celebrated throughout the nation; and I should be more than ungrateful if I did not retain the most lasting as well as most pleasing recollection of the kind expressions and reception which my attendance at your anniversary meeting has evoked this evening."

It need hardly be said that the speech was most remarkably well received, and that it was none the worse for the fact, mentioned by Lady Eastlake, that the Prince almost broke down. "My husband was quite enchanted by the Prince of Wales, and with his natural manners and simplicity. The Prince hesitated in the middle of his speech, so that everybody thought it was all up with him; but he persisted in thinking till he recovered the thread, and then all went well. The very manner in which he did this was natural and graceful. He was so moved when mentioning his father that it was feared he would break down. After the speech the Prince turned to my husband and told him he was quite provoked with himself. 'I knew it quite by heart in the morning,' but he evidently had no vanity, for he laughed at his own 'stupidity,' and immediately recovered his spirits. 'Hesse' was next to the Prince, who chaffed him from time to time, and told him he would have to sing a song."

So ended the first of many Academy dinners at which the Prince of Wales of the past was an honoured guest, and surely the greatness of the occasion, the acute consciousness of the intellectual eminence of the audience, the youth of the speaker, and the trying nature of the main topic were more than

enough to excuse the breakdown, almost sufficient to render it honourable.



W. M. THACKERAY

(From a photo by Herbert Watkins)

began to flock as early as six o'clock. They found, as the *Times* chronicler records, a more clear approach through the streets than had been possible on the day of the triumphal entry of their Royal Highnesses into London. This was, perhaps, because the City Police had a new Commissioner in Colonel Fraser.

They found also Guildhall and its approaches completely transmogrified. Guildhall Yard had ceased to exist as an open space, and had become the site of a temporary reception-hall in two stories, in the upper one of which the mass of the guests were to have supper later. The lower story was divided by ropes of purple silk into three passages or avenues, of which the central one was reserved for Royalty. The cream-coloured walls relieved with gold, rich tapestries lent for the occasion, the ceiling of pale blue, with stars of gold, and innumerable mirrors, combined to convert the familiar courtyard into a palace of delight.

The historic hall inside had a dais at the east end



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



THE STATE VISIT TO THE CITY. THE ROYAL QUADRILLE

(From the drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

*From a photo by***H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED IN 1863***F. Joubert.*

with thrones for the Prince and Princess of Wales, having at the back a "cloth of estate" bearing their arms and surmounted by the Prince's coronet and emblem, the feathers of the latter being of spun glass and nine feet long. At the other end, which was richly decorated, the orchestra was massed.

True to the traditions of the family, the Prince of Wales arrived punctually to the moment in Field-marshal's uniform, and wearing the star and riband of the Garter, while the Princess, who was in white, wore the diamond coronet and brooch given to her by her husband, and, as a matter of course, the splendid necklace which the City had presented to her on her marriage. There, too, was Prince Alfred, then a young lieutenant in the Royal Navy, bronzed and weather-beaten, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Prince of Reuss-Scheiz, the Prince of Orange, and the Princess of Servia.

It must have been a grand scene when, after the Lord Mayor, William Anderson Rose, M.P., had welcomed the Royal party in the reception hall, the whole great assemblage rose to its feet "in one long deep reverence," as the National Anthem sounded from the band and the distinguished group moved slowly towards the dais.

Then—for the ways of the City change not—was performed that municipal ceremony which Guildhall itself seldom sees, although the adjoining library has witnessed it often. The Town Clerk of those days read the resolution passed by the Court of Common Council on March 12 preceding. It was in the following terms: "Resolved unanimously that His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, be very respectfully requested to take upon himself the freedom of this City, to which he is entitled by patrimony; and that, upon his acceding to this request, His Royal Highness be presented with the copy of this freedom, enclosed in a casket, in testimony of the affection and profound respect entertained by this Court for his person and character."

**AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE***(From the picture by Winterhalter)*

Next, Mr. Sewell, the Clerk of the Chamber, read the somewhat quaint official record of his Royal Highness's title to the freedom:

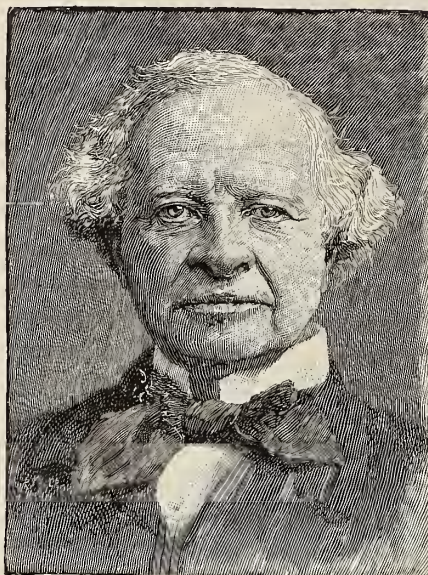
"Chamber of London, 8th day of June, 1863. Born without the liberty of the city, to wit, at Buckingham Palace, in the county of Middlesex, 9th of November, 1841."

"His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, K.G., &c., son of his late Royal Highness Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, K.G., a citizen of London, came before the Chamberlain the day and year aforesaid, and desired to be admitted into the freedom of this city by patrimony, because he is legitimate, and was born after the admission of his father into the said freedom. The admission of his father is entered in the book marked H, and bears date the 28th day of August, in the fourth year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and in the year of our Lord 1840."

Then came the Prince's speech, in the following terms: "My Lord Mayor, Mr. Chamberlain, and

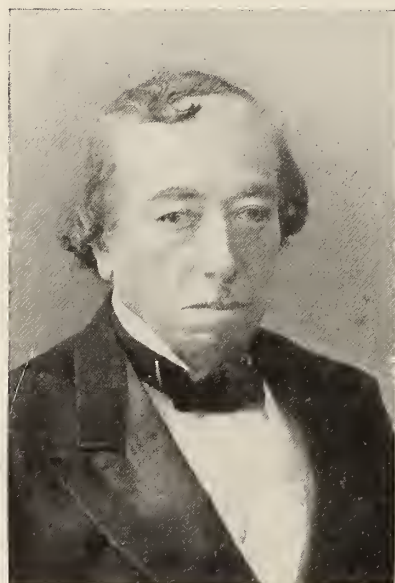
Gentlemen,—It is, I assure you, a source of sincere gratification to me to attend here for the purpose of being invested with a privilege which, for the reasons you have stated, you are enabled to confer upon me, and which descends to me by inheritance. It is a patrimony that I am proud to claim, this freedom of the greatest city of the commercial world, which holds its charter from such an ancient date. My pride is increased when I call to memory the long list of illustrious men who have been enrolled among the citizens of London, more especially when I connect with that list the beloved father to whom you have adverted in such warm terms of eulogy and

respect, and through whom I am here to claim my freedom of the City of London. My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen, the Princess and I heartily thank you for the past—for your loyalty and expressions of attachment towards the Queen, for the manifesta-



EARL GRANVILLE

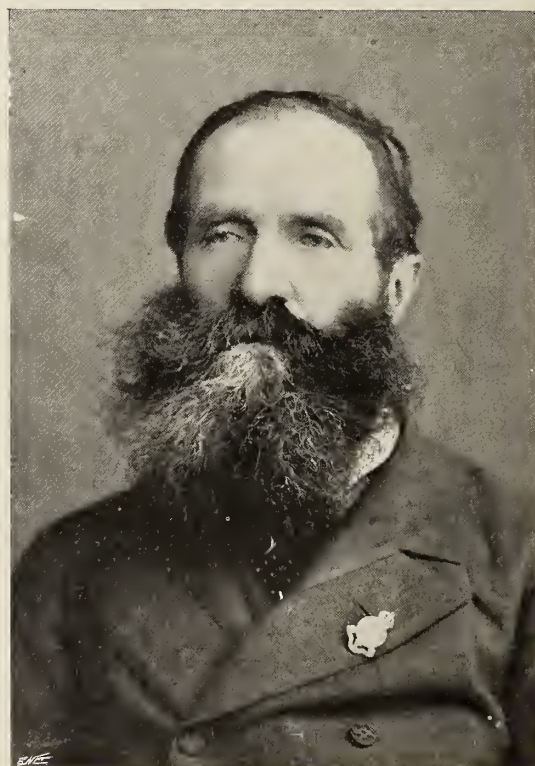
(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



LORD BEACONSFIELD

(From a photo by Hughes & Mullins)

His Royal Highness signed the declaration, and after an address read by Mr. Scott, the City Chamberlain, the copy of the record of the freedom, illuminated upon vellum and enclosed in a casket of pure gold, was presented to His Royal Highness.



EARL SPENCER

(From a photo by Barrault)

tions of this evening towards ourselves, and for all your prayers for our future happiness."

Next, after a short interval, followed the ball, opening with a quadrille in which the Prince of Wales had the Lady Mayoress for partner and the Lord Mayor the Princess of Wales. Prince Alfred danced with Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the

the horseshoe-shaped table was an immense array of glistening plate, since all the City Companies had lent eagerly out of their abundant store. Then, after supper, the Lord Mayor and his associates had prepared a delightful surprise for the Princess of Wales: for, lo and behold! in the Court of Aldermen was a beautiful picture representing a moonlight scene at



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1863

(From the picture by T. H. Maguire)

people crowded round somewhat, so that the reserved space was kept with difficulty.

For two full hours the Prince and Princess enjoyed the ball with a gaiety befitting their age. Then a blare of trumpets announced the supper in the Council Chamber, which was assuredly, so far as appanage went, one of the most gorgeous festivals that ever was looked upon. For on the walls were the famous tapestries of Gluimo Romano, and on

her father's castle at Bernsdorf, with herself in the foreground, with plants arranged in front of it, so that the whole appeared almost real. It need hardly be said that the Princess was both touched and delighted by this happy conceit.

After this the Royal party returned to Guildhall and danced gaily until after two, but the sun had risen before the majority of the guests began to move away.

It was still early in the same summer when the Prince of Wales took his young bride to see *en fête* the Oxford in which he had spent so many happy days, and, perhaps because the railway facilities were not then what they are now, the special train went no farther than Culham. One is apt to forget that in these more or less early days of railway enterprise

Oxford passes through some of the loveliest scenery of rural England, and through Nuneham Harcourt, a very picturesque village, and the woodlands and fields of Oxfordshire are at their very best in leafy June. But, as on the occasion of his first Commemoration, when he was an undergraduate, so on that of his second, when he was a married man, the



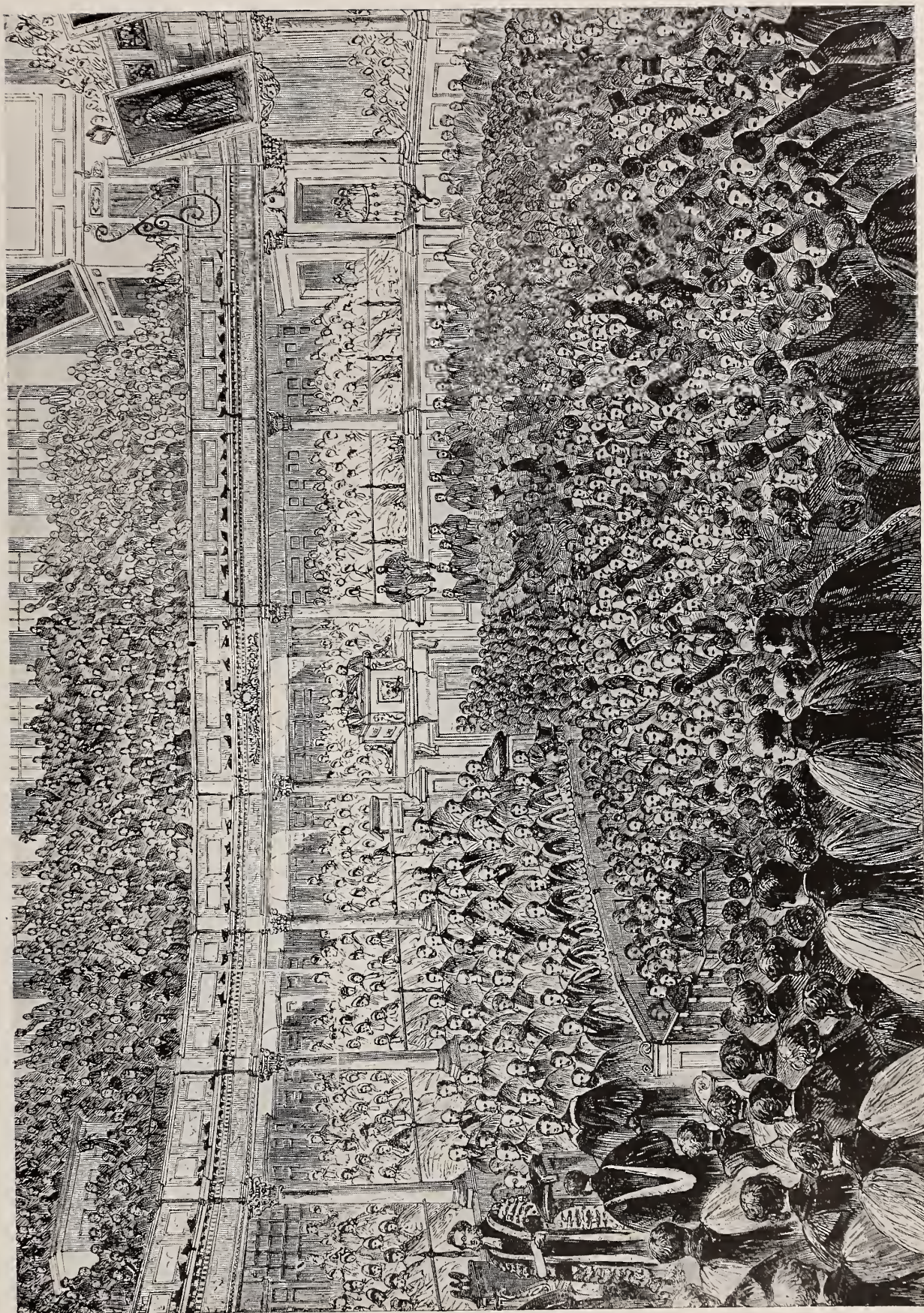
EDWARD VII. IN 1863

(From an engraving by G. Lemaire)

the Great Western Railway had many difficulties raised by prejudice to contend against. Abingdon, to the lasting regret of its present inhabitants, elected to remain out of the main line of traffic. Oxford protested against a station as tending towards the corruption of youth.

In ordinary circumstances the necessity of alighting from the train so far from Oxford would have been no disadvantage, for the road from Culham to

Prince was fated to encounter a downpour of rain similar to that which had formerly caused *Punch* to declare that the zodiac was broken; and the carriage and four, with the Duke of Marlborough as Lord Lieutenant of the County riding in front, had to proceed with closed windows with their Royal Highnesses within. Those in attendance were the same as at Guildhall, but the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Granville were also present.



THE OXFORD COMMEMORATION. CONFERRING THE DEGREE OF D.C.L. UPON EDWARD VII.
IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, JUNE, 1863

(From an engraving)

Rain notwithstanding, the carriage was opened by command of Prince and Princess alike as Magdalen Bridge was reached, and the graceful tower of Magdalen was seen on the right across the Cherwell. But the Mayor and Corporation presented an address on the bridge, and we may be sure that the undergraduates were not deterred by the downpour from according a vociferous welcome as the *cortège* swept up "the High" to Carfax, now no more, and down St. Aldates to Tom Gate and into Christ Church. There, in the pouring rain, the O.U.R.V.C. were inspected, and their prizes were distributed.

and then for a storm of admiring applause which made the Sheldonian ring again and again. So, with the usual formalities, the Prince of Wales took his honorary degree of D.C.L. and acquired the title to wear the gorgeous robes appertaining to that academic dignity.

The afternoon was devoted to a "Fancy Fair" for charitable purposes, and in the evening, after a banquet at Christ Church, came the Masonic Ball with the procession under the arch of steel in the old Corn Exchange, always one of the most brilliant features of Commemoration. On the following day



From an

"THE ARCH OF STEEL." RECEPTION OF EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA BY THE
APOLLO UNIVERSITY LODGE OF FREEMASONS AT OXFORD, JUNE 1863

engraving

It is interesting to note that among the spectators at the prize-giving were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, the Bishops of Oxford and London, Professor Stanley, Dr. Pusey, and Dean Trench.

The Sheldonian was never more brilliant. The Prince of Wales, wearing an academic gown over his colonel's uniform, was at once scholar and soldier, and he sat next to Lord Derby as Chancellor of the University. Present also, besides those already named, were Mr. Disraeli and Earl Spencer. The undergraduates, it is said, were more than usually noisy, and their wit was neither better nor worse than usual, but the appearance of the beautiful Princess among them was the signal for a lull first

came the procession of boats with Trinity at the head of the river, and a flower show in the gardens of St. John's College, and the next day was devoted to that sight-seeing of which in Oxford the end never comes. Amongst other places which the Princess visited with special interest was Frewin Hall, the home of the Prince's undergraduate days.

So, to copy the style of Mr. Pepys, back to London, to a house-warming party at Marlborough House, the first of many brilliant parties to be given there, to the Guards Ball, an affair unexampled in its kind for grandeur, and so on. Then, a little later, their Royal Highnesses were present at the opening of municipal buildings in Halifax.



From an

INAUGURATION OF THE EXHIBITION MEMORIAL OF 1851

engraving

The Royal Party viewing the Memorial from the platform, June 1863

A characteristically English scene was witnessed by the Royal pair in July, when they visited the Wimbledon Meeting and sat within the ropes to watch the progress of the match between the Lords and Commons. Those were the days of the lusty infancy of the National Rifle Association, which had held its first prize-meeting in 1860, when Queen Victoria herself fired the first shot from a Whitworth rifle, fixed in a rest, of course, but laid so truly as to strike the centre within a quarter of an inch of its own absolute centre; and the Lords and Commons match, now usually abortive, was then a very great affair. The Prince on this occasion joined the National Rifle Association, and the Princess, who had seen nothing of the kind before, was keenly interested in the proceedings. Amongst the company present were Lady Elcho, Lady Constance Grosvenor, and Lady Ducie, and luncheon was taken in a tent near the Windmill, the familiar landmark of the camp in those days.

Particularly interesting, too, was the scene at Halifax in August, for there the Princess, always keenly interested in children, insomuch that Sir Henry Burdett detects in her an amiable prejudice in favour of institutions devoted to their interests, heard the "Old Hundredth" and the "Hallelujah Chorus"

sung by a brightly dressed choir of no less than 16,800 Sunday-school children with a strong orchestra.

But it would be unjust and inartistic alike to leave an impression that the lives of the Prince and Princess of Wales were entirely devoted to ceremonies and pageants. Even thus early they began to show, each of them with equal zeal, that philanthropic tendency which has marked them through their lives; and the Slough Orphan Asylum, lying under the shadow of the towers of Windsor, was the first institution to receive their presence and their patronage. Again, by reason of the American Civil War, the cotton famine was in full swing, and the cotton operatives of the North, suddenly deprived of wages to the amount of £170,000 a week, were, to use their own expressive vernacular, fairly "clemming." It was the one great occasion on which foreigners, who usually look to the Mansion House for help in all their troubles, came to the rescue of England, and money poured in to the relief fund. Of that money 200 guineas came from the pocket of the Prince of Wales. The disastrous wreck of the *Orpheus*, when 166 souls perished, and the famine among the inhabitants of the Lewis, also found in him a ready sympathiser, and showed him ready to give substantial help to the sufferers.

For the greater part of the winter Marlborough House and Sandringham alternately were the homes of the Royal pair, and of Marlborough House it may perhaps be desirable to give some slight account. The original building, erected by Wren for the victor of Blenheim, was begun in 1709, but Marlborough had not occupied it many years before he lent it to the Prince and Princess of Wales of those days. In 1817 the house was repurchased by the Crown for the Princess Charlotte, and her widower lived there until he succeeded to the Belgian Crown. Queen Adelaide subsequently occupied Marlborough House, and it was thence that she was summoned, it may be remembered, on the occasion of the Prince's birth. Finally, not long before the Prince Consort's death, with the intention that it might become the town house of the Prince of Wales, a thorough restoration of the house was undertaken, and it was then that the very interesting frescoes representing Marlborough's campaigns were discovered.

But when the winter was half spent the Prince and Princess of Wales were at Windsor, or rather at Frogmore, and there was hard frost, which tempted the Princess of Wales, always a good skater, to venture upon the ice at Virginia Water. In fact, she was skating but a few hours before she was taken ill, and her first-born son, afterwards the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was born at Frogmore.

All went well, the child was neither weakly nor delicate, and his christening was fixed for March 10 in the private chapel in Buckingham Palace. That chapel presented an imposing scene on the occasion. Above the Communion table was a tapestry representing the Baptism of our Saviour. The Queen alone wore black; the child wore the christening robe of Honiton lace which his father had worn before him, and it was the Queen herself who replied to Dr. Longley that the child's names would be "Albert Victor Christian Edward." Present also were Doctor Tait, Bishop of London; Doctor Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; Lord Palmerston, Professor Stanley, the King of the Belgians, Prince Christian, and, of course, the father and mother.

And so the family life of the Prince and Princess of Wales of those days began, and the succession to the throne of England seemed to be assured.

It is needless to say that Queen Victoria, albeit startled at the news of the birth of the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales so long before the event was expected in the natural course, was greatly pleased at the 'happy issue of the brief period of anxiety which was inevitable. From the beginning, being by nature of an essentially motherly disposition and exceedingly fond of children, she took the warmest interest in the infant prince. The English people, too, were keenly delighted. Already, in the

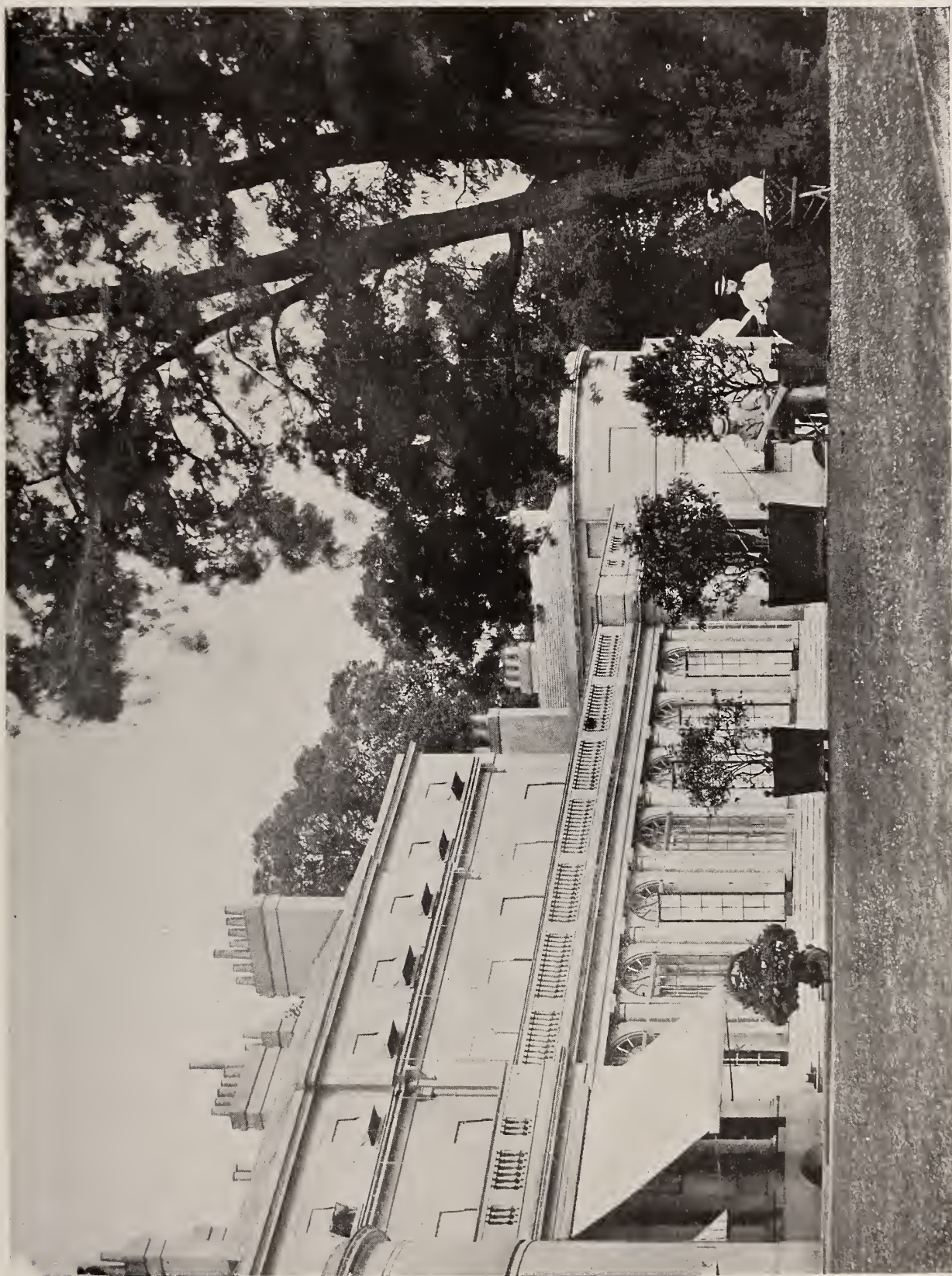


From an

engraving

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION PRIZE MEETING

Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra witnessing the Match between the Lords and Commons

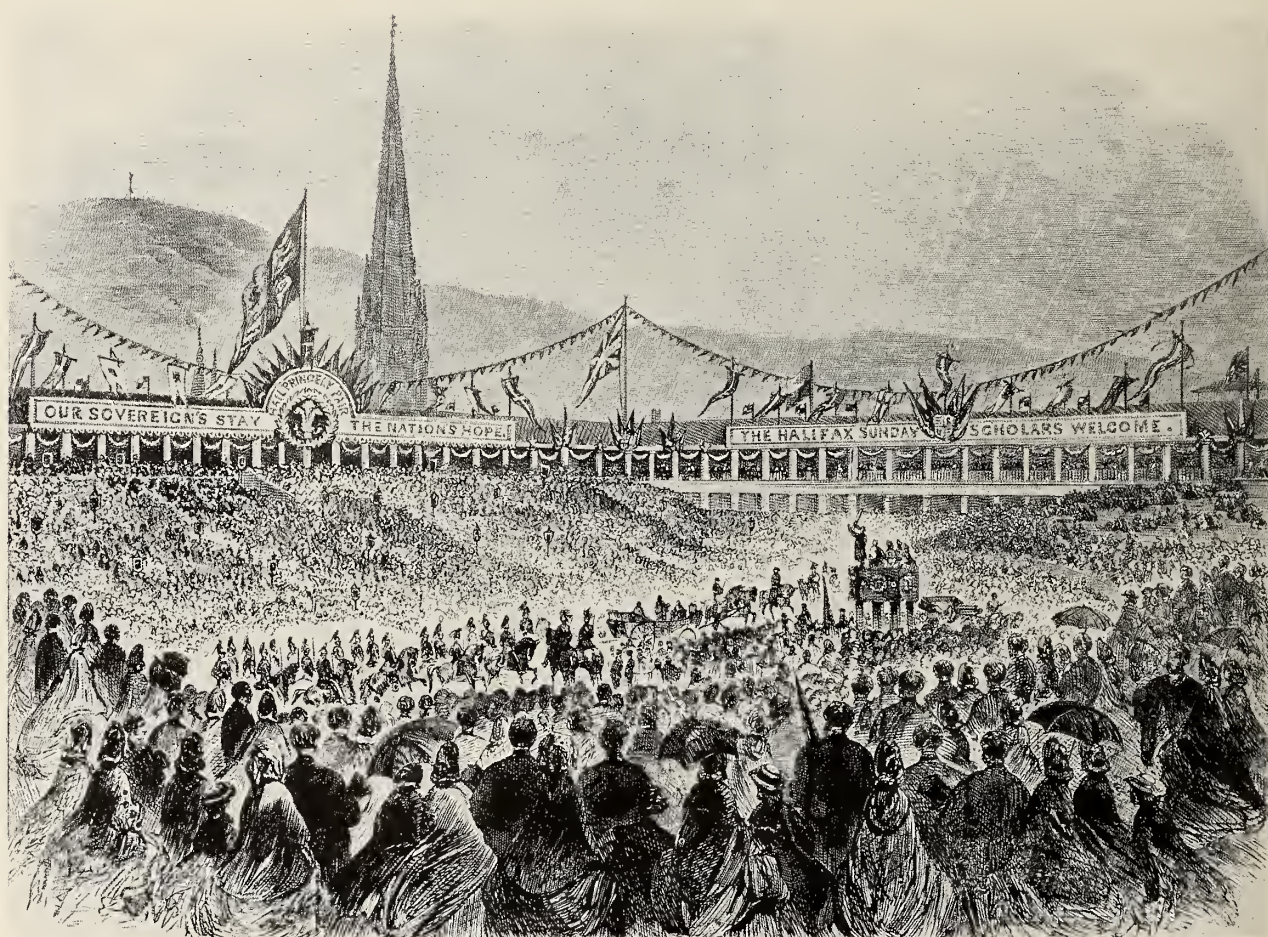


EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT FROGMORE HOUSE, 1863

(from a photograph by Vernon Heath)

shape of the brothers of the Prince of Wales, there were guarantees that if, by any untoward chance, he should not outlive his mother, an heir to the throne would still be present. But now the birth of an heir to the Prince and Princess of Wales in a measure set the Prince's brothers at liberty for other duties and other privileges. If, for example, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George had not been born to show every sign of vigorous life, the probabilities are that the

Duke of Edinburgh would not have felt it to be consistent with his duty to the British Empire to accept the Dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with its accompanying powers and wealth. More important still, he could hardly have carried on his professional duties as a naval officer with the zeal which made him a valuable servant of his Queen-mother. Then the Duke of Connaught was free to pursue a military life, and even to go on active service, with conspicuous success.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO HALIFAX

16,000 Sunday School Children singing in the Piece-Hall



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN 1864

(From an engraving by William Holl, after the photograph by Vernon Heath)

CHAPTER X



THE Prince and Princess of Wales of the latter half of the nineteenth century were now blessed with a son, and assurances that the succession would not fail came rapidly. On June 13, 1865, was born Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, to become Duke of

York later, Duke of Cornwall and York upon the death of Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales upon his return from that Imperial tour which is still fresh in the memory, and eventually King of this great Empire. Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, now Duchess of Fife, came into the world on February 20, 1867; Princess Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary had July 6, 1868, for the day of her birth, and November 26, 1869, saw the family of the Prince

and Princess of Wales completed by the appearance of Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, now Queen of Norway. In the little churchyard at Sandringham too is a simple cross above the grave of yet another child whose brief existence has been forgotten now by almost everybody.

Those years when the children were in the nursery were years of great happiness, but also of considerable trial. Not for the first time in our history, a Continental war in which it would have been flagrantly wrong for England to take part was a cause of acute sorrow to the Royal Family; and this time the sufferer was the beloved Princess of Wales, who had to stand on one side with folded hands while the country which she loved so well

bled under the iron hand of Bismarck and was, in part, dismembered by it. There was no thought of interference. The quarrel was not our concern; but it is easy to understand the sickness of heart with which the Princess studied the telegrams from the seat of war, and the tender sympathy which went out to her from the people who quickly learned to love her and from her husband and the Queen.

Fortunately, before this war began, the proud young Princess had been able to display her firstborn son to her parents. He was but a baby in arms when the *Victoria and Albert* was again brought into requisition to transport him, his father, and his happy mother across to Copenhagen, when, of course,



A ROYAL GROUP AT FREDENSBORG, October, 1864

(From a photograph)



VISIT OF EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO SWEDEN AND DENMARK

The Landing at Stockholm, September 27, 1864

(From an engraving)

there was a great family reception; and on the way back the Royal party received an illustration of the fact that the sea is not a respecter of persons. Indeed, the infant Prince's nurse, Mary, afterwards Mrs. Blackburn, told me with clear pride that, on the return journey, the baby was hurled so violently into her face by a roll of the ship that she was disfigured by a black eye, at which Queen Victoria laughed heartily when the nurse and child made their appearance at Balmoral, to which the family immediately

fortable house on the South side of the River Thames, showed particular pride in certain ancient photographs of Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and pointed eagerly to the stout legs and arms of the elder child. She was a devoted nurse, and it was interesting in a small way to note that she wore set in a ring the first tooth which her charge lost. The idea sounds a trifle gruesome, but, set with turquoises round it and highly polished, the tooth was really quite pretty and pearl-like.



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN WINDSOR PARK IN 1864

(After Barraud)

repaired. It may here be remarked that Mrs. Blackburn, who certainly is, or it may be was, the best authority on the subject, always repudiated the suggestion that Prince Albert Victor, albeit born prematurely, was in any sense a delicate child. Indeed, I well remember, as I have recorded elsewhere—[*H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale: A memoir (written by authority)*—Murray 1893]—that Mrs. Blackburn, then living in a thoroughly com-

This journey, first to Copenhagen, then to Balmoral, and then back again to Marlborough House and to Sandringham, is an illustration of the kind of life which was lived by the Prince and Princess of Wales in those days. It was half a domestic life, half public, and it was probably not nearly as domestic as either of them wished it to be.

During those early years they attended many functions together when the Princess was well. For

example, in 1864 they were present together at the opening of the West Wing of the London Hospital, which was very properly called the "Alexandra" Wing, and an appeal issued on the spot, the first in which special use was made of the Prince's name, produced no less than £34,000. It would be impossible within our limits to deal with the enormous work for good, and the encouragement of hospitals in particular, which has been done by our late King and Queen. In the same year "Glorious Goodwood" was made more glorious than it had been for many a

they may safely be left to do so while this narrative proceeds to matter of a more interesting and valuable character.

Let an exception be made, however, not without reason, for the Fourth of June celebrations at Eton which were graced by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1864. The outlines of the proceedings during a Royal visit to a city or an institution are well known to everybody. Reception, presentations, an address, a reply, a progress through gaily decorated streets, more presentations, a bouquet



VISIT OF EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO GOODWOOD IN 1864

The Ladies' Lawn

(From an engraving)

year by a Royal visit ; but the Turf, and Edward VII.'s meritorious connection with it—for it is quite possible to have a commendable interest in the Turf—have their places in another chapter. Numerous pictures, too, serve to show that public duty was never neglected, and that the people had their full share of opportunities of seeing Royal faces. But those pictures, relating to events which, important and interesting as they were in their day, have no historical value, tell their own tale quite plainly, and

or two, and a public duty accomplished are the constituent parts of a story which is told many times and in many different words. But Eton and the Fourth of June, outside the tolerably large Etonian world, are not too well known for description, and to the Princess of Wales, with her Continental education, that day in June of 1864 must have been a glorious spectacle.

Let me try to reconstruct it in imagination. Imagine a street, not too wide, on the one side tutors' houses, the windows gay with flower-boxes, on the other side

first a low wall, some three feet six in height, which has been used as a seat by many generations of boys. Above this tower great trees, and behind them are the venerable buildings. The street, of course, was crowded with countless boys, smart as Eton boys alone can be. Then, through the archway, Prince and Princess would go into the great quadrangle known as "School Yard," with the statue in the centre, and the Hall at the far end, and the Chapel to the right. Entering they would turn first directly to the right, or perhaps would go to the Provost's House first, and then they would take their places in that oak-panelled Upper School where the names carved on the walls are full of historical memories. Then would come the speeches, far more simple than at schools of more modern date which stand in need of advertisement, speeches delivered by boys in courtly knee-breeches and buckled shoes. Next, luncheon in Hall, a fine building, and then perhaps a visit to the playing-fields with their immemorial elms, and later, be it hoped, an inspection of the procession of

boats, still one of the prettiest aquatic displays to be witnessed in England, for to this day the "steerers" wear hats garlanded with flowers and little jackets like the uniform jacket of a midshipman in the Navy.

It is one of the penalties of the highest station that some of the tenderest of parental duties cannot be exercised by those who are born to it. Queen Victoria, the most motherly of good women, was never able to nurse her own children, much, no doubt, as she would have liked to do so. Similarly Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, was compelled to be away from home a great deal while her children were growing up. But it is quite clear that she never missed an oppor-

tunity of being in her nursery, and Mrs. Blackburn used to say: "The Princess was in her glory if she could find time to run up into the nursery, put on a flannel apron, wash the children, and see them asleep in their little beds." And when she was away from home she had, like any other mother, the habit of sending the most particular directions to their nurse. One pretty little custom of the Royal Household was that, on the birthday of the head of it, each child recited a little verse, composed by the Princess in honour of the occasion. Here is one such composition, and it is well to note that the simple words were carefully written out in the hand of her who was mother and wife:

EDDY'S VERSE
FOR PAPA'S
BIRTHDAY

November 9, 1869

Day of pleasure
Brightly dawning,
Take the gift
On this sweet
morning.
Our best hopes
And wishes blend-
ing
Must yield joy
That's never end-
ing.

Simplicity was the keynote of the whole life of the family; simplicity in dress, in fare, and in manner, both at Marlborough House and at Sandringham. Home, in those days, was Marlborough House rather than



QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND PRINCE GEORGE

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

Sandringham, but there is no doubt that as soon as the young Princes and Princesses began to be able to run about there was no place more suitable to them than Sandringham, and that their mother took the greatest delight in attending to them during their childish games. There is in existence a picture which shows the Princess of Wales of those days holding the bridle of a cobby pony, a chestnut with a silver mane and tail, by the look of it, on which, in panniers, are carried Prince Albert Victor, looking stout and healthy, and on the other side Prince George, looking remarkably small. There is no doubt, indeed, that those days at Sandringham were the happiest.



KING EDWARD VII. AT THE AGE OF 23.

From the picture by H. Weigall

(Published by Henry Graves & Co.)

But they were fairly busy days even in the nursery, for the Royal father and mother clearly saw that if their children were to be accomplished as conversationalists in foreign languages, as it was essential that they should be, they must learn not only English but also French and German in early childhood. That they did this the present King, when he was Duke of Cornwall and York, proved abundantly in Canada during his Imperial tour. True it is that, after that tour was over, some mischief-maker—it is to be hoped charitably in sheer ignorance—caused to be published in England a statement that the French-

Canadians were disappointed because the King as he is now, the Duke of Cornwall and York as he was then, did not address them in French. The truth is that they were not disappointed, and that French speeches even in the Parliament House at Ottawa are becoming a rarity, for the simple reason that the reporters, for the most part, will not follow them. No disappointment upon this point was expressed during the Imperial tour, and as a matter of fact it may be added that on one occasion of a semi-private character the then heir-apparent did make a speech in French, and that his fluency and the correctness of

his accent were admired as much as his delivery, which is always perfect. His capacity to make that speech he, no doubt, owed to his early training.

It seemed right to the Prince and Princess of Wales to remove their two sons from the care of women exclusively at a very early age. Prince Albert Victor was not much more than six, and Prince George was proportionately younger, when a tutor was provided for the two little boys in the person of the Rev. J. Neale Dalton, now a Canon of Windsor, then quite a young man. The choice was made by Queen Victoria, and that it was a happy choice is sufficiently shown by the fact that Canon Dalton, although by that time an elderly man, was chosen as one of the select company who went on the Imperial tour of 1901. Born in 1839, and the son of a Buckinghamshire clergyman, Mr. Dalton had been educated at Blackheath and at Clare College, Cambridge, where his career had been distinguished, and he had attracted the notice of the Queen while he was curate of Whippingham in the Isle of Wight; for Whippingham is practically the parish church of Osborne. His office of tutor lasted nominally from 1871 to 1879, but from 1879 to 1884 he held that post of Governor to the young Princes that had been held in relation to their father by General Bruce; and from 1879 to 1882 also he held a temporary appointment as



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey)

Chaplain in the Royal Navy, so that he was able to accompany his charges during their tour round the world in H.M.S. *Bacchante*.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE

(From a photograph by W. & D. Downey)

The manner of the education of the Princes was matter of earnest consideration for their father and for their mother, and to a fruitful conversation with Canon Dalton, enjoyed some years ago, I am indebted for a clear impression of the lines which the discussion took. First, as to the curriculum, the father insisted that modern languages, history and mathematics were more important than English classics. Mr. Dalton did not disagree with him, but he made it clear that the act of learning Latin has an educational value apart from the result secured, and he carried his point. Curiously enough, too, amongst the Latin books which they read was the Vulgate, from which, in their letters home during the *Bacchante* cruise, both boys were in the habit of quoting.

Lessons were regular, discipline was reasonably stern. For the Prince of Wales was not among those parents who believe that

high-spirited boys can be ruled entirely by kindness. Indeed, those who are of that opinion are not as a rule persons in high station; and young dukes and highly bred boys of lesser degree at Eton are birched when they require it with a severity which would certainly involve the police court for a board-school master. Noteworthy points in the characters of the Princes were the gentle disposition of Prince Albert Victor and his devotion to his mother, and the bright intelligence of Prince George.

Year after year passed away quietly for the young Princes, and in 1872

came that most anxious time for them, for their mother and Queen Victoria in particular, for the



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1866

(From an engraving)

whole Royal Family and for the nation, when the Prince of Wales lay dangerously ill, and his life appeared to hang upon a thread. But for the present, with a view to obtaining coherence of narrative in the first place, and in the second place because the illness of the Prince of Wales, his recovery, and the national thanksgiving were events of the first importance, which must be treated separately, these things are put aside. For the moment let us consider what was the mode of education which the Prince and Princess of Wales decided upon as the best available for their sons.

Of the manner in which Edward VII. was educated a sufficiently full description has been given in the



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, PRINCE GEORGE AND
THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, 1867

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



PRINCE GEORGE, 1867

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



EDWARD VII. IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

earlier pages of this book, and, as I expected, I have been taken to task—mainly by persons of no authority whatsoever—for suggesting that the system of training prescribed by the Prince Consort for his eldest son was gloomy, and that he who suffered under that system felt that it was not the best. As to the gloom there can be no doubt. One fortnight of holiday in the year for the tutor could not mean more than one fortnight of complete holiday for the pupil. Moreover it is plain that, if the father had thought that private tuition was the most suitable form of education for his sons, they would have remained under private tutors during the whole period of their boyhood. That he chose another form of education places the matter entirely beyond doubt.

What was the form of that education to be? The ideal education, from the point of view of those who believe it to be more important to produce gentle men than learned men, is a public school education. By the time that the young Princes were old enough to go to a public school several of the great public schools had advanced to a stage when they were nearly fit for the reception of princes. That, perhaps, is

as high as it is just to put it, for there were abuses at Eton and Harrow, and the "Tunding Row" at Winchester was of about that date. But, as has been explained in an earlier chapter, the head-masters of the public schools showed a unanimous desire, expressed, of course, in the most courtly and polite terms, not to receive any honour of the kind. Moreover, though Prince George was robust enough, and Prince Albert Victor had been strong as a child, the latter suffered, just before joining the *Britannia*, from an attack of typhoid fever, which was not likely to have improved his constitution.

In these circumstances the Prince and Princess of Wales undoubtedly acted for the best in choosing for their sons a naval education. Placed in the *Britannia*, they were at one and the same time in daily intercourse with boys of their own age and of manly disposition, and surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in England, and living in an atmosphere of absolute health.

On board the *Britannia* the young Princes enjoyed hardly any special privileges. Their father took them down to Dart-



PRINCESSES LOUISE AND MAUD IN 1872

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

mouth, and introduced them to Captain Fairfax, C.B., who was then in command of the *Britannia*. Many fathers have done that.

Their mother came once, like many another mother, to the annual prize-giving. They stowed their clothes, as midshipmen do, in those capacious chests which can never be tidy, because everything that is wanted is always at the bottom. They attended the same classes as the other cadets, messed with them, played with them, drilled with them, and made friends among them. At the same time they picked up, at any rate, the rudiments of that glorious profession upon which the greatness of their country depends. The friendships which they made there lasted, particularly in the case of Prince George, and amongst his personal attendants of to-day are to be found several of those with whom he became acquainted in the *Britannia* first, in the *Bacchante* later, and during the real naval career which he afterwards followed. The single privilege allowed to them was that their hammocks, by the request of the Admiralty and not of the Prince of Wales, were slung behind a separate bulkhead. The only difference between their training and that of their companions was that Canon Dalton was there to overlook and to advise them.

In 1879 they had finished their education on board the *Britannia*, and the Prince and Princess of Wales—sorrowfully, no doubt—resigned themselves to the necessity of parting with their sons for a prolonged period, in order that their professional education might be advanced by an important stage. Prince Albert Victor, it was true, was not intended to be a naval officer pure and simple; but then, as now, many of the most distinguished and successful military officers had gained their first professional

training in the senior of the sister services, and it was clear that Prince Albert Victor would be all the better for a similar experience. In passing it may be observed, just to show that this is not random talk, that General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Lieutenant-General Sir John French, that dashing cavalry leader, were both of them naval officers to start with. Prince George was to be a naval officer before everything else, and by the consent of all who knew him he showed before his brother's untimely death an amount

of professional ability which would have carried him far, even if he had been a mere commoner. As things turned out, of course, his brother's death, to his great disappointment, put an end to his career as a practical sailor. His fortune in this respect, indeed, was very much that of William IV., who, also as Duke of York, had little hope or thought of ever succeeding to the throne of his ancestors. Another sailor Duke of York, who also, oddly enough, came to the Crown in later life, was James II., of whom we constantly read in connection with the extinct office of Lord High Admiral.

For the moment,

however, all things seemed rosy, and, apart from the educational advantage of a period of naval life, there was much to be said in favour of travel for the young Princes and nothing to be said against it. They were, therefore, gazetted on July 15, 1879, to the cruiser *Bacchante*, Captain Lord Charles M. D. Scott; Commander V. W. Hill. Mr. J. W. Lawless was naval instructor, and the "Reverend J. N. Dalton, R.N.," was chaplain. Before the actual departure there was a delightful week at Cowes. The cadet Princes joined on August 6 at Cowes, and during the Cowes week the cruiser and all the yachts in the Roads were dressed in honour of the Duke



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

of Edinburgh's birthday. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present upon the day of formal joining. After this the young Princes obtained leave at once, and went over with their mother to Copenhagen to bid good-bye to their grandparents. On September 17 they rejoined, with their father as escort; on the 19th they said good-bye to him finally, and on September 25 they started on their first long voyage.

To give a prolonged account of that voyage would be foreign to the present purpose. Suffice it to say that by their parents' wishes the Princes lived precisely the life of ordinary midshipmen. They slept in hammocks, got up early, drilled, had their two hours of school when the duties of the ship did not call for their services; they were instructed in taking sights, and played games of various kinds with the rest of their companions. The cruise extended first to the Mediterranean, and then to the West Indies, where, at Barbados, they recognised in the Governor, Major G. Strahan, R.A., one who had dined at Abergeldie on the night after Prince "Eddie" had killed his first stag—when, by the way, he must have been very young. A long stay was made in the West Indies, and it was not until May 3 that the *Bacchante* anchored at Spithead; and father and mother and all three sisters, with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar came down to meet the travellers and to luncheon on board the *Bacchante*.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE DUKE OF ALBANY
AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE IN 1874

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

Only for a month or two now were their Royal Highnesses able to enjoy the company of their sons; for on July 19, the *Bacchante* having been refitted, the Royal cadets rejoined her. First came an educational cruise of the combined Channel and Reserve Squadrons to Bantry and to Vigo, when H.M.S. *Hercules* was the flagship of the Duke of Edinburgh, and the *Bacchante* was one of the squadron, and then another family meeting at Cowes, when the *Bacchante* was boarded first of all by the Princess of Wales and her daughters, with Miss Knollys, Sir Henry Keppel, Sir Allen Young, and Lord Charles Beresford, from the yacht *Fortuna*, and then by the Prince of Wales, with Captain

Stephenson, from the yacht *Zuleika*. One or two more family meetings there were, including a visit to Osborne to say good-bye to the Queen and the Empress Eugénie, newly returned from her sad voyage to South Africa after the death of her son, the Prince Imperial; and on September 15 the final good-bye before the cruise of the training squadron round the world.

Then it was that the Princes began a tour almost as memorable as (although it was less ceremonial than) the Imperial tour of 1901. They touched first at Ferrol, then at Madeira, then at Monte Video, from which excursions were made on to the Pampas; and Christmas was spent at Monte Video on board ship. Those who were with the Duke of York on his Imperial tour found that he remembered the Pampas, for, on being taken to inspect a "mob"



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE IN 1875

(From a photo by Downey)

of cattle in Australia, he said that on the Pampas to inspect cattle on foot would be suicidal. Next they went towards the Falkland Islands; and then suddenly, at anchor off the Falkland Islands, the Blue Peter was hoisted by the flagship, and the squadron was ordered off to the Cape at once. Letters had missed them; nobody knew what had happened except that there was war, and it was not until they reached Simon's Bay that they heard of Majuba and Laing's Nek.

So, for the first time, but not by any means for the

tion of the Tsar of Russia, and on another occasion, when a man-of-war brought to the *Ophir* the intelligence that a dastardly attempt had been made on the life of President McKinley.

In the circumstances there could naturally be no very long stay at the Cape, and the opportunities which it had been hoped that the Princes would enjoy of seeing the country were curtailed. They wrote home, however, of the kindness of Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson, and of some interesting rides in which Prince Albert Victor rode the same grey horse by



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1876

(From the picture by H. Olrik)



EDWARD VII, IN 1876

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

last, Prince George had practical experience of the anxious feeling which comes of the interruption of the knowledge of the course of everyday events which is the inseparable accident of life at sea. Great news heard at sea seems far less serious than when it is heard on land; its importance is minimised, because at sea, to men face to face with the elemental powers of nature, man feels his insignificance. Even the greatest calamity seems to be a thing to be accepted as part of the day's work. So it was when, arriving in South Africa just after Majuba, the Royal travellers heard of the assassina-

tion of the Prince Imperial had been carried on the day of his death. They received also, in the middle of March, the belated mail which ought to have reached them in the Falkland Islands.

After the Cape came Australia, so that the Prince of Wales's visit to various places in Australia was not, as he reminded more than one audience, his first; and the next place from which their anxious parents heard news was Yokohama, where they were received by and themselves entertained the Mikado. They wrote, too, of a cruise on the Inland Sea, and next of China, where they drank their mother's health on her birthday

in the cabin of the *Ariadne* houseboat, and on Christmas Day at Hongkong. The next address from which letters were received was Singapore, and from Ceylon came enthusiastic accounts of elephant-driving. So to Suez, where the Princes had the pleasure of seeing M. de Lesseps, as their father had seen him before, and thence into Egypt, of which they were able to write that the Khedive received them with all honour; but the parents must have been amused to hear that the robust English lads were full of pity for the Egyptian Ruler's effeminate sons. Here, too, much attention was paid to them by Sir E. Malet; and then, in the Holy Land, they looked upon nearly all the scenes which their father had visited with Professor Stanley. But it is no disrespect to Canon Dalton to say that the father had the better of the sons in point of guidance, for Professor Stanley was absolutely the best guide of all the ages for a traveller in that land of sacred memories.

So, when the *Bacchante* sighted the *Osborne* off Swanage on August 5, 1882, and the signal was made that the Prince and Princess of Wales were on board the Royal yacht, a joyful meeting was at hand, and one can well imagine how father and sons compared notes about Egypt and the Holy Land, and how the Princess of Wales was eager to hear all the little personal news about her brother and his children, whom the Princes had visited in Greece on their voyage from the East to the West of the Mediterranean.

Almost at once, during a visit paid by the whole family to the Queen at Osborne, the two Princes were confirmed at Whippingham Church, and, as Archbishop Tait warned them, their courses in life were thereafter to be divided. So long as it was possible the Prince

of Wales had kept his two sons together; but now one was to be trained with the direct object of succeeding to the throne, to be sent to Cambridge and into the army; and the other was to continue his naval career.

For Prince Albert Victor there followed, after the cruise of the *Bacchante*, days in the cottage at Sandringham in which he saw much of his parents, days when he was under the care of that brilliant genius Mr. J. K. Stephen, who took care to introduce him to some of the best amongst Cambridge men whom he was likely to meet.

It was necessary the Prince of Wales should give his son the best education available, and he did so by sending him to Trinity College, Cambridge, to live not at Madingley Hall, but in College in Nevile's Court, to attend various lectures, including those of Professor Seeley on history, for which he had a distinct taste, and those of Mr. Edmund Gosse on English literature.

In this University career the King took the closest personal interest, visiting his son, and receiving his friends at luncheon, and inviting them to Sandringham on the occasion of Prince Albert Victor's majority.

Afterwards for Prince Albert Victor came travel, in India and elsewhere, military life as an officer in the 10th Hussars, public appearances, and finally his engagement. Then death, calamitous and unexpected, shattered the whole edifice which had been built up with so much of loving care, afflicting his father and mother alike with inconsolable grief. The years, indeed, seemed to have been wasted, but the record of them has been summarised to show how a wise father and mother trained their sons for high place.



THE TRAINING-SHIP "BRITANNIA"

(From a photograph by Smale, Dartmouth)



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA," 1879
(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

CHAPTER XI



IN 1865 Lord Palmerston, who had become a British institution, died of old age and was honoured with a funeral in Westminster Abbey. He had taken the liveliest interest, Sir Henry Burdett tells us, in the progress and education of the

Prince, who often consulted the veteran statesman and regarded him as one of his best friends. Almost immediately after Lord Palmerston's death the long duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, which was to embody nearly all of the political history of many years, began to be very acute. Amongst men who had

come to the fore were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Robert Cecil (Lord Salisbury), Mr. John Bright, and Mr. Robert Lowe, who made his great mark in opposing Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill. In 1865, too, and 1866 came that tremendous wave of popular excitement over the measures used by Governor Eyre in suppressing the Jamaica rebellion, of which the world was reminded suddenly some years ago when Governor Eyre died, and the general

feeling was one of surprise. He had passed out of public memory altogether, and if men thought of him at all, they thought of him as one dead. The prolongation of his life and the quietness of his later years enabled the public to form a more sane judgment of the quality of his



H.M.S. BACCHANTE

(From a photo)

acts than had been formed at the moment.

Other points of interest at the time were that the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, opened the first Parliament after Lord Palmerston's death, and the agitation over Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill, with its accompaniment of the Hyde Park riots. The Constitution has been many times more reformed since then, and the question how much the Hyde Park riots had to do with the ultimate passing of the Reform Act has now become merely academic. Very much more important is it to note that in 1866 the Atlantic Cable, after many efforts, was finally laid. It was in connection with this that the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the huge steamer *Great Eastern*, then lying at Sheerness, and it is curious to note that, whereas in those days the *Great Eastern*, after having done her great work (that of laying the Atlantic Cable), came soon to be regarded as a white elephant, because of her enormous size, and was rarely used for any purpose whatsoever, the whole tendency of modern ship-building is to make merchant ships bigger and bigger every year. The *Great Eastern* was born before her time; that was all.

The Atlantic Cable was the beginning of that indispensable circulation of news which is one of the greatest achievements of modern science, and emphatically it was an event in which the Prince of Wales of that day did well to show his eager and intelligent interest. Further, it and the tremendous



CANON DALTON
(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

exertions of Lord Durham, Sir William Molesworth and others paved the way for the grant to Canada of that new Constitution which began to be formed when Lord Granville's Bill for the Federation of the North American provinces of the British Empire had become law.

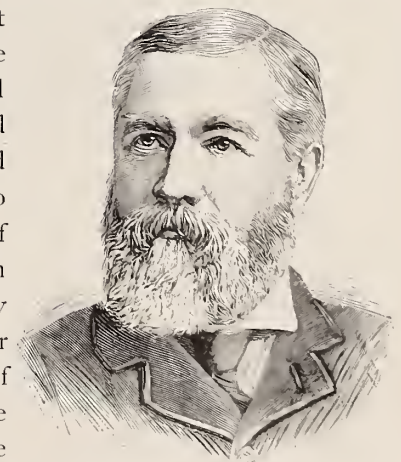


LORD CHARLES SCOTT
(From a photo)

Then it was that Ontario and Quebec, or Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick became the Dominion of Canada, into which Manitoba was admitted in 1870, British Columbia and Vancouver Island in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873.

These were, from our present point of view, the most important events of the period which is at present under consideration. At home there was abundant trouble in the shape of the Fenian movement, into which, for many and obvious reasons, it is not proposed to enter.

Interesting, too, were the Sultan's visit to England in 1877, and Napier's Abyssinian Expedition. Then 1870 was a great year, marked by the death of Dickens, for whom the Prince of Wales had always had a warm attachment; by the introduction of Mr. Foster's Education Bill, undoubtedly the most far-reaching enactment of modern times; and by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. With the colossal blunder of the third Napoleon, and its causes, and with Bismarck's triumph this work has, fortunately, no concern. What is interesting is to note that the Royal Family of England were painfully interested in many ways in the issue of the struggle. The Princess Royal, the Queen's daughter, the Prince of Wales's sister, was the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was an heroic figure in that war. The Princess of Wales—although the story is doubtless untrue that she once said laughingly that the choicest gift that could be made to her would be Bismarck's head on a charger—could hardly have failed to long for the defeat of those who had shorn her fatherland, by this time also her father's kingdom, of territory. Both the Queen and the Prince of Wales had a warm personal feeling of regard for the Emperor



MR. J. W. LAWLESS, R.N.
Naval Instructor to the Princes on board the "*Bacchante*"
(From a photo)

Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. They illustrated it afterwards by unremitting kindness to the Emperor when he was deposed, and to the Empress when she was widowed. They showed it by allowing the Prince Imperial not only to join the British Army, but even to go on active service, and by their acute sorrow when he fell in the service of his adopted country. But at the time their feelings must have been, and were, very painful.

Let us turn aside from these great events of the outer world to others, some of them partly public and partly personal, some of them purely personal and domestic, but not for that reason the less interesting. In 1865 the Prince of Wales, who already knew Ireland fairly well as a tourist and as a soldier—the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to him when he was at the Curragh will not have been forgotten—paid his first State visit to Dublin on the occasion of the opening of the International Exhibition on May 9th. It was a great municipal demonstration, in which the Lord Mayor of Dublin extended his hospitality to the Lord Mayors of London and York, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and the Mayors of Cork and Londonderry. One face, that of the Princess of Wales, was sadly missed, but the reason of her absence was apparent not long afterwards when her second son, now George V., was born.

Later in the same summer, however, the Princess, by this time the joyful mother of two sons, was able to accompany her husband to Cornwall, and to gladden the hearts of "Tre, Pol, and Pen" by descending not only underground but also

undersea into the heart of the famous Botallack Mine.

For the Princess the most interesting event of the year by a long way was the visit of her mother, the Queen of Denmark, to Sandringham. At that time the Prince of Wales was at St. Petersburg, where another of the Queen of Denmark's daughters, Princess Dagmar, was being married to the Czarewitch. But on his way he stopped at Berlin and at Potsdam, and in the "Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus

Loftus" (2nd Series: Cassell & Co., 1894) some interesting notes on the German part of the visit are recorded. At Potsdam his Royal Highness visited the new Palace, the summer residence of his eldest sister and the Crown Prince. He was received with great cordiality by the King at Babelsberg, and visited the Queen Dowager at Sans Souci. Not only did he attend a State dinner, but also he was present at the usual Sunday dinner given by the Queen Dowager to the members of the Royal Family. A pleasant and homely gathering, when you come to think of it. Lord Augustus Loftus refers in all



EDWARD VII. IN 1879
From the picture by H. von Angeli
(Published by Henry Graves & Co.)

sincerity to the exceedingly kind and affectionate interest manifested by the King of Prussia in the Prince of Wales, and to Lord Augustus Loftus's book the world is indebted for the account of the impression made upon the Prince of Wales by the festivities at St. Petersburg and of the impression made upon Lord Augustus Loftus by the Prince of Wales.

An unpleasant but fortunately harmless incident occurred on the way from St. Petersburg to Berlin, for shortly after leaving Königsberg the Royal

saloon caught fire, and the Prince was obliged to change carriages. It was in December that he received Lord Augustus Loftus, who went to "present my felicitations on the anniversary of the Princess of Wales's birthday. His Royal Highness appeared greatly to have enjoyed his trip. Nothing could exceed the kind attentions he had received from the Emperor and Empress, and Imperial Family. I may here observe that by his Royal Highness's extreme tact and amiability, by his dignified bearing and ingratiating manners, he has acquired a popularity in every country and at every Court which he has visited, which has been rarely, if ever, accorded to a Royal prince, and which in many cases has been of intrinsic value to his country."

Over 1867 it is necessary to glide very rapidly. Early in its course the Prince of Wales, albeit greatly interested in maritime affairs, declined to become Grand Master of the Trinity House, and pointed out that his naval brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, would be a far more fitting recipient of the honour. In later days the Duke of Edinburgh was succeeded by the Duke of York, and the *Ophir*, at every port during the Imperial Tour when the Duke of Cornwall and York was on board, flew two flags, which were usually misdescribed. The first of them was the Prince of Wales's Standard, which differs from the Royal Standard by having a lozenge in the middle, but was none the less commonly described as the Royal Standard; and the second was the flag of the Grand Master of Trinity House, whereas it was nearly always called the Trinity House flag, which is far less distinguished, seeing that only one personage in the world can fly the Grand Master's flag, and he is the successor in title of William IV., the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Palmerston, and of the Duke of York.

In the summer, too, came the Clerkenwell explosion, interesting to us now, not by reason of the political controversies which arose concerning it, but because the sufferers were taken to St. Bartholomew's

Hospital, of which the Prince was president, and were there visited not only by the Prince but by the Princess also.

But to the Royal Family the events of the year were the birth of Princess Alice Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, who was subsequently married to the Duke of Fife, and the subsequent and somewhat serious illness of the Princess of Wales.

1868 was the year in which the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their State visit together to Ireland, and Sir Henry Burdett records many interesting episodes of that visit. To begin with, as the late Queen, when she landed in Ireland in 1849, was presented with a white dove, so in 1868 a white dove was given to the Princess as a token of peace as soon as the Royal Yacht came to an anchor in Kingstown Harbour.

Sir Henry Burdett also notes that during the entry into Dublin there was a young Irish lady who dashed through the ranks of Guards on horseback and galloped past the Prince and Princess of Wales, exclaiming, "Oh, thank you all, I have seen them, and I shall go home happy now!" The Prince with his usual tact rose to the occasion, and took off his hat to the daring, and probably charming, intruder.

In Dublin, too, the Prince was invested with the Order of St. Patrick, with full ceremony in St.

Patrick's Cathedral. And this, it may be added from the testimony of an eye-witness, is one of the prettiest knightly ceremonies which endures to the present day. For the light blue mantle of a Knight of St. Patrick, in which I myself saw the present King invested during his well-remembered tour in Ireland, is distinctly the most picturesque robe ever worn by any layman, and almost as beautiful as the crimson vestment worn by the Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

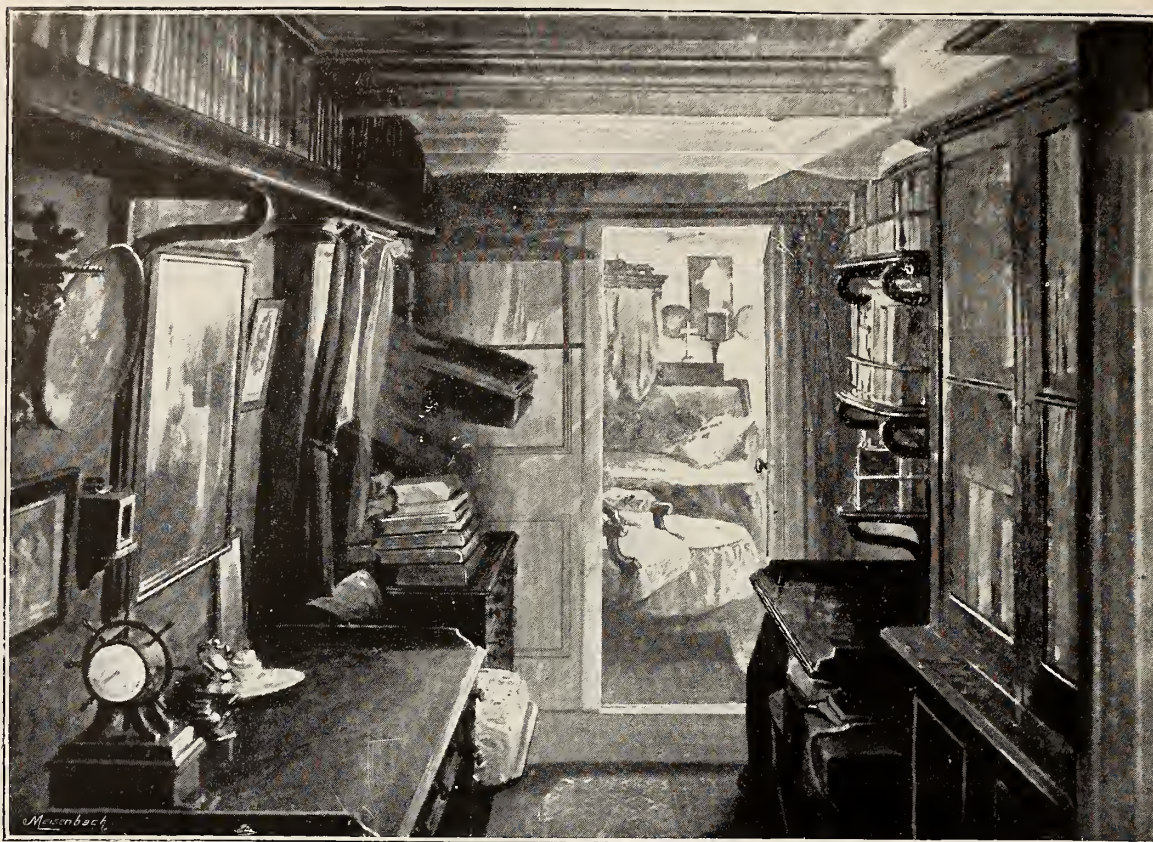
Concerning this Irish visit, a really excellent article in the *Times* has been quoted so often that there need be no hesitation in reproducing it:

"There were presentations and receptions, and



THE PRESENT KING

(From a photograph taken at Cape Town in 1880)



THE YOUNG PRINCES' CABIN ON BOARD THE "BACCHANTE"

receiving and answering addresses, processions, walking, riding and driving, in morning and evening, military, academic and mediæval attire. The Prince had to breakfast, lunch, dine and sup with more or less publicity, every twenty-four hours. He had to go twice to races, with fifty or a hundred thousand people about him ; to review a small army, and make a tour in the Wicklow Mountains, of course everywhere receiving addresses under canopies and dining in State under galleries full of spectators.

"He visited and inspected institutions, colleges universities, academies, libraries and cattle shows. He had to take a very active part in assemblies of from several hundred to several thousand dancers and always to select for his partners the most important personages. He had to introduce the statue of Burke to the wind and rain of his country. He had to listen to many speeches sufficiently to know when and what to answer. He had to examine with respectful interest pictures, books, antiquities, relics, manuscripts, specimens, bones, fossils, prize beasts and works of Irish art. He had never to be unequal to the occasion, however different from the last, and whatever his disadvantage as to the novelty or dulness of the matter and the scene."

On the whole the reception does seem to have been a good one ; but the courtly fashion of the day persuaded the chroniclers to shut their eyes to some

incidents of the Royal visit which were not so pleasant. The mass of the Irish people behaved well ; but it is a matter of common knowledge that in a few isolated instances the Princess of Wales was grossly insulted by banners and legends of the most outrageous character, exposed by excited members of the Fenian movement. It has even been said that she vowed never to set foot in Ireland again. It was on the way back from Ireland that the Prince and Princess of Wales visited North Wales, one of the most appropriate places touched at being Carnarvon Castle, which was inspected under the guidance of the late Sir Llewelyn Turner of Parkia, the learned and enthusiastic Deputy Constable of the Castle. With him the Royal travellers inspected the traditional birthplace of the first Prince of Wales, and later, in July, 1894, he performed the like pleasure and duty in showing the beauties of the Castle to Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, who sent him their portraits.

In November began one of the most interesting journeys ever undertaken by the Prince and Princess of Wales, in the form of a tour in the Mediterranean, and through Egypt and Palestine, which lasted until May of the following year. H.M.S. *Ariadne* was fitted out for the accommodation of the Royal tourists during this trip, a large glass structure being built on deck, so that the man-of-war was altered

beyond recognition. I have been fortunate enough to meet a middle-aged naval officer of to-day who, as a sub-lieutenant in the *Ariadne* on this occasion, remembers with pleasure the gracious manner of the Prince and Princess when the officers dined with them in rotation, as the officers of the *Ophir* did with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and he recalls a little incident which has not been reported publicly before. It involved an escape of the Princess by only a few minutes from serious injury at least; for on the way back from Egypt the *Ariadne* put into Constantinople, and just after the Princess had left the ship there was a collision which brought the whole glass structure down with a run.

In Egypt the Royal party were in charge of Sir Samuel Baker, than whom no better cicerone could have been found, and the vessel in which they went up the Nile carried also Prince Louis of Battenberg, then a midshipman of the *Ariadne*, between whom and Edward VII. there had always been a close friendship. Perhaps the most interesting event of the Egyptian portion of the tour was a fancy ball at Ismailia, attended by the Prince and Princess, and following upon a dinner given by Monsieur de Lesseps to the visitors and the officers of the Suez Canal Company. It was in the course of this ball, Messrs. Douglas Murray and White tell us ("Sir Samuel Baker — a Memoir": Macmillan, 1895), that the Khedive started his idea of nominating Sir Samuel Baker as the commander of an anti-slave trade expedition on the White Nile; and it is clear from the book of Dr. W. H. Russell that the "final arrangement was entirely due to the Prince of Wales, who highly approved the expedition, and suggested the conditions of service, which the Viceroy proposed to Sir Samuel Baker."

The whole Egyptian expedition was entirely successful, not only by reason of the gorgeous entertainments given by the

Khedive, but also because the Royal wanderers saw more of Mohammedan customs than the Prince himself had seen on a previous occasion. He, of course, was travelling over old ground, and he was tracing past steps again also in the Holy Land.

On the return journey the Crimea was visited, and there the Royal party had the advantage of the guidance of Russell, whose authority in matters connected with the Crimea was equal to that of Stanley on Palestine. There is preserved at Sandringham a rusted revolver which Queen Alexandra picked up on this occasion. Then a visit to Athens and the King of the Hellenes, the Princess of Wales's brother, was keenly enjoyed, and the memory of it is still grateful to the naval officers who were present. Also, the Prince of Wales, always a first-rate shot, had some capital sport with the Albanian wild boars.

The next great and long event of importance which requires to be chronicled is the Prince's illness of 1871. It was in November of that year that Princess Alice, writing to the Queen, descanted upon the happiness of a birthday party at Sandringham. Very shortly after that the Prince and Lord Chesterfield paid a visit to Lord Londesborough (the Prince being attended by a groom named Blegge), and subsequently the Prince went to the house of his familiar friend

Lord Carrington, at Gayhurst. He had hardly got back to Sandringham when typhoid fever made him its victim, and for the next few weeks the nation was sick with anxiety, and Doctors Jenner, Gull, Clayton, and Lowe were in constant attendance. It is hardly necessary at this distance of time to follow the dangerous malady through all its courses. Interesting is it rather to take from a source not commonly quoted an impression of the state of public opinion and public feeling during these terrible days. Lord Augustus Loftus writes:

"On leaving Baden we went to London. We arrived at the time of the grave illness of the Prince of Wales, and I was obliged to defer my departure



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1880

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

for St. Petersburg until the Queen was able to grant me an audience. It was a most anxious moment, for the Prince's life hung on a thread. All classes of the nation were shrouded in gloom and anxiety: crowds gathered round the telegraph-offices till late in the night to learn the last bulletin, and everywhere the deepest interest and sympathy were manifested. Prayers were offered up in all the churches for the Prince. Those prayers were graciously answered by the Almighty Ruler of events, and the life of the Prince was mercifully spared to the nation. It is on such occasions that the innate loyalty of the British nation is instinctively shown, and it was never more expressively evinced than during the illness of

quite amusing. It happened that the Pope Pius IX. offered special intercession for the recovery of the Prince, and a pious Roman Catholic asked Sir William Gull whether it was not the fact that the Prince's turn for the better exactly synchronised with the intercession of his Holiness. "Certainly," replied the great physician, "but his Holiness took very good care to make the intercession on the twenty-first day." Now, as everybody knows, typhoid fever runs in seven-day periods.

The Prince was nursed throughout by the Princess of Wales and by Princess Alice, and the Queen herself stayed at Sandringham from the 29th of November.

Fortunately, by Christmas there was room for



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCESS LOUISE, 1880

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)



PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS MAUD in 1880

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

the Prince, which had called forth the deepest sympathy, not only in the vast dominions of the Queen, but throughout the world at large. His popularity was universal, and by his gracious, genial, and winning manners, and his consummate tact, he won the hearts of all who approached him."

The story that the Prince of Wales was in a critical state and that he asked for a glass of beer, which was permitted to be given to him, in the despairing consciousness that he was in such a condition that nothing could do him any harm, must, it is to be feared, be dismissed as apocryphal. On the other hand, there is a little-known true story which is

distinct hope, and the last bulletin was issued on the 14th of January. The unlucky groom, however, who also caught the malady, died, being visited by the Princess, in spite of her own anxiety on his death-bed; and Lord Chesterfield died also. But the life of the Prince of Wales was mercifully preserved, and by universal consent it was determined that the joy and gratitude of the nation should be expressed by a thanksgiving service. That service itself, and the procession through London to St. Paul's, is too great a matter to be disposed of at the end of a chapter by one who was himself a witness and participator in it.



A ROYAL GROUP IN 1881

(From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight)

CHAPTER XII

"Bear witness, that rememberable day,
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince
Who scarce had plucked his flickering life again
From half-way down the shadow of the grave,
Past thro' the people and their love,
And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
Her trebled millions and loud leagues of man."



THOSE who have read the foregoing chapters will remember numerous passages which leave no doubt that in matters connected with religion Edward VII. was inspired by earnest feeling. His confidences to Dean Stanley

during the Eastern tour, his invitation to Stanley to be present at Sandringham on the following Easter day, his regularity in observing all family anniversaries leave no room for doubt upon this point. The matter is one upon which it is necessary to speak with some frankness. All the world knows that Edward VII. was not puritanically strait-laced, that he enjoyed the theatre, the turf, and even a quiet game of cards in the same way as any other man. In other words, he had good spirits and abundant vitality; and perhaps one of the reasons why he was best beloved by his people—he was certainly the most popular Sovereign who ever occupied the throne of Great Britain—is that we all felt that he was a

man like ourselves, by no means free from failings, given to amusement in its right place, but also capable of profound earnestness and deep religious feeling on a proper occasion. This was exemplified in a marked manner after his recovery from illness. That there should be a public thanksgiving was almost in the nature of things. It would have been strange, indeed, if after all the prayers that had been offered, all the intercession that had been made, an opportunity had not been provided to the people for giving thanks in their thousands. Of the ceremonial which necessarily accompanied that thanksgiving, the Prince, as he was then, his mother and his consort were naturally the principal figures.

But half the world has forgotten—and a great part of it never knew—that the "rememberable day" at

St. Paul's was not the only occasion seized by the Prince and Princess of Wales for thanksgiving for signal mercies, apart altogether from their private devotions. It was Dean Stanley who suggested that the Prince and Princess should attend a private thanksgiving service in the Abbey, together with the Crown Prince of Denmark. It was Stanley himself who met them at the west door, conducted the brief service, and preached, his text being, "I was glad when they said unto me: we will go into the House of the Lord," and he himself records of it: "It was one of those



EDWARD VII. IN 1882

(From the picture by H. J. Brooks, published by Henry Graves & Co.)

rare occasions on which I was able to say all that I wished to say."

Then, on the 27th of February, the Prince and Princess, and Queen, and many thousands of people did, indeed, go into the house of the Lord, that is to say, into St. Paul's Cathedral, which, more completely even than Westminster itself, is the shrine of English history. It was, indeed, a great day. The correspondent of the *Gaulois* had written a little time before: "This England, which we are told is ready to become a Republic, which was accused of despising its Princes, and of having got rid of its old-fashioned ideas of loyalty — come and see it to-day in its grief and be instructed." He might have written it with even more effect concerning the day of thanksgiving, which, as Sir Henry Burdett wisely observes, was not less instructive to the English people than it was to foreigners, for it taught them how warm a place in their hearts was held by the Prince, whom they had been by no means unready to criticise upon minor points.

The procession was a great one; the route from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's, by way of the Strand and Fleet Street and back by Holborn and Oxford Street, was of very considerable length—nearly seven miles in fact. Every inch of it was decorated; every pavement and every window and available house-top was crammed. Perhaps the prettiest moment of the whole was when the head of the procession came in view of Temple Bar, which, whatever its inconveniences may have been, was at any rate far more worthy to mark the entrance to the City than the nondescript heraldic beast which now defines the limits of the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor.

To calculate the exact numbers of the crowds was

a task beyond the powers of those who were not disposed to speak rashly; and it may be said generally that all estimates of the numbers of vast masses of people are rough and untrustworthy. All that men could say confidently and accurately was that they shrank from the attempt to calculate what was, after all, innumerable, and that since the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington there had been no crowd in London comparable to it.

From all parts of the country people came flocking to London by the thousand. Yet in all parts of the country also there were ceremonies at men's own doors. Such ceremonies there were at Aldershot, Bath, Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Cardiff, Carlisle, Chatham, at Dover, Durham, Gloucester, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Lincoln, Liverpool, Lynn and Sandringham, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oxford, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Reading, Sheffield, Windsor, Wolverhampton, Worcester, York, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, St. Andrews and Jersey, to mention a few instances.

In the colonies also there were similar demonstrations; yet in spite of it all there was this huge and heaving crowd, a

crowd of which not the least interesting part was a large contingent of Public School-boys brought up to London for the purpose. Sailors were there, too, as well as soldiers, and mention has been made before of the fact that the position of the Naval Brigade at St. Paul's, and on the right of the line, was due to the exertions of him who was afterwards Sir George Tryon and of Lord Goschen, then Mr. Goschen, who was his official chief. This was after a hard fight with both the Court and military authorities, the latter under the direction of Prince Edward



H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, DUKE OF CLARENCE, IN 1890

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

of Saxe-Weimar and Lord Lucan, who desired first of all to place the blue-jackets in the square in front of Buckingham Palace, and later in Trafalgar Square as being particularly appropriate for seamen ; but Captain Tryon and Mr. Goschen were firm, and their firmness was not less popular with the general public than in the Navy. The *Times* wrote: "They are our men, we do not often see them, but we love them and are proud of them."

that these opportunities of seeing and hearing children, and of letting them see, have never been missed.

It was, indeed, a magnificent procession which passed along this seven-mile route amidst avenues of people and an incessant roar of cheering which rent the air. It was headed by the Speaker "in his ponderous coach drawn by still more ponderous horses with running footmen." It included all sorts of other notabilities, and no less than nine Royal carriages.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1865

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

Another little point worth noting is that, as in providing for the representation of the Public Schools the opportunity of impressing young minds of the higher class was not lost, so by the assemblage of 30,000 children in the Green Park, who sang the National Anthem as the Royal carriages passed by, the minds of a young generation of the more humbly born were also impressed ; and it will be found in reading the accounts of great ceremonials in which Royal personages, particularly Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary, have taken part during recent years,

But it was upon the last of the carriages that all attention was concentrated, for in it were Queen Victoria, of whom the people had seen little of late, with bands of white ermine relieving the sombre blackness of her velvet dress, and the Princess of Wales and the Prince of Wales in the uniform of a General, wearing the collar of the Garter, and Prince Albert Victor, and Princess Beatrice, then quite a young child.

The clock struck one as the Royal Party were received at the west door by the Cathedral staff, and



THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL, 1865

(From an engraving by D. J. Pound)

THE LATE LORD SALISBURY, 1865

(From a photo by John Watkins)

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, 1865

(From a photo by John Watkins)

they then proceeded to the special pew, the Queen leaning upon the arm of the Prince of Wales: and the contemporary report in the *Times* notes, as has been so often noted since on similar occasions, that there was a burst of sunlight just as the Queen took her place.

No less than 13,000 people were present in the Cathedral for the brief service. Those 13,000 may be taken to be all that St. Paul's will hold, even at the greatest pressure, for crowds had waited patiently through the night for the doors to be opened; and fully three times as many as could get in failed to obtain admission. Amongst that congregation were comprised numerous ambassadors and representatives of foreign Powers, all the leading statesmen of the day, including Mr. Gladstone, who was in office, and Mr. Disraeli, who was not, 14 dukes, 8 duchesses, 16 marquises, 22 marchionesses, and more than half a hundred peers and peeresses—an almost unexampled gathering. The service included a “Te Deum” specially composed by Mr. Goss, afterwards Sir John Goss, who indeed composed the whole of the Thanksgiving Service, as he had already composed the anthem, “If we Believe,” for the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. The new organ, though not quite finished, answered all expectations, and the choir of 250 picked voices from cathedrals and chapels all through the kingdom produced a wonderful effect. But more impressive still was the death-like silence which followed upon the special words inserted in the General Thanksgiving:

“Particularly to Albert Edward Prince of Wales who desires now to

offer up his praises and thanksgiving for Thy late mercies vouchsafed to him.” Of this the *Times* says: “With the last word the reader’s voice stopped, and the perfect pause of a few moments, almost awful in its intensity, was the point at which the sublimity of the service culminated and reached its highest and intensest expression.” The Archbishop of Canterbury preached upon the text, “Every one members one of another” (Romans xii. 5), and a special hymn written by Mr. Stone, a London clergyman, was sung to Wesley’s “Aurelia.” One verse of the four it contained is worth quoting perhaps:

“Forth went the nation weeping
With precious seed of prayer,
Hope’s awful vigil keeping
’Mid rumours of despair;
Then did Thy love deliver,
And from Thy gracious hand,
Joy, like the Southern river,
O’erflowed the weary land.”

So ended the great service, and then came the return journey, upon which the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen preceded the Royal procession to the boundary of the City. Then all was over except shouting, of which there was a great deal, and illuminations, which were good of their kind, though England as a rule does not excel in this direction; and on the morrow came the reckoning-up of the bill of accidents, which was a very long one, for a grand stand collapsed in the vicinity of Marlborough House, and there were so many accidents in the streets that the bare enumeration of them consumed a column of the *Times*. This chapter may well close



GOVERNOR EYRE IN 1865

(From a photo by H. Hering)

with the peculiarly happy letter which the Queen wrote to Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister :

“BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

January 29th, 1872.

“The Queen is anxious, as on a previous occasion, to express publicly her own personal very deep sense of the reception she and her dear children met with on Tuesday, February 27th, from millions of her subjects, on her way to and from St. Paul’s.

“Words are too weak for the Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited

towards her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the capital, and she would earnestly wish to convey her warmest and most heartfelt thanks to the whole nation for this great demonstration of loyalty.

“The Queen, as well as her son and dear daughter-in-law, felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for sparing the beloved Prince of Wales’s life.

“The remembrance of this day, and of the remarkable order maintained throughout, will forever be affectionately remembered by the Queen and her family.”



EDWARD VII. VISITING THE "GREAT EASTERN" TO INSPECT THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, 1865

(From an engraving)

CHAPTER XIII



O amount of thanksgiving, however, could restore the heir-apparent to complete health and vigour after his wasting illness, and accordingly, as soon as he was deemed strong enough to travel, the Prince set out upon an all-too-brief Continental tour in quest of strength and rest. If anyone ever deserved a holiday it was the Prince of Wales of that day; but the period that he allowed himself for convalescence was in its duration out of all proportion to the needs of the case.

That stern sense of duty which was, perhaps, the most marked feature of his character quickly drew him back to England, where we find him once more plunging into the round of public duties—a round which had only been broken off by his illness—his first public act, a few days after his return, being the laying of the foundation stone of some new buildings in connection with a children's hospital. On this occasion the Prince was, of course, accompanied by the Princess, who has ever been a friend of poor children. The Railway Benevolent Institution, too, was one of the charities which the Prince, as well by his attendance at the annual meeting as in another way, was at this time able to help forward to no small extent. As President also of the English Commission of the Vienna Exhibition his Royal Highness was far from being merely the titular representative of British manufacturers, for, as the Irishman said, "no figure-head was ever so worked to death."

The following year (1874) was an equally busy one. It saw, to begin with, Sir Garnet Wolseley's operations in Ashantee brought to a

quick and brilliantly successful conclusion, and, amid the immense enthusiasm which the conduct of our troops in that trying climate aroused, the Prince was not behindhand to welcome the principal officers on their return to England. Then another interesting event must not be

missed. On the Grand Night of Trinity Term the Prince, robed as a Q.C., and wearing the ribbon of the Garter, dined in the Hall of the Middle Temple, of which he had been made a Bencher a dozen years previously. On this occasion, Sir Henry Burdett notes, his Royal Highness remarked that, though he was genuinely appreciative of the honour attaching to his membership, he none the less considered it a good thing for the profession and the public that he had never been called to the Bar, "to which I would



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)

never have been an ornament." We make bold to state that had Edward VII. been born to a lowlier station in life there are few professions in which he could not have made a considerable mark, not by dint of genius, but of that rarest of gifts, common sense. In 1874, too, for the first time in his life, his Royal Highness paid a visit to Birmingham, in the Mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. On this occasion their Royal Highnesses—for the Princess accompanied her husband—stayed with Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor, Tamworth.

It had been the wish of the Prince of Wales, as he himself afterwards explained



PRINCE BISMARCK

in the course of a speech delivered in Bombay, to visit India, and to see the British Empire in the East as it really was. The idea, it is thought, originally emanated from Lord Canning, who, when Viceroy, suggested to the Prince Consort that such a visit might well form a part of the heir-apparent's education, but it was not until the winter of this year (1874) that a suggestion was put forward favouring an Indian tour in the following autumn. Persons of all ranks felt that the Prince was fully entitled to a respite from public ceremonial, but if he himself had any such thought, his anticipations were scarcely justified in the sequel, for ceremony in India, as all know, is carried to incredible lengths, and the Prince could not afford to dispense with it altogether. No doubt he took comfort in the fact that a change of work is the next best thing to a rest.

But still there were difficulties. His Royal Highness worked so hard at his public duties that his absence from England, even for a half-year, would be felt seriously, and though one can hardly bring one's self to believe that this fact could have been seriously considered as an obstacle to the tour, there

is evidence that only the Prince's direct insistence turned the scale of opinion in favour of the journey.



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRINCE IMPERIAL, 1879

On March 16, 1875, Lord Salisbury officially announced the project to the Council of India, who loyally passed a resolution that the cost should be charged to the revenue of India. A little later their loyalty was qualified by the determination that only the actual cost in *India* should be paid by India.

Now came the question, by no means to be dealt with summarily, of the choice of an appropriate suite. There were, in this matter, many considerations to be weighed, and they may be summed up tersely in this sentence—the names most familiar in the United Kingdom

were not necessarily known at all in India. The *Times* announced very early that Sir Bartle Frere would go out at the Prince's express wish, and this forecast was quickly proved accurate. Into the various reasons why such and such a member was added to the suite it would take too long to enter here. Suffice it to say that the utmost care and deliberation accompanied such selection.

The choice of Sir Bartle Frere was undoubtedly one of the happiest that could have been made. His



THE RECOVERY OF THE BODY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE VALLEY OF ILYOTOZI, 1879

biographer ("Life of Sir Bartle Frere," by John Martineau. London: John Murray, 1895) writes:

"Frere seems to have been at once fixed upon, by common consent, as the man who was best fitted, for social and political reasons, to undertake the direction and management of the tour, the effect of which upon the people of India would depend so much upon knowledge of native institutions, character, susceptibilities, and upon sympathy and tact in dealing with them.

"Some, indeed, wondered if a man of his distinc-

feble, or has vanished altogether except as an historical commemoration. It requires an effort of the imagination to realise that—like the act of homage done in public to the liege lord in the feudal ages of Europe—the regulated splendours and ceremonies of an Indian Durbar still constitute a recognition, a symbol, and a picture of existing fact, and an indication of the source and degrees of authority, which have a practical effect and influence on the minds of those who witness them. 'The event of the Prince's coming,' writes Lord Napier of Magdala, 'is a great one for our prestige in India. It is a want



EDWARD VII. OPENING THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865

(From an engraving)

tion, and who had completed his sixtieth year, would consent to forego his hard-earned repose for so arduous and harassing an office. But he did not hesitate. It had long been his desire that Royalty should be seen in the flesh by the people of India. The Eastern mind, he had often pointed out, seeks for a visible chief on whom to bestow its allegiance, and cannot rest on the idea of power latent in a Code or a Constitution. 'Who is my lord and master?' not 'By what rules and laws am I to be governed?' is the question that is asked. In modern European life the significance of pageants has become faint and

that has been unfulfilled since the time of the best Moguls. The shadow of it rests in the mind of the old Zemindar, who holds with pride the family Sunnud given by Akbar.'

"Frere drew up the plan of the tour, communicated with the authorities at the places to be visited, and was consulted or referred to as to all the arrangements, great and small, which had to be made. The six or seven months before the start for India were a time of continual interviewing and letter-writing. The Admiralty fitted out the large troopship *Scrapis* for the voyage. The Indian Government were to pay the

travelling expenses in India. The House of Commons passed a vote of sixty thousand pounds for the personal expenses of the Prince and his suite, notwithstanding the opposition of some members who were unable to perceive that the tour was to have any more significance or effect than a magnified Lord Mayor's Show, and some of whom took especial exception to any part of the expense being borne by India.

"This sum of sixty thousand pounds Frere, who would have to make it suffice, and was to be responsible for the way in which it was to be spent, pronounced to be inadequate. Unless the amount was increased to something like a hundred thousand pounds the Prince would be unable to give presents, according to indispensable custom, suitable to his rank and to the occasion. Old Indian officials, when consulted, expressed their agreement with him."

If Frere did not quite carry his point, he carried it in part, and it was upon his shoulders that fell the difficulty of arranging for the special correspondents and all the thousand and one harassing details of the tour. To that much-abused man, whose virtues were never really appreciated until after he was dead, belongs, therefore, much of the credit for the success of the expedition.

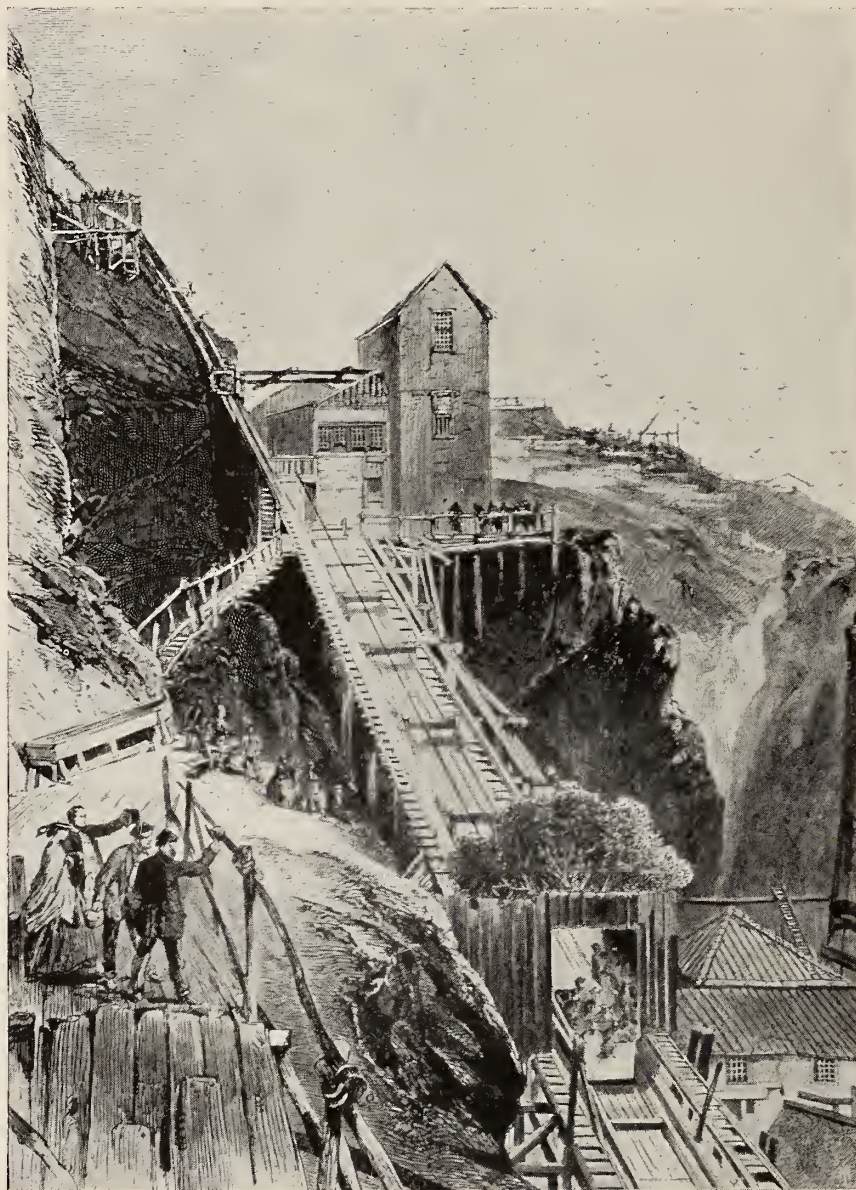
The suite was finally composed as follows: Sir Bartle Frere, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Suffield,

Colonel Ellis (to whom, with Sir Bartle Frere, fell the delicate task of giving presents, for which Parliament eventually, and under pressure from him, allowed £60,000, in considering the financial side of the tour), Major-General Probyn, V.C., Mr. Francis Knollys, Lord Alfred Paget, the Reverend Canon Duckworth (chaplain), Dr. Fayrer (physician), with Lord Ayles-

ford, Lord Carrington, Colonel Owen Williams Lieut. Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., Lieut. Fitzgeorge, Mr. S. P. Hall, M.A. (artist), who also went on the *Ophir* tour, Mr. Albert Gray (Private Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere), and Dr. Russell (Hon. Private Secretary to the Prince). And here it is convenient to mention, in relation to the expenses of this tour, that the Admiralty claimed £52,000 for "movement of ships, &c.," and that £30,000 was the sum estimated to be charged to the Indian Budget for "hospitality."

The Princess at first decided to accompany the Prince, but

as the day of departure drew near her Royal Highness shrank from leaving her children for so long a time, and at last, at Calais, she turned back. Queen Victoria was at Balmoral when her son set out. On Sunday, October 10, Dean Stanley had preached an eloquent sermon in the Abbey, referring to "those distant regions which the greatest of his (the Prince's) ancestors, Alfred the Great, so ardently longed to explore"; the Prince of Wales had lunched quietly



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA DESCENDING THE BOTALLACK TIN MINE, CORNWALL

(From an engraving)

with his brothers, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught; and in the evening there had been a farewell dinner at Marlborough House. Then, on the following day, the Prince of Wales left Charing Cross for Dover. The train was stopped at Ashford, where the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught said farewell to their brother, and at 10 P.M. that evening three rockets announced that the heir-apparent had left our shores. The Princess early the following morning parted from her husband, who proceeded to Paris, where, quite by chance, he encountered the President, Marshal Macmahon, at the Nord Railway Station. In Paris the Prince remained *incognito*, and later continued his way *viâ* Turin, Bologna, and Ancona to Brindisi.

And here the tour may really be held to have begun; for it was at Brindisi that the Prince was met by the *Serapis*, the specially chartered and fitted Indian troopship that was, with a few short intervals, so long to be his home. It was the ship, too, that he loved so well that some of its furniture is still preserved in the *Serapis* room at Sandringham. But, whether Brindisi be considered as a mere stage of the journey, or as its starting-point, there was nothing lacking in the way of welcome or display. The town was profusely decorated, and in the harbour the Italian men-of-war *Castel Fidardo* and *Reina Maria Pia*, H. M. S. *Hercules* and *Pallas*, the Royal yacht *Osborne*, and a number of foreign vessels were dressed with flags. The Prince was met by prefettos and sotto-prefettos, members of British and foreign legations, the

Italian Minister of Marine, and a host of other officials, whilst the ships in the harbour bellowed forth

Royal salutes with deafening persistency. It was all very gorgeous and ceremonially satisfying, but as the same or a similar state of affairs prevailed at every halting-place throughout the tour, the Prince must have felt (though he would have been the last person in the world to show that he felt) the monotony of the proceedings not a little.

The entrance to the Piræus is far better suited to an ancient trireme than a modern troopship, and the difficulties of navigation in these narrow waters were exemplified when the time came for the Royal flotilla to anchor. Whilst the *Serapis's* starboard anchor was being let go, the

chain cable snapped, and the anchor went to the bottom—"unattended." A similar fate befell the port-side anchor. Now, the *Serapis* had blown off steam, and, drifting, carried away the bowsprit of the Greek Royal yacht *Amphitrite*. Further damage seemed imminent, but was averted by the prompt action of those on board a Russian sloop, who carried a warp to the *Osborne*, which towed the *Serapis* back to her right position in the harbour.

This exciting interlude over, the Prince of Wales was visited on board the *Serapis* by his brother-in-law, the King of the Hellenes, who, in turn, was followed by British, American, Russian, Turkish, and Austrian officers.

That the Princess of Wales was left behind was naturally a source of keen regret to the King and Queen of the Hellenes, who with their



WILLIAM I. KING OF PRUSSIA

(From a photograph)



EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE HOUSE OF DETENTION, CLERKENWELL

(From an engraving)

family, the Duke of Sparta, Prince George, Princess Alexandra and Prince Nicholas, were delighted that the Prince could spare time to visit them on his way to the East. An excursion was formed to Tattor, which, looking like a large Swiss chalet, forms the King's country house. There his Majesty, in true hospitality, pressed the Prince to taste some Resino, a locally grown wine, but the latter cautiously allowed some members of his suite the first glass, and from what he saw of their faces decided to put off the experiment. Then came a large and representative

Commander Wemyss, were a great feature. With such amusements, together with quoits, pistol practice, and so forth, the hours passed till Port Said was reached. About this time an amusing entry in Dr. Russell's diary records that Dr. Fayrer was forced to restrain the "generous energy of the French *chef*. Hot dishes at breakfast reduced to two. Lunch attendance optional, and three courses at least to be struck off dinner."

Port Said was really little more than a repetition of Brindisi. There was bunting and booming of



THE GRAND MASTER INVESTING EDWARD VII. WITH THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, 1868

(From an engraving)

gathering at a State banquet, a lavish distribution of the Order of the Redeemer, and a State leave-taking. All dangers as regards navigation were not over, it would seem, for in leaving the *Serapis* nearly came into collision with a French ship in the narrows.

En route to Egypt perfect weather prevailed, so that deck-tennis became possible, whilst the evenings were beguiled by performances in the "Theatre Royal, Serapis": Stage Manager, the 1st Lieutenant. In this respect, it may be noted, the cruise of the *Serapis* closely resembled that of the *Ophir* at a later date, when dramatic entertainments, organised by

guns *ad nauseam*; Princes Tewfik, Hassein, and Hassan in gorgeous raiment, accompanied by equally splendid officers of the Khedive's Court, came on board the *Serapis*, and later the Prince of Wales, wearing an Indian helmet and plume, blue frock-coat, and white duck trousers, repaid the visit by boarding the Egyptian yacht *Mahsa*. All light baggage was now shifted over to the faithful *Osborne*, and in the Royal yacht the Prince travelled through the Canal. The occasion was memorable from the fact that no Royal personage had passed up the Canal since its opening by the Empress Eugénie.

From Ismailia (which was not entirely new to the Prince, for he had visited it once before in the company of M. de Lesseps), the journey was continued by train to Cairo, where, after a grand reception at the railway station, quarters were assigned to the Prince in the Gezireh Palace. Whether any comfort was to be obtained there, in spite of the "magnificent modern furniture" with which the Palace was garnished, is doubtful, for the chronicler records that "if mosquitoes were out of season, other things were in." Though entertained at State luncheons and dinners, the Prince of Wales was like many an ordinary tourist in one respect—he was unable to resist the attractions of a donkey ride. Later, the Prince invested the Khedive's eldest son with the Order of the Star of India, and in the evening the Pyramids were illuminated — a truly magnificent spectacle.

The journey back to Suez was uneventful as Royal progresses go, and no amount of forethought could do away with the utter discomfort of a passage down the Red Sea to Aden, with the water, as usual, hotter than the air.

The polyglot community of this lonely and sun-baked outpost made a brave show of decoration, so far as their means allowed. Some wit had adorned the garrison slaughter-house with the words: "*Moriturus te salutant*" ("Those who are going to die salute thee"), whilst another "decoration" was formed of a pile of champagne bottles with the toast, inscribed over them, "Thirsty Aden drinks to thee."

Here, too, the Prince held his first *levée* in his Indian dominions, at which, though every official of every department attended, chiefest interest centred round the Arab chiefs themselves. The Sultan of Lahej, a person of some importance, was presented with one of the medals specially struck for the tour, and a gold ring inscribed "A. E." He it was who

was so disappointed at not being permitted to enter Aden with one hundred men, the reason for the refusal being that no one quite knew what form his loyalty might take. He dated his application for this permission "18 Ramzan, 1292."

But, interesting as it would be to record many such details, space is scarce, and there are many miles yet to cover. Bombay was reached in a week, and a dozen British men-of-war thundered their welcome to the *Serapis* as she steamed between the two lines in which they were drawn up. Soon the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, put off to greet the Prince, whose tact, as everyone might have anticipated, saved the situation in regard to the difficult question of precedence. The Prince stayed at Parell, the Viceregal residence, and hot and trying as he found all ceremonial in this climate, everything passed off to general satisfaction. How great an ordeal was the *levée* on the next day, only those who understand native Indian ideas of ceremonial and hospitality can fully appreciate. It is believed that there was never before such a gathering of princes in Western India as on that occasion, whilst the roll of minor notabilities was a very



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA WITH THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, PRINCE GEORGE, AND THE DUCHESS OF FIFE, 1867

(Photo by Russell & Sons)

long one. Amongst the Prince's visitors were the then representative of the House of Oodeypore, who boasted the longest pedigree in the world and the bluest blood, and the young Gaekwar of Baroda. Notwithstanding the fatigue incurred by the long reception he had accorded, the Prince was prepared in the evening to visit the Caves of Elephanta, and later still to view a display of fireworks and a procession of boats. Unconquerable energy was always one of his most marked characteristics.

It was at this time that grave doubts arose as to the possibility of the Prince of Wales ever going to the South, where rumours had it that cholera was rampant; for a case of cholera was actually discovered on board



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE UPPER CASTLE YARD, CARNARVON CASTLE, 1868

(From a drawing by C. Robinson)

the *Serapis*, and caused no small uneasiness. Eventually—albeit with so much depending on the decision there was small time for consideration—it was arranged that the Prince should next visit Baroda. So thither he went, travelling by way of Poonah, where he made a short stay, and had some sport of an indifferent kind; for, whereas the deer-stalking was a failure for lack of game, the shikar party organised for his amusement, when his Royal Highness was conveyed on an ox-cart, occasioned the use of cheetahs, and this form of sport appealed to the Prince no more than it does to the average European.

Pig-sticking, however, was a great success, and the Prince “got his spear” by killing a pig. Before leaving this neighbourhood his Royal Highness accepted the invitation of the 9th Native Infantry to dine with them, and he enjoyed this unique experience very much. On his return to Bombay, colours were presented to the Marine Battalion of 2,400 men, whose old colours are now on the walls of Sandringham. The Prince, who by now had received over 400 presents—

tissues, brocades, gold, silver, jewellery with every kind of metal and armoury—then embarked for Goa to visit the Portuguese Governor. Here his stay was short but instructive, and the *Serapis* now proceeded on her way to Colombo.

For his State reception in Ceylon the Prince was attired as a Field-Marshal, with, of course, modifications to suit the climate. On the arrival of the *Serapis*, once the inevitable addresses had been duly presented and gracefully answered, the Prince, as the best means of showing himself to his future Cingalese subjects, took a long drive round the town and its environs,

returning in time for a State banquet on board ship. The next day came a journey to Kandy under the charge of Governor Gregory, and this expedition gains added interest from the fact that King George V. took an almost similar journey in 1901. He, too, as his father before him, was treated to the sight of “devil-dancing,” and the chiefs and Buddhist priests were as friendly in 1901 as they were in 1875. His father was also shown specimens of teas and coffees, and before depart-



SIR SAMUEL BAKER

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)

ing for the Coast planted a small shoot of the Peepul—the Bo-tree or *figus religiosus*—to commemorate his visit, which was further marked by the bestowal of a knighthood upon the Governor and a shower of smaller distinctions for the lesser lights of the Ceylon Administration, whilst to the native “somebodies” commemoration medals of gold and silver gave unbounded satisfaction. On the return journey—or perhaps it should be written, as an interlude before returning—the Prince and some members of his suite enjoyed much good sport, both with buffalo and deer, at the expense of several drenchings by rain. The Prince also had the good fortune to take part in a successful elephant drive, in which one beast fell to his rifle amid a burst of European and native cheers. According to custom, his Royal Highness cut off the tail.

Back again at Colombo once more, the foundation-stone of the new breakwater had to be laid, and a farewell dinner to be given.

The Prince landed at several places on the eastern shore of Ceylon and the Coromandel coast during his

passage to Madras, but owing to the prevalence of fever any inland excursion was quite out of the question. As it was, two native policemen at Madura died of cholera one night, within a stone’s-throw of the Prince’s quarters.

To mention even the names of some of the dignitaries who received kindnesses from the Prince, and departed to their palaces laden with presents and good wishes, would convey but small meaning to many. It will, consequently, be enough to say that by far the greater part of the present-giving took place in this part of the tour, whilst, in turn, many purchases of specimens of every kind of native craftsmanship were made.

The Duke of Buckingham was Governor of Madras at this time, and he saw to it that the Prince’s welcome was worthy. He it was who contrived that during all processions—and wherever possible on other State occasions too—the Prince should be beneath a golden umbrella. It must be remembered that many millions of those who came



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN EGYPT, 1869

Procession of the Holy Carpet at Cairo

(From an engraving)



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S VISIT TO EGYPT, 1869

The Palace at Esbekieh, Cairo

(From an engraving)

to see the Prince of Wales now had never seen him before, and it may easily be realised that, without some such simple scheme, the natives of Madras would have had as much difficulty in recognising their future Sovereign as we in England have in distinguishing native princes, one from another, in our own streets. The Prince, after being present at a banquet and a *levée*, found a little relaxation—not a great deal, perhaps, owing to various causes—at the races in Guindy Park, just outside Madras city. It was at one time feared that Madras would be the last place the Prince would be able to visit; for “the Sick Man” was again giving trouble, and complications with Russia rendered the Prince’s immediate return almost a certainty. The political atmosphere clearing, however, the Prince was enabled to continue his pilgrimage another stage, and to visit Calcutta. He was, indeed, in Calcutta during Christmas week, and it is superfluous to say that the festivities were extraordinarily brilliant. Here, again, the Prince was present at a race-meeting, but in being so he was merely carrying out an elaborate scheme of showing himself to the largest number of people in the easiest manner. Nor was he neglecting the more obvious duty of receiving visitors, distinguished or not; and it seems

little short of incredible that every single visit paid to him in that vast and overcrowded capital was returned as punctiliously as if the number did not run into thousands. The Prince was kept busy, then, as can be easily imagined; but in addition he attended garden-parties, balls, dinners, tent-pegging exhibitions, and he visited hospitals—a prodigious proof of strength and staying power. On New Year’s Day came the grand climax of the whole tour—namely, the Chapter of the Star of India. His Royal Highness, in order to avoid all question as to precedence with the Viceroy,

acted as High Commissioner of the Order. This most solemn and gorgeous ceremony was held in a sort of open tent, and around it, in smaller tents—a vast encampment—the recipients of the Order awaited their turns with their trains and suites. In England, of late years, there have been many stately ceremonies, gorgeous, mournful, or inspiring, but the most impressive of them can scarcely vie with that unique concourse, representative of the whole of our Indian Empire, which assembled at Calcutta on New Year’s Day, 1876, to receive honour at the hands of their Sovereign’s eldest son.

The Prince did not stay long in Calcutta after this. Cawnpore had changed out of all recognition in twenty years, but the Prince visited the Memorial Church and



EDWARD VII.'S NILE BOAT

the Memorial over the well: "To the memory of a great company of Christian people, principally women and children, who were cruelly slaughtered here." "No two people," says Dr. Russell, "agree as to the expression of Marochetti's Angel, which stands over the well. Is it pain? pity? resignation? vengeance? or triumph?" The Prince could not bear to stay long, and hurried away to Delhi. Here, entertained by Lord Napier of Magdala, he held a

Calcutta. But the tour was now rapidly drawing to a close. Passing through Jubalpoor, Holkar, and Indore, the Prince reached Bombay in the middle of March, after an absence from it of seventeen weeks, during which he had covered 7,600 miles by land and 2,300 by sea.

Homeward bound, the Prince was visited at Cairo by the Grand Duke Alexis, commanding the *Svetlana*; at Malta he presented colours to the 98th Regiment,



BALL AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE, IN HONOUR OF EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA, 1869

(From an engraving)

grand review, when there paraded before him no less than four batteries R.H.A., six batteries R.F.A., one mountain battery, one heavy (elephant) battery, thirteen cavalry regiments, British and Native (including the 13th Hussars, then under the command of Sir Baker Russell), the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and twenty-four battalions of infantry. It was a magnificent display, of which Delhi had cause to be proud.

At Allahabad an investiture of the "Star of India" was held, second only in importance to that at

and soon Gibraltar, Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, Madrid and Toledo were left behind. A public entry into Lisbon was the last occasion of interest abroad; and on May 11, 1876, the Prince reached Portsmouth after an absence of seven months. Those months were full of interest, trying as many incidents in them must have been, and the memory of them is kept green by the collection of souvenirs which the Prince amassed, and which ever recall the glorious East.

CHAPTER XIV



HE left the Prince of Wales of those days newly returned from India after a gorgeous tour, which was rendered all the more impressive by the fact that even then it was well known that the genius of Mr. Disraeli had conceived the idea of causing the Queen to be proclaimed Empress of India. That idea was carried out in the year 1877, and in the same year the statesman who had fought his way from a position of complete insignificance to one of the highest eminence took his seat in the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield.

Work for the Prince and Princess of Wales continued to be of the normal type, not particularly interesting save at the moment, and probably more interesting then to spectators than to the Prince and Princess themselves. 1878 was a busy year, in which the Prince took the greatest possible interest in the coming Paris Exhibition, as President of the British Commission, and it was a year rendered inexpressibly sad by the death of Princess Alice, whose marriage to him who became Grand Duke of Hesse has already been recorded. Her consort had succeeded to the Grand Duchy only a short time, and she herself, by dint of the interest she showed in German affairs, and her taste in art and in literature, and the tender care she displayed in nursing the sick and wounded during the

Franco-Prussian War, had become as greatly beloved in Germany as she was in England. Her death from diphtheria was a very bitter blow, and it needs hardly to be said that the Prince of Wales went to Darmstadt for the funeral.

In 1879 came the death of the Prince Imperial, an event which filled England with horror, and caused acute distress to all members of the Royal Family, and particularly to the Prince and Princess of Wales, by whom he was greatly beloved. The proposal that a memorial should be placed in Westminster Abbey was warmly supported by the Prince of Wales, but equally strongly opposed by other persons, and if an opinion is expressed that the other persons, who carried the day, were in the right, the fact none the less remains that the action of the Prince was entirely creditable to him. Many of those who are now living will remember the particular sympathy which was

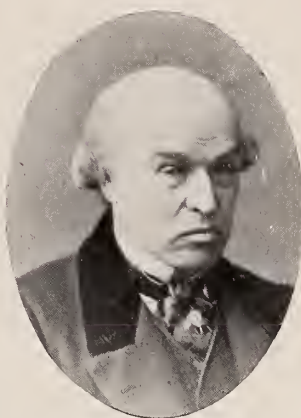
shown by the Prince of Wales to the bereaved Empress, the fact that he acted as pall-bearer, and that later he went to Woolwich with his sons to unveil the memorial of the ill-fated Prince, which, like the statute of King Alfred at Wantage and many others, was made by the gifted and lamented Count Gleichen. In 1880 the Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Earl of Fife (as he then was) with Prince Leopold in their company; but it was not until many years later that the engagement between their then host and their daughter, Princess Louise, was announced.



EDWARD VII. AND THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG IN 1870

(From the photograph by W. & D. Downey)

For two or three more years there was no special event requiring to be chronicled at the present moment, but 1884 was indeed a black year. It witnessed the fall of Khartoum and the murder of the gallant Gordon, after he had been besieged in that city for 337 days. The Prince was deeply affected by this sad event, and took the greatest interest in all movements tending to show the national sorrow in a practical shape. He made a very touching speech at the meeting of the Gordon Committee, and, with Queen Alexandra, attended the Special Service at St. Paul's. In the same year the Prince's brother, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who had been married in 1882 to Princess Hélène of Waldeck, died in a most unexpected manner. He had, it is true, been very delicate in youth, but had grown in strength as his years advanced, and his life seemed full of promise; but a slip and a fall at a ball at Cannes produced complications which were fatal to him. Again we pass over a few years, including that of the Jubilee of 1887, which, like that of 1897, is reserved for special



SIR W. JENNER, Bart., M.D.

(Photo by Barraud)

SIR W. GULL, Bart., M.D.

(Photo by Maull & Fox)

treatment, and merely note that in 1888 the Prince and Princess of Wales celebrated their silver wedding in a very quiet way, since the Court was in mourning for the death of the Emperor William the First. Within a very few months that mourning was to be renewed or redoubled, for whereas the old Emperor died on March 9, 1888, his son, whose heroic figure at the Jubilee of 1887 produced an indelible impres-

sion upon the memories of all who saw him, died, three months after his father, on June 15, and left her who had been the Princess Royal of England a widow.

In the following year came the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife, a union which has been extremely happy, and has produced two daughters, the Lady Alexandra Victoria Alberta Edwina Louise and the Lady Maude Alexandra Victoria Georgina Bertha Duff. It was a very pretty ceremony in the chapel at Buckingham Palace, amongst those who were present being Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales and all



ILLNESS OF EDWARD VII.—THE BULLETIN AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

(From an engraving)



THE ROYAL CONVALESCENT
(From an engraving)

their family, the King of the Hellenes, the Crown Prince of Denmark and the Grand Duke of Hesse. In the next year an event of particular interest to the Royal Family was the formal introduction into the House of Lords of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale by the Prince of Wales.

1891 and 1892 were years of unrelieved sadness save for one transitory gleam of light. First of all, Prince George, our sailor prince, was ill of that typhoid fever which seems to mark the members of the Royal Family for its special victims. However, he recovered, and was none the worse for his illness. Perhaps,



THE THANKSGIVING DAY. THE LORD MAYOR WAITING FOR QUEEN VICTORIA AT TEMPLE BAR
(From the drawing by Alfred Hunt)

indeed, he was all the better, for typhoid fever, when recovery is complete, is apt to leave a man stronger than ever he was before. In the same year died Count Gleichen, the well-beloved, an artist in sculpture, as has been mentioned, and of no mean merit. Then, in December, there seemed to be a gleam of brightness, for the Duke of Clarence and Avondale was engaged to her Highness Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, only daughter of the Duke of Teck and of the ever-popular, and now much-lamented, Princess Mary, daughter of the first Duke of Cambridge, who, as all will remember, was the seventh son of King George the Third.

But this brightness was not long to remain, for I shall never forget a morning early in February of the following year, when I hurried down to Sandringham for the purpose of watching and recording the progress of the illness of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. My task proved to be vain, for even as I passed through London the newspaper placards bore simultaneously the news of the death of the Duke and that of Cardinal Manning. So I proceeded to Sandringham to watch not the progress of an illness, but of the preparations for a funeral which, in its



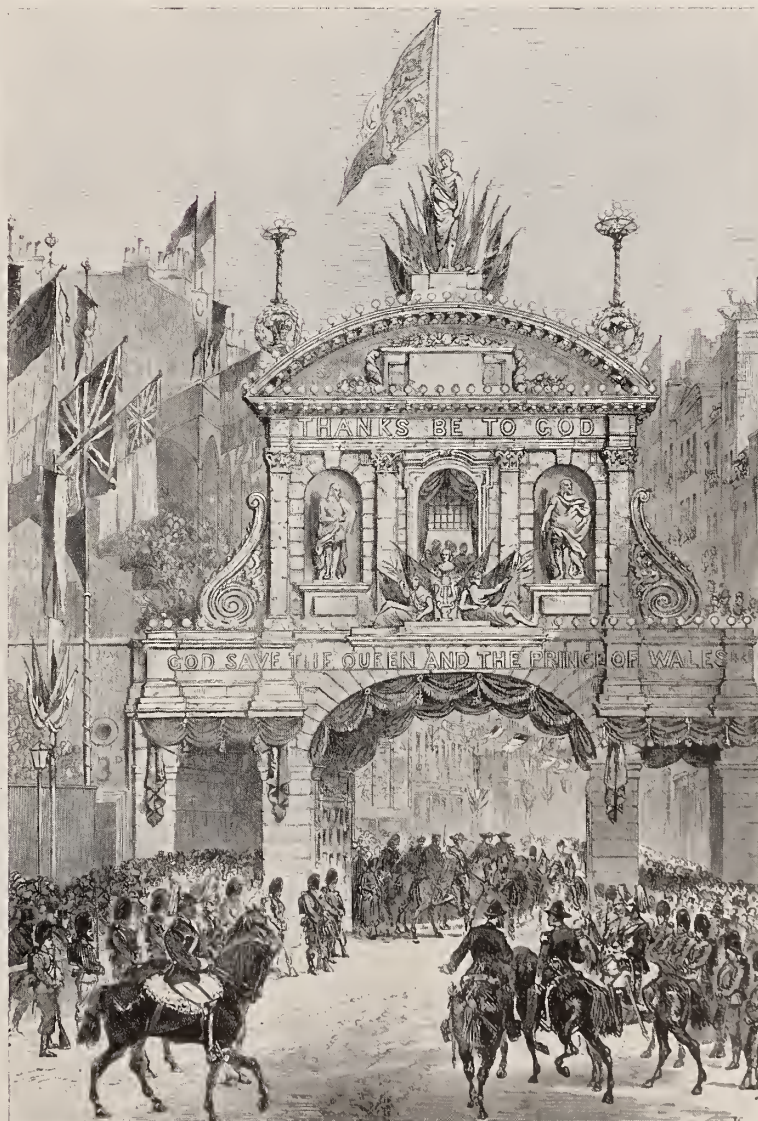
THE RIGHT HON. S. J. GIBBONS

Lord Mayor of London in 1872

simple beginning, with the Prince of Wales walking behind the coffin from Sandringham to Wolferton, and in its majestic ending at Windsor, was most impressive and affecting. The shock to the Prince of Wales was very great, and to the Princess of Wales even greater, and there were those who thought that years passed before she recovered from the death of her eldest son—so far as an affectionate mother can recover from so great a loss. About two years afterwards it was arranged suitably and in accordance with the affections of both parties to the contract of marriage, that Prince George,

or the Duke of York as he now was, who had found himself called upon so suddenly from the bright life of a sailor to undertake the responsibilities which belong to the position of an heir-apparent, should marry her who was to have been his brother's bride.

In 1893, after the marriage of the Duke of York and Princess Victoria Mary, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Russia for the second time during that year, starting for Livadia in the hope of bidding a last farewell on earth to the dying Czar; but, as a matter of fact, they heard of his death before they arrived, and they continued their journey with the purpose



THE THANKSGIVING DAY. TEMPLE BAR DECORATED.

(From an engraving) .

of attending the funeral. In 1897 came the Diamond Jubilee, the discussion of which is postponed for the same special reason which applied to the Jubilee of 1887; and the Royal event of particular interest during the year was the visit to Ireland made by the Duke and Duchess of York, who had begun, between them, to relieve the Prince and Princess of Wales of some of the burden of ceremony.

1898, again, was a sad year, for in May Mr. Gladstone died, and the Prince, who had always been attached to him, attended the funeral.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell records in his book ("An Onlooker's Notebook," Smith, Elder and Co., 1902), that as soon as the service was concluded the Prince of Wales, instead of leaving the Abbey, walked gravely to where Mrs. Gladstone was seated, took her hand in his, stooped over it and kissed it. "A very uncourtierly Radical, who saw the scene, exclaimed: 'This atones for a good deal; I will never say another word against him as long as I live.'"

This was in May. In July, while visiting Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon, the Prince had the misfortune to slip on a polished step of a spiral staircase and to put out his knee. Sir William MacCormac, Sir Francis Laking, and Lord Lister, who was called into consultation, agreed in stating that his Royal Highness bore the enforced restraint with exemplary patience and good temper. It is recorded that the Prince said to Sir William: "It might have been worse, for I might have broken my knee," and that Sir William bluntly said: "I wish



THE PROCESSION AS SEEN FROM FLEET STREET

(From an engraving)

to goodness you had, sir," well knowing that the injury with which he had to contend was far more troublesome to repair than a mere fracture. As a matter of fact, some months elapsed before the knee could be regarded as completely recovered, and in the course of various trips by sea which the Prince took for the benefit of his health he had to be carried by bearer-parties of blue-jackets. The last trouble of the year was the death of the Queen of Denmark, the mother

of the Princess of Wales. For some time before the death the Princess of Wales had—as was recorded in the *Court Circular*—been in constant attendance at her mother's bedside. The Prince of Wales was unable to attend the funeral owing to the injury he had sustained, but was represented by his son.

Early in 1899 died Prince Alfred, the heir of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, formerly Prince Alfred and our sailor prince, and it began to be clear that difficulties would arise concerning the succession to his father's position. How those difficulties were stilled, and how the young Duke of Albany accepted the position which the Duke of Connaught and Prince Arthur of Connaught preferred not to take, has already been told. In the autumn of that year came the prolonged visit, for sporting purposes, of the German Emperor and Empress, with two of their sons, first to Windsor and then to Sandringham. That visit, undoubtedly, laid the foundation of a warmer friendship between the Emperor and his uncle than had ever existed before, and the fruits of this friendship were noticeable at the time of

Queen Victoria's death and funeral. But, before they came, there was yet another domestic sorrow to be borne, in the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the dastardly attempt of the madman Sipido to assassinate the Prince in Belgium was to disturb the triumphant satisfaction which attended Queen Victoria's ever-memorable visit to Ireland.

By this time the end of the King's career as Prince, so far as outward events are concerned, has been almost fully accounted for, save for the fact that the three greatest public demonstrations in which he took a leading part, the two Jubilees and the Funeral of Queen Victoria, have been postponed deliberately to the concluding portion of this work, partly because from one point of view they serve to illustrate the character of the man who was our King.

But that character, of which the salient features are versatility and thoroughness, can never be understood with any completeness unless his life at Sandringham is considered. To say that Edward VII. was above all things a country gentleman would be misleading. He was no "Farmer George," for he was a man of many interests and pursuits. But to say that he was as complete a country gentleman as could be found in all his wide dominions is to express the truth exactly.

At Sandringham he was emphatically the Squire,

and the kind of Squire who sets an admirable example to hundreds of others. "It is impossible," he once said, "for any British gentleman to live at his country place without taking an interest in agriculture, and in all those things which concern the farmers of this great country." Unfortunately this was too optimistic a view, for it is not only possible for gentlemen who have estates in this country and in Ireland not to take an interest in agriculture, but even not to inhabit them to any substantial extent. To all such the life of Edward VII. was a standing example and object-lesson. No landed proprietor had ever more excuse than had he for neglecting his estate or failing to reside upon it, or for concerning himself when resident with the pleasures afforded by it rather than by the duties which come from ownership. He was one of the busiest men in England, but his estate and his home farm were always well looked after, and there is probably no estate in the kingdom upon which the agent and the bailiff had less of a free hand. To a very large extent he looked after things for himself. No man knew better how severe were the troubles of farmers in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and particularly in the last decade but one of it. "I am myself a farmer in a small way," he once said modestly. He saw his own corn fall in price year after year, and even



THE THANKSGIVING PROCESSION IN THE NAVE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

(Drawn by C. Robinson)

his stock decline in value, although no better shorthorns or Shire horses, and few better sheep were to be found on the broad acres of England; he could appreciate what this meant for men who had to live off their farms, and to bring their families up on them, or to sink into the slough of bankruptcy.

During all this time, too, Edward VII. was a model to other farmers in one particular and important respect. He had realised, as few farmers do, that the one way of making a profit in these days is to use all the newest appliances, and to keep none but the very best stock. The most perfect of shorthorn beasts, the most matchless of Shire horses, eat no more than inferior animals, perhaps, indeed, even less, for a poor animal is often a bad "doer" also, and it is a common-place of agricultural experience that, where prices are down, good stock involves a comparatively small loss, while poor stock cannot be sold at all. That the stock at Sandringham was of the very best was patent to every man with an eye for a horse or a beast. Moreover, the record of the great shows, all of which received hearty support from the King, demonstrated this statement abundantly. He, like Queen Victoria, had always been a remarkably successful exhibitor, particularly of shorthorn cattle; and nobody, save perhaps here and there an ignorant foreigner, will suppose for



QUEEN VICTORIA ON THANKSGIVING DAY

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

a moment that favouritism or a desire to curry favour on the part of the judges had anything to do with their decisions. In the first place, the character of the judges places the matter beyond question; in the next, the temper of the English people would not tolerate anything of the kind, and complaints would be rampant in the public Press. A noteworthy little point is that the late Sir Nigel Kingscote, whose knowledge of farming and of horses was exceptionally wide, was always closely associated with the households of Edward VII. and the present King, as Prince of Wales.

Edward VII. and his Queen alike delighted in dogs, the latter perhaps the more eagerly of the two, and the kennels at Sandringham might safely be studied as a model of what kennels should be. They consist of a long range of buildings, well drained, well ventilated, and without draughts. Each dog-house, so to speak (for the range is divided into many tenements), has its own railed yard, and in front of the whole building is a series of exercise paddocks, one to each group of kennels. It is perhaps needless to add that there is a cooking-house and a dog's hospital in connection with the kennels, the latter admirable in its simplicity. In those kennels are housed all manner of dogs, but principally Borzois, like unto silky-haired and gigantic greyhounds,



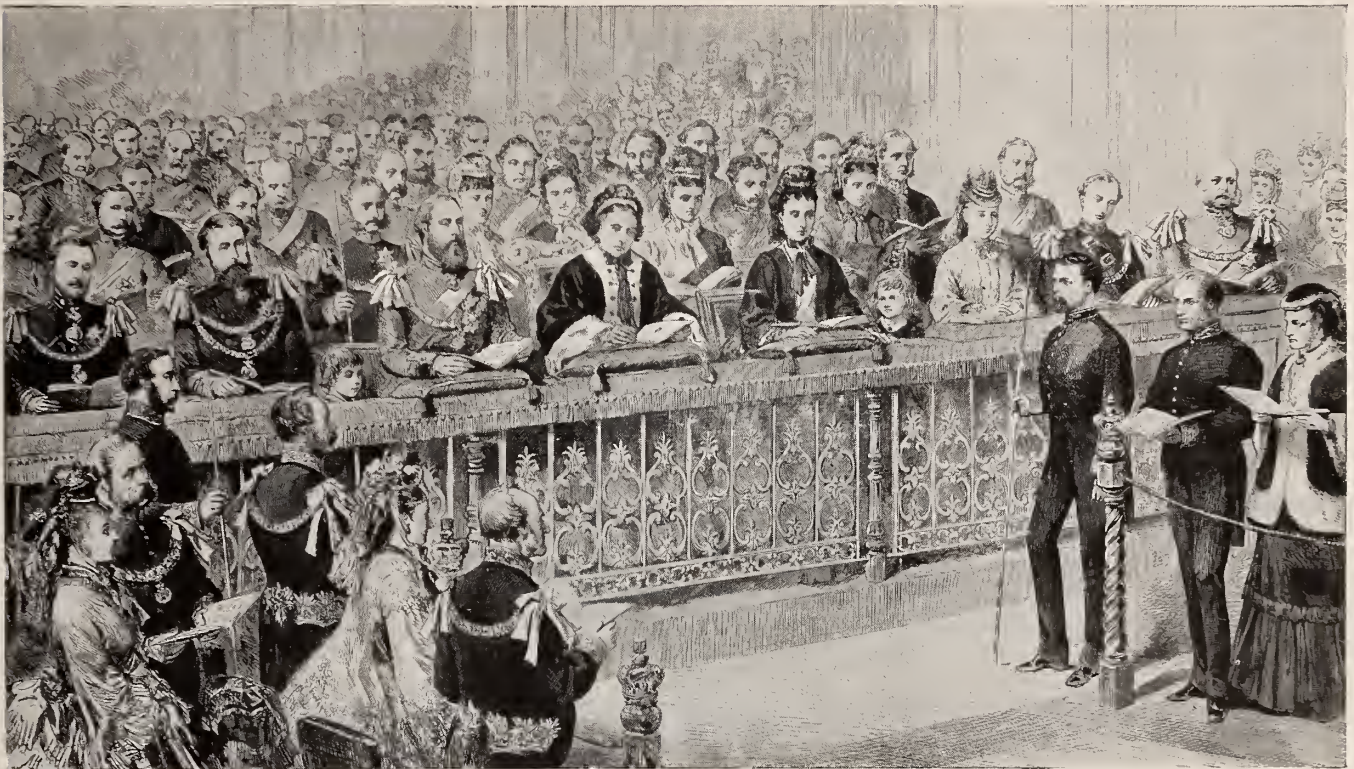
PRINCE ARTHUR, 1871

(From a photo by Maull & Fox)

in which Queen Alexandra particularly delights; black pugs, of which many have been her very faithful companions; bulldogs, which she fancies, as the saying goes, not a little; and stray dogs with histories attached to them. One, for example, is the single canine survivor of Nansen's Arctic Expedition. Of sporting dogs I saw, on a visit, not very many, probably because the Norfolk shooting of modern times—and Sandringham may be reckoned among the best manors in the richest shooting county in England—does not give much opportunity for the use of any dogs except retrievers.

Gardening is another of Queen Alexandra's hobbies,

nor his Queen is involved, although the late Queen Victoria does come into it. It so fell out in the last summer before Queen Victoria died, about the time of "the roses and the longest day," that the Queen heard that the English father of Crimson Rambler had planted it as a hedge, and that it was a mass of flaming flower in bounteous trusses such as no other rose produces; and her Majesty, having given due notice, took her afternoon drive in the direction of the garden where this wondrous hedge was to be seen. The loyal and thoughtful gardener had prepared a temporary road so that the carriage could come close up to the vision of beauty. Of course



THE THANKSGIVING. THE ROYAL PEW IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

(From an engraving)

and an abundance of flowers was always a characteristic feature of the drawing-rooms at Sandringham. They are a long series of bright rooms, which, in some indefinite way, seem to reflect the Queen-Mother's character at every point. One of the prettiest things about Sandringham, indeed, is the rose-garden, but it is pleasing from the picturesque point of view rather than from that of the rosarian, for, owing to the presence of abundance of large trees and shrubs in the vicinity, the roses cannot be expected to thrive in absolute perfection. Sandringham is too near the sea ever to produce roses quite at their best. Here, perhaps, may be interpolated a little story, not generally known, and only to the point quite indirectly, since in it neither Edward VII.

the Queen was delighted at the sight and at the evidence of thoughtfulness, for Crimson Rambler at its best cannot be surpassed for effect. A beautiful picture, when one comes to think of it, is that of the aged Queen, not long returned from that glorious visit to Ireland which shook her health much but did an immensity of good there, making a special expedition to see a hedge of roses in their glory at Slough.

Shooting is *par excellence* the sport of Sandringham, and the estate is admirably suited for the purpose in every way. Of covert there is great abundance, both in the form of moorland and in that of woods and plantations. Pheasants and partridges do very well there, woodcock come over from the Continent

in the late autumn and early winter, snipe haunt the low-lying ground in winter. In fact every bird and beast that can be brought to the gun in England, except the grouse, is produced in abundance at Sandringham. Edward VII. was a good shot, as is the present Monarch, although perhaps it could hardly have been said of the former, as it can with truth of the latter, that if the well-known game-shots in England, Scotland, and Ireland were divided into classes, and the first class were limited to a dozen men, he would have been in it.

Sandringham, as has been stated, is one of the finest shooting manors in Norfolk, which is much the same thing as to say that it is among the finest in England, or in the world—for though you may kill more game in some carefully preserved forests and parks in Germany and in Austria, you will not have the chance of killing it in so sportsmanlike a manner. But for excellent reasons of modesty, and from a desire to avoid ostentation, the world at large never hears the figures of the bag at a Sandringham shooting-party. Hereby hangs a tale.

When the German Emperor came over to visit his grandmother and his uncle and to shoot, as was mentioned earlier in this chapter, it was my duty to follow him in his wanderings. At Windsor the supply of game was, as big shooting days go, distinctly poor. A faithful German of the Kaiser's suite who was sent up to the Castle to find out the total bag made at Cumberland Lodge by six guns returned with an account of the Emperor's bag only, something like two hundred all told. The average English pressman, unfamiliar with field sports, although he has learned at last that one does not shoot pheasants with a rifle, declared at once that this must be the bag of

all the six guns. Then the party moved on to Sandringham, and there, all through an all too short winter's day, the shots ran thick and fast, sometimes like a *feu de joie*, sometimes as if a company of infantry were engaged in independent firing. It did not surprise me, for I had been near before when the King of Portugal was shooting, and that marvellously well, at Sandringham.

In horses both Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra took great pleasure, and their ordinary carriage-horses were the admiration of a horse-loving nation. Years ago both of them used to ride a great deal, but latterly the King rode little save to jog about the

Home Farm or when he appeared as a soldier. Both took very enthusiastically to motoring. Indeed, if it be not high treason to say so, I once heard discussed at Lynn the question whether the late King could or could not be brought up before the magistrate for furious driving of his car; but it is only fair to add that it seemed to be the general opinion that an occasion for trying this pretty



EDWARD VII., QUEEN ALEXANDRA, AND QUEEN VICTORIA ON THANKSGIVING DAY

(From the drawing by Sir J. D. Linton, R.I.)

question in constitutional law was hardly likely to arise. Of ponies the Queen had always a team, and some Hungarian horses are much cherished. As for the vehicles, their name is legion—from the Russian sledge to the Japanese rickshaw, and apart from them the stables and their accompanying rooms and coach-houses are a perfect museum of things equine, of mementoes of favourite horses, and of relics of past triumphs of the deceased Monarch's racing stable.

As a yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, Edward VII. gained a great and well-deserved reputation. This is based not merely on the fact that he owned the schooner *Hildegarde*, the cutter *Formosa*, and the famous

Britannia, which was undoubtedly far and away the best racing cutter of her time on this side of the Atlantic, but also on the knowledge that he was a practical sailor who delighted to be on the blue water and understood the points of a yacht very well. He probably enjoyed the Cowes weeks as much as any other weeks in his life. It will not have been forgotten that his Majesty was a passenger and a guest on board the unlucky *Shamrock II.* when, on her trial trip in 1901, the mast came down with a run.

Nothing on the lighter side of Edward VII.'s life appealed to him more forcibly than his racing establishment, which he used, as a great English gentleman ought always to use his racing stables, not as an instrument of gambling, but for the encouragement of all that is best in connection with the breeding of the animal which is justly called noble. His Majesty had been racing for twenty-five years when the century began, his colours, "purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, and black velvet cap with gold fringe," having been registered "for life" as early as 1875. Then it was, no doubt, that the heir-apparent registered a vow that, as one of his predecessors in title had won the Derby with Sir Thomas in 1788, so he would carry off the most coveted of all prizes before a full century had intervened.

But more than the full century was to elapse before another heir-apparent bore away the Blue Riband of the Turf, for, sooth to say, the King's early ventures were not of the most brilliant. The first amongst them which is of real interest was a match between "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Alep (a pure-bred Arab horse) and Lord Strathnairn's Avowal (a very ordinary thoroughbred) for £500-

Distance four miles on the Round Course," at Newmarket in 1877. It goes without saying that the thoroughbred, although, as has been stated, it was a very commonplace animal, won easily, and that the Prince lost his £500. But the little match had its special interest, for the Prince's jockey bore the undistinguished name of John Jones, and in later years the son of this same John Jones, when a mere boy, was to solve a serious difficulty for the Royal stables and to win a glorious victory for this princely master.

Many things, however, were to happen before that. For a while there was little racing done—perhaps there was little time for it—and what was attempted was steeplechasing, not flat-racing. In that the first considerable victory was the winning of a Military Hunt Cup in 1880, when, in pouring rain, and in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Mr. Hope



ROYAL GROUP TAKEN AT FREDENSBORG SHORTLY AFTER EDWARD VII.'S ILLNESS

(From a photograph)

Johnstone, of the 7th Hussars, steered into the first place the Prince of Wales's brown gelding Leonidas. Thirteen other horses ran and the Prince had luck. Mr. Hope Johnstone was a first-rate rider, and was probably better able than most men to cope with the difficulties of a day on which his bridle-reins had to be rubbed with sand as a precaution against slipping. At any rate, Mr. Hope Johnstone rode a winner in three races out of seven that day, and the only loser he rode was Black Knight, who carried the Duke of Connaught's little-known colours, "green and black stripes."

Not long afterwards came the beginning of a great change in the racing career of the heir-apparent, and that change was undoubtedly traceable to the introduction of Lord Marcus Beresford, an excellent

horseman and equally good as a judge of a horse, into a position of authority in relation to the racing stables. Before that

some efforts were made rather in the direction of steeple-chasing than on the flat, and one of the earliest ambitions cherished was to win the Grand National from the Sandringham stables. But it was an ambition never realised till 1900, when Ambush II. won gloriously, and there was a great scene of popular delight. Meanwhile, and long before this, an earnest effort had been made to get together a flat-racing string, and the Prince, acting under the advice of Lord Marcus Beresford, had taken to entrusting his horses regularly to the care of Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, who may be described as having

been truly the prince of trainers. The first visit to Kingsclere was made in the early spring of 1883 to witness the Derby trial of St. Blaise, an account of which follows.

The Derby trial of St. Blaise . . . was memorable, inasmuch as it was the occasion of the first visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Kingsclere. It is appalling to conceive what might have been made of that Royal visit if the touts on the one hand, and the New Journalists (female as well as male) on the other, had got scent of the Prince's simple undertaking! As it fortunately happened, his Royal Highness was enabled to run down into Hampshire and invade the Kingsclere Downs with as much privacy as he would have enjoyed in making an informal morning call. He took the 9 A.M. train from Waterloo, like any ordinary passenger, to Overton, at which station Porter had a fly waiting and was forthwith driven on to the Downs. The

Prince was received, according to previous arrangement, by Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone,

and Porter, who were waiting with the horses, and hacks upon which to mount the witnesses of the trial. No time was lost in getting the field of five to the post, and the foreshadowing race came off with the following result:

ONE MILE AND A HALF.

	Yrs.	st.	lb.	
ST. BLAISE	3	8	6	. 1
INCENDIARY	6	8	2	. 2
SHOTOVER	4	8	12	. 3
GEHEIMNISS	4	9	5	. 4
ENERGY	3	8	5	. 5

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third, and a head between fourth and fifth.

The sportsmanlike friendliness, the *camaraderie* of the trial, was not its least interesting feature. There is an etiquette in such matters which is not seldom enforced when a number of owners share the

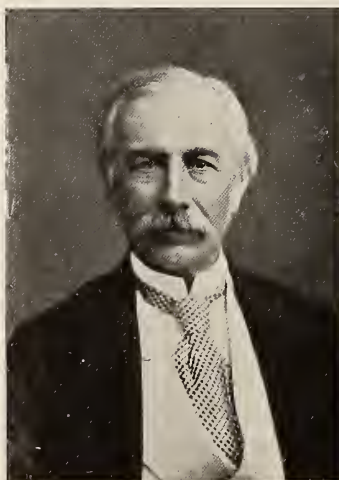
services of a single trainer. It will be observed that "all went in," irrespective of exclusive ownership (Shotover, the property of the then Duke of Westminster, Porter's principal patron, had won the Derby of the previous year, 1882, whilst St. Blaise belonged to Sir Frederick Johnstone), in order that the investigation might be as thorough as was possible under the circumstances. After the trial H.R.H. the Prince of Wales lunched at Park House, and was then conducted by Porter over the stables. He made an exhaustive inspection—as was his wont—of the establishment, and expressed the warmest admiration of what he saw. That admiration was destined to bear practical proof of a nature flattering to the creator of Kingsclere later on.

In flat-racing, however, as in the other branch of the "Great Game," success came so slowly that any less keen patron of the sport would surely have retired disgusted ere many seasons had passed. Nevertheless,



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1875

(From a photo by H. N. King)



SIR BARTLE FRERE

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



LIEUT. LORD CHAS. BERESFORD, R.N.

(From a photograph)

had Porter not trained one single winner for his Royal employer, his master would still have been grateful to him, for it was by John Porter's advice that Perdita II., the foundation of Edward VII.'s vast success during the nineties, was bought.

In 1886 came a win, of a selling plate only at Sandown, by the Prince's Counter-

pane, by the famous Hermit out of Patchwork, with the great Fred Archer in the saddle, but Counterpane, of whom great things were expected, unhappily fell dead at Stockbridge three weeks later.

Then, in 1887, the breeding of racers was seriously undertaken at Sandringham. In 1888 there were eleven mares, and in 1889 Lord Marcus Beresford, the good genius of the Sandringham stud, took charge. Amongst the earliest inmates of the stables were Lilian, who won innumerable races before retiring to the seclusion of Sandringham; Welfare, a three-parts sister to the mighty Ormonde; and last—but really first in importance—Perdita II. Perdita's first two foals, Derelict and Barracouta, both by Barcaldine, brought trifling satisfaction to their Royal owner, but her third, Florizel II., by that splendid sire St. Simon, turned the tide of failure in a really remarkable manner. As a two-year-old Florziel was kept at home, and did not actually appear in public until, as a three-year-old at Ascot, he delighted everyone by winning the last race on the Thursday and another on the Friday, the stakes of the two together amounting to £2,250. This was the King's first success at Ascot, and the enthusiasm was proportionately great. As a four-year-old Florizel completely shook off a sickness which had given no little trouble to his trainer, and in 1895 won six races out of the seven in which he was started; including the Manchester Cup, the Gold Vase at Ascot, and the Goodwood Cup. Moreover, his one failure in this year is considered one of his best performances, for it was in the Cesarewitch, when he carried a burden of nine stone into fourth place. Another grand effort of Florizel's was in the following year's Ascot Cup race, in which he was placed third, being only beaten by a head by Omnium II., the best horse in France, who carried four pounds less weight. But it is at the stud that Florizel has set the seal of fame upon his name, by

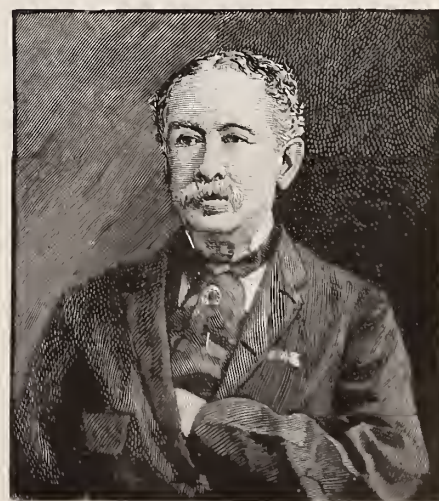
siring Volodyovski (winner of the Derby), Doricles (winner of the St. Leger, and the property of the King's friend, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild), and Floriform (winner of the Middle Park Plate)—all being of the same age.

No small portion of the credit attaching to the triumphant progress of Florizel, and the even more brilliant careers of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, must be allowed to Richard Marsh, their trainer, to whose quarters, Egerton House, Newmarket, the Royal "string" was removed in 1894. Another of Marsh's patrons is the Duke of Devonshire, and it was in his Grace's name and colours that his Majesty's horses ran—on rare occasions—during the period of mourning for Queen Victoria.

Unlike his elder brother, Persimmon was a good horse from the very outset of his career. His first appearance was in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, when he beat seven others; then he won the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood; then suffered defeat without dishonour in the Middle Park Plate. Persimmon, who had been "coughing" just previously to this race, and was really far from fit on the day, only started in this important two-year-old contest in order that the public might not be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing a duel between him and St. Frusquin.

Persimmon had wintered none too well, and was to all intents and purposes quite unfit to run in—much less win—the Derby until a week before the momentous race, when his condition improved. His behaviour, however, when the time came for him to be boxed and conveyed to Epsom was perfectly diabolical, and it took Marsh, his trainer, a full six hours to get him into his travelling-box. But the trouble was well repaid, for it ended in Persimmon's Derby victory, when the applause and joy of the people were simply indescribable. One Persimmon's Derby has indeed been described justly as equal to any two others.

As will be remembered, Persimmon's Derby was won by a neck from his old antagonist St. Frusquin, who turned the tables on him later, but at three pounds advantage in the weights, in the Princess of Wales's Stakes.



DR. W. H. RUSSELL

(From a photo by Grevs)

It was a very even thing between those two giants among horses. But Persimmon went on from strength to strength, winning the St. Leger and the Jockey Club Stakes (in which he beat Sir Visto, Lord Rosebery's second Derby winner). Next year he won the Ascot Cup in a common canter, and finally, before retiring to the stud, he took the Eclipse Stakes.

Before leaving for good the topic of the King's horses, reference, rather more detailed than heretofore,

wants so skilfully in private. This was Herbert Jones, son of the King's former servant, John Jones. This decision was triumphantly successful, for in the spring of 1900 the "rogue," Diamond Jubilee, so far forgot to misbehave as to win both the Two Thousand Guineas and Newmarket Stakes, and followed this up by winning the Derby and St. Leger, and becoming that *rara avis*—if the term can be applied to a thoroughbred—a winner of the "Triple Crown," that



EMBARKATION OF EDWARD VII. ON BOARD THE "SERAPIS" AT BRINDISI

(From the drawing by Sydney P. Hall)

must be made to Diamond Jubilee, for he deserves at least as much space as his distinguished brothers. As a two-year-old Diamond Jubilee was reputed to have a temper, which is as good as saying that such temper as he had was bad. True it is certainly that he took a rooted objection to one or two noted jockeys who wished to win races upon his back. After a somewhat ignominious youthful career, therefore, it was determined to entrust his management while racing to the same lad who looked after his

is to say, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and St. Leger. Instances of this achievement include such splendid names as Flying Fox, Galtee More, Isinglass, Common, Lord Lyon, and West Australian. Diamond Jubilee, it must also be recorded, did his share in assisting his Royal owner to the unique position of having won the Derby and the Grand National in one year. This has never before been accomplished by any other owner—let alone in one year.

CHAPTER XV



SO far this work has been mainly concerned with great events and with magnificent expeditions; with what may be called the domestic life of Edward VII. and his Queen; with their personal joys and their personal sorrows; with the steadfast manner in which they performed the endless round of their Royal duties, and with the pursuits in which they took chief delight. In this chapter attention will be directed to the active and positive work which both King and Queen carried out for the benefit of humanity and of the nation. Hampered by innumerable daily duties while they were Prince and Princess of Wales, Edward VII. and his Queen might well have been pardoned if neither the one nor the other of them had struck out an

independent line in doing good; but, as a matter of fact, both worked hard and consistently for many years towards beneficial ends, and those who are most familiar with every kind of charitable organisation are able to trace with certainty in the benefactions, and in the personal exertions of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, a distinct and sagacious policy.

In King Edward's public life, or in that portion of it in which his position did not prevent him from taking a definite line, the influence of his father is to be traced in a clear and unmistakable fashion. Readers of this work will remember the pride with which Queen Victoria recorded the scene at the opening of the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, which was then regarded as one of the wonders of the world. She felt, as she walked down the nave of the Exhibition, led by Prince Albert, who had the Princess Royal at his left hand, while she herself



FUNERAL OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE

The Burial Service in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, February 20, 1892



THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE V. AND QUEEN MARY: THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN ST. JAMES'S CHAPEL



SANDRINGHAM FROM THE LAKE

(From a photo by Ralph Dersingham)

walked on his right holding the hand of the Prince of Wales, then a little boy in a kilt, that it was a memorable occasion, a festival of peace in which her beloved husband had united the industries of all the nations of the earth. It is certainly not too much to say that this scene of his boyhood made a very deep and abiding impression upon the mind of the future Monarch. Many Exhibitions there have been since then in England and abroad, and in nearly all the English Exhibitions he took a leading and laborious part. In the case of Exhibitions abroad, especially when held in Paris, Edward VII. always exerted himself personally and without stint with the object of making the British Section of the Exhibition as perfect and as complete as possible.

So, at the head of every important Exhibition of the closing years of the nineteenth century was the then Prince of Wales to be found. He began modestly by giving his patronage to a Fishery Exhibition at Norwich in 1882, which, from very small beginnings, developed to distinctly considerable dimensions. Speaking there, he explained the gratification it gave him to see that at last fishermen, as well as fisheries,

were beginning to interest the public of this country, and he dilated at large upon the very complete exhibition of life-saving apparatus which was a feature of the Exhibition. It was a direct consequence of this Exhibition, and one which his Royal Highness took much pleasure in bringing about, that the National Fisheries Exhibition was held in London in the following year. It was opened by Edward VII., who made an earnest speech upon that occasion, calling attention to the importance of our fisheries as a source of food supply, and to the necessity (which has always been pressing) of enabling practical fishermen to study the latest improvements which have been made in that which is in all probability the most obstinately conservative occupation in the world.

He did not stop at this point. He had done much to organise, and he had himself started the idea of the Fisheries Exhibition, which had been housed in a suitable building, and that building was still capable of being serviceable for other Exhibitions. Within its walls, in fact, were held a series of successful Exhibitions, of which the first received the familiar name of "The Healtheries," the next was

devoted to inventions and labour-saving machinery, and the third was commonly known as "The Colonies."

It was well known at the time, and it is to be hoped that it will never be forgotten, that all these immensely successful Exhibitions owed their very existence to the direct suggestion and initiation of Edward VII. They were, indeed, one and all, concerned with subjects on which he has always shown the deepest interest. He organised and worked hard to promote the success of the Colonial and Indian Ex-



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT SANDRINGHAM

(From a photo by T. Fall)

hibition, and out of that Exhibition grew that institution in which he was intensely interested later—the Imperial Institute.

Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, gave their patronage and their money to the innumerable institutions specified in an appendix of Sir Henry Burdett's useful book, "Prince, Princess, and People." From this volume one gathers that what he did not know about charitable and philanthropic organisations was not worth knowing, that Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra



EDWARD VII. AND THE HON. J. W. E. SCOTT-MONTAGU, M.P., AT HIGHCLIFFE CASTLE, HANTS

(From a photo by H. Fildes)

did not belong to that numerous class of persons who extend their patronage and give their money to an institution once and then forget all about it; or go off on another tack; but that they continued to maintain a lively interest in every body and every work which they had once supported, and that their support was never given without preliminary investigation. Similarly in the distribution of their private charity, it was their habit to consult the Mendicity Society, which, severely as it is sometimes blamed by impetuous sentimentalists, is undoubtedly of real service in exposing imposture, and in diverting the flow of benevolence from simulated distress to cases of real and unquestionable misery.

In their charitable activities, however, their personal and praiseworthy predilections are distinctly visible. Edward VII. always gave his warmest support to those movements which are calculated to advance the position of, or to improve the conditions of life for, the working classes. His work in connection with the commission for the improvement of the housing of the working classes will not have been forgotten.

His untiring industry in promoting the cause of the hospitals, which are practically the poor man's only doctor in London, was strenuous, constant, and successful. Noteworthy in particular also was the support which he consistently gave to any Exhibition in the nature of Arts and Crafts, which has tended to have an educational value. His help was given not merely to great Exhibitions, such as that in Dublin in 1865, or in Edinburgh in 1884, when in visiting the National Forestry Exhibition he paid particular attention to Colonial and Indian Exhibits, but to all sorts of little Exhibitions; for example,

in December of 1878 Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra interested themselves in so minor an industry as that of the straw-hat manufacturers at Luton, and in November of 1884 the chairmakers of Wycombe were honoured by a visit, at the end of which they presented their Royal visitors with some specimens of their local industry.

But, perhaps naturally, since the naval and military services are in the direct service of the Crown, Edward VII. took in them the deepest possible interest.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE, PRINCESSES ALIX AND MAUD

(Photo by W. & D. Downey)



SHAMROCK II. BEING TOWED HOME AFTER THE ACCIDENT

(From a photo by West & Son, Southsea)

Like the Commander-in-Chief, he was impressed with the belief that the main difficulty in the way of recruiting, or at any rate of obtaining a suitable class of men as recruits, is due to the rough and uncivilised accommodation in barracks, and to the inadequacy of the married quarters. It was with this idea in his mind, and with the object of finding a remedy for a fault which all thoughtful persons, cognisant of military affairs, knew to exist, that he paid the visit to the Guinness Buildings and to the Rowton House, of which mention has been made elsewhere. The King then expressed for publication the view that he thought very highly of these establishments, and believed that something might be done on the lines of them to ameliorate the condition of the soldier's life.

Among the asylums and homes directly connected with soldiers and sailors, in which Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, interested himself specially may be quoted the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, which received an annual subscription since 1883; the Guards' Industrial Home, to which an annual subscription was given; the Gordon Boys' Home, of which Sir Henry Burdett records: "No one took a more active part in its establishment than the Prince of Wales, who personally attended meetings of committee, and moved a resolution proposing the Memorial at the Mansion House, on May 30, 1885." All sorts of

sailors' homes, too, at Cork, at Dartmouth, at Dover, at Portsmouth, at Falmouth, at Poplar, and all over the East End, received valuable support.

Very naturally, his Majesty, who was always deeply interested in the drama and the theatre, was a supporter of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. When the Alhambra Theatre was burnt down he was to the fore at once with a subscription in aid of those who

suffered; the Artists' Benevolent Institution also received substantial support from one who, since he made his first speech at an Academy dinner, was a constant and intelligent friend of English art.

No work of the life of Edward VII. was of greater value than that part of it in which he was seen coming forward with earnest appeal to the public, lest, in the face of some catastrophe of world-wide horror, or of some celebration of world-wide interest, they should forget the paramount claims of the hospitals. Certainly he did more for the metropolitan hospitals than any living man, and the only person whose influence for good in that direction can be

compared at all with his is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Let us turn aside now to an Institution peculiarly dear to the heart of Edward VII., in which he showed active and personal interest. The memories of men are so short that they have almost forgotten the book, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," that excellent novel with a purpose, by Sir Walter Besant, who, at the time of writing it, had not yet received the honour of knighthood which he so justly earned. Out of the proposal, eloquently made in that novel, for the establishment of a "Palace of Delight," grew undoubtedly the People's Palace, and there is no question that the attraction exercised by the



MR. JOHN PORTER

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



From a photo by

PERSIMMON

Ralph Dersingham



From a

DIAMOND JUBILEE WINNING THE DERBY IN 1900

photograph

novel upon the King's mind was a potent influence in causing that scheme to be carried into effect. Sir Edmund Currie, too, as Sir Henry Burdett notes, "gave up his life—at any rate, for the time being—to insure that the People's Palace should be made to produce the best possible results to the poor of East London, amongst whom he had spent the greater part of his days." But the active participa-

tion of him who was the King made all the difference in the world to the success of the scheme. He it was who laid the foundation-stone in 1886, and it was through him that Queen Victoria was induced in May, 1887, the year of her first Jubilee, to make a triumphal progress from Paddington to Whitechapel for the purpose of opening the Queen's Hall. The King's own view of the value of the Palace was well



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

(From a photograph by Ralph Dersingham)

expressed in his opening speech. That is to say, he perceived that it provided simultaneous opportunities of recreation and of instruction, which would be of paramount value to a population composed mainly of artisans and mechanics and their families. "That the Prince's expectations have been more than fulfilled, and that the influence for good which the People's Palace has exercised and will continue to exercise is enormous, must be patent to everybody who has taken the trouble to visit the building and judge for themselves." So wrote Sir Henry Burdett in 1889. Perhaps, however, now that the People's

Supported by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales" with the quotation from Shakespeare :

She hath a tear for pity
And a hand open as day
For melting charity.

And then follows a list of several hundreds of institutions to which Queen Alexandra gave her special and personal support. They are of all kinds but since the Queen-Mother is herself a woman and a gracious lady who hails from Denmark, it is possible to trace her individual tastes even in the matter of charity. Everything Danish that is good has found



THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE

(From a photo by Poulton & Sons)

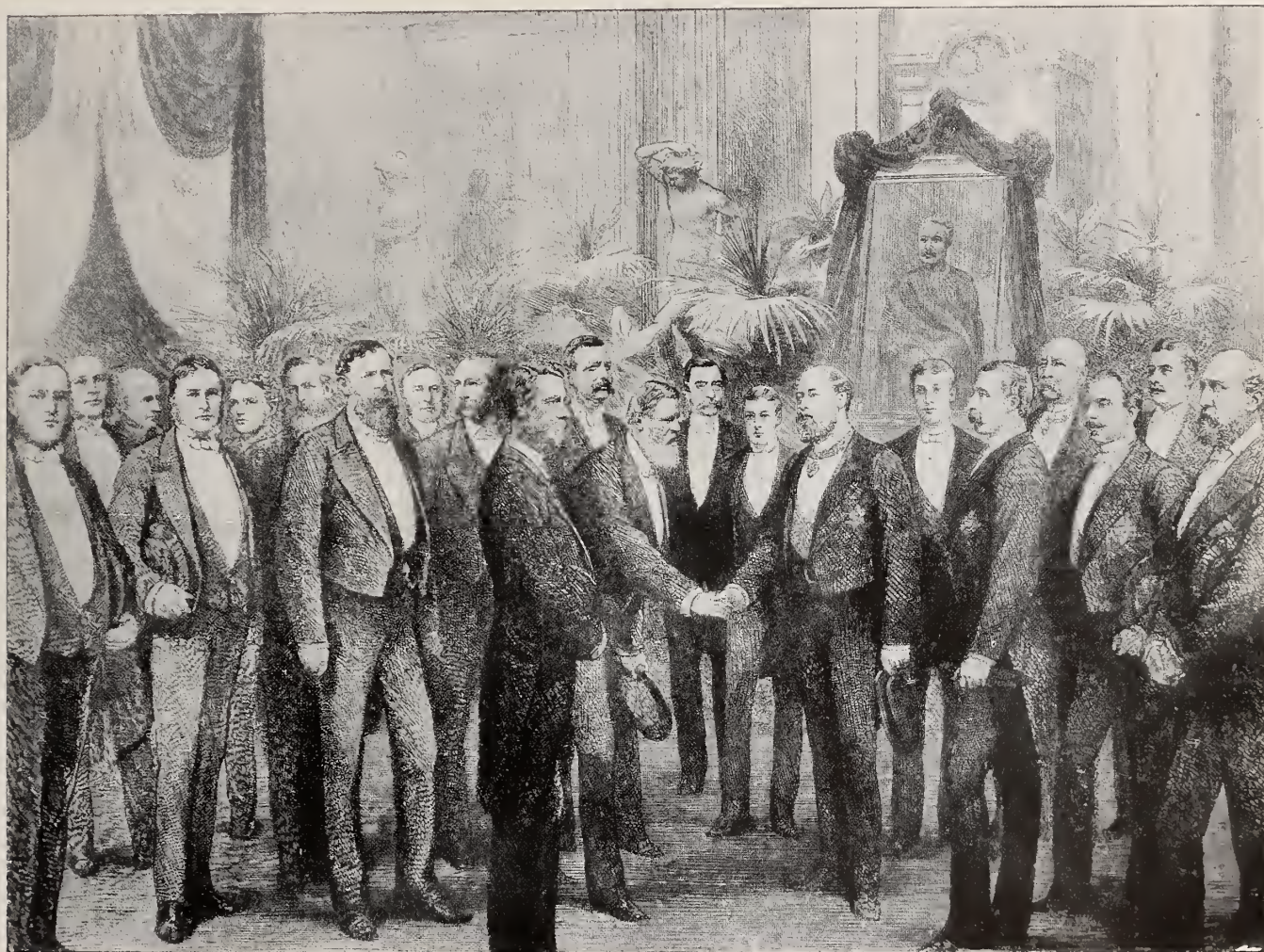
Palace has, in some measure, lost its novelty, there is something of a disposition in others to neglect the opportunities which it offers.

Such, very generally, are the lines which were taken by the active benevolence of Edward VII., and it is not too much to say that in every enterprise in which he was interested he received warm and tender co-operation from Queen Alexandra. But the latter very justly and properly had her own special predilections in this matter of charitable work. Sir Henry Burdett aptly prefixes his appendix of "Institutions and Undertakings Patronised and

in her a ready listener to an appeal for help. Danish soldiers' widows, Danish chapels and churches in London, Hull and Newcastle, sufferers from the Danish inundation and the Copenhagen poor have found in her a constant friend. But it is vastly to understate the case to say that she has never neglected the claims of her adopted home, and there is no considerable institution, whether for the benefit of the more unhappy of her sex or for the promotion of the education of women of all classes, to which she has not given eager assistance. More especially is her devotion to children noteworthy. "A close study

of the movements of their Royal Highnesses during the first twenty-six years," writes Sir Henry Burdett, "has caused us to conclude that they have a special sympathy with the institutions for children, and especially for those that relieve any form of human suffering." Perhaps the Children's Hosital in Great Ormond Street, to which Queen Alexandra accompanied the late King shortly after his illness for the purpose of being present while he laid the foundation-stone of some new buildings, has gained most from the personal kindness of the Queen and her daughters.

which she set herself to work to collect funds for, and to equip, a special hospital-ship, endeared her more than ever to the people of Great Britain and to the British Army. Moreover, it was the writer's good fortune to be present on more than one occasion at Southampton when the hospital ship *Princess of Wales* came in with her suffering load of humanity, and he will never forget the scenes which followed. Down to Southampton as soon as possible would come the Princess of Wales, as she then was, and before the patients were removed to Netley, the



OPENING FESTIVAL OF THE GORDON BOYS' HOME. EDWARD VII. RECEIVING THE GUESTS.

Moreover, the ordinary residents in Chelsea, where there are several important institutions for sick children and for sick and incurable children, have been witnesses time after time of the repeated visits paid by Queen Alexandra to these little ones. Often she has borne flowers with her; often she has been accompanied by one or more of her daughters.

But perhaps it was the South African War, and the sufferings which resulted from it, which gave to Queen Alexandra the best opportunity of her life of showing not only her tenderness of heart, but also her thoroughly English patriotism. The energy with

Princess, accompanied by one or more of her daughters, would make the complete tour of the ship, talking to almost every man and inquiring into the nature of his wants. Moreover, the writer saw what the Princess did not see herself, and that was the universal feeling of affection and gratitude which glowed in the hearts, and found expression from the lips of those poor fellows when she was gone. These are the occasions which endeared Queen Alexandra to the heart of her husband's people, and the body of nurses which bears her name is perhaps the worthiest expression of one side of her character.

CHAPTER XVI



It was recorded not long before the Jubilee of 1887 that during the years when Queen Victoria preferred to bear her sorrow alone an assertion had been made at a meeting of working men that her Majesty was so absorbed in her grief as to have lost all sympathy with her people. Fortunately, perhaps, the name of the author of this

of wonder and of pain. I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this, that a woman, be she Queen of a great realm or be she the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and affection, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

Still, the fact remains that the accusation was made ;



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND HER PONIES AT SANDRINGHAM

(From a photograph taken in 1885 by Geo. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells)

most unchivalrous and utterly false accusation has been forgotten. There was never more staunch Liberal, perhaps, at one time, never more sturdy Republican, than John Bright, and the paltry charge stung him into a white fury of righteous indignation. He spoke thus in his wrath :

"I am not accustomed to stand up in defence of those who are possessors of crowns. But I could not sit here and hear that observation without a sensation

and far-seeing people of the day began to hope not long before the Jubilee of 1887 that her Majesty would begin once again to show herself more frequently to her people. In the early years of her reign, those happy years of her married life with the Prince Consort, the sight of her face had been frequent and familiar. But even early in 1887 the *Times* printed in a leading article the words :

"A generation has grown to manhood since the

happy days in the Queen's reign when her appearance and that of Prince Albert enlivened all State ceremonies and many public entertainments. We cherish the hope that the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee may mark the beginning of a new and brighter period, both in her own existence and in the social annals of the country."

That hope was fulfilled. 1887 did mark the beginning of a new and brighter period in the existence of the Queen and in the social annals of her country; nor need there be any doubt that this very distinct departure was due in large measure to the influence of the Heir Apparent of those days. His worst enemy was never so much as heard to suggest that he was indifferent to public opinion, or that he failed to watch it. Indeed, it would probably surprise the average member of the British public to know how carefully all expressions of public opinion and all accounts of Royal festivals or ceremonies are scanned and preserved by those who are connected with the Court, or how deeply blunders upon points which might be deemed trivial

are resented at Windsor, at Buckingham Palace, and at Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales, then, of the 'eighties, was well aware that, firm as was the position of the monarchy in the minds of cultivated men and women, absence had certainly not made the heart of the multitude grow fonder, and it is a fact that he himself had a very

large personal share in causing her Majesty to make early in 1887 that distinct change in her habits of life in public which may be said practically to have lasted to her death. He it was who induced her to appear in person at the opening of the People's Palace, and it is more than likely that the extraordinary warmth of the

welcome which she received in driving from Paddington to Whitechapel sufficed to convince her, not, perhaps, that the isolation of past years had been a mistake, but that the outspoken expression of the passionate affection of a great people was a thing worth living for.

So she nerved herself to bear the fatigues necessarily incident to the great Jubilee procession of 1887, and the accompanying service in the Abbey. That Jubilee was a triumph from the moment when her Majesty came into London to take up her residence at Buckingham Palace for the purpose of the celebration; and when the day itself came, it was possible to write of it: "A national pageant has proceeded amidst circumstances of unrivalled splendour, the voice of a mighty people has been heard rejoicing with



EDWARD VII. AS COLONEL OF PRUSSIAN HUSSARS

(From a photo by W. Hoffert, Berlin)

no uncertain sound; Kings and Princes from the continent of Europe, and even from the distant parts of Asia and the far Pacific, and welcome representatives of her Majesty's Indian and Colonial Empire, have assembled to take their share in the universal joy and triumph. The Sovereign, in spite of her burden of half a century of power, has assumed



QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN 1886

(Photo by Russeil & Sons)

her part in the imposing ceremony by which her fifty years of glory and prosperity have been celebrated. In the venerable Abbey, which from old times has been the scene of the Coronation of our Kings, attended by numerous descendants and by a crowd of illustrious personages, her Majesty has made her offering of thanks to God for the great blessing of a long and prosperous reign which has been bestowed upon her and upon her people. She has put aside her own sorrows and griefs, in order to join in the song of jubilant exultation which the nation is singing with one accord. The result has been happy beyond all anticipation and hope. Everyone had known that the occasion of the Jubilee would be remarkable; few, perhaps, had been able to realise the fervour and the strength of the popular feeling. The sounds no less than the sights of yesterday were a revelation. Surely never was any manifestation of Royal pomp so successful in calling forth from an assemblage so completely representative and unanimous such cordial expressions of loyalty, of sympathy, and of affection as those which were heard yesterday. The entire ceremonial from beginning to end was full of unprecedented interest and significance. The day was one of which every particular is worthy to be treasured in memory. We may well be forgiven, therefore, if we linger over its history and endeavour to impress it in detail upon the minds of our readers."

As usual in these cases, the central ceremony in the Abbey can only be for the few, but for the many there was the tumultuous chorus of loyalty as the Queen drove down the streets, surrounded by a cavalcade of horsemen, among whom were the Prince of Wales and the Princes of the Blood; most splendid figure of all being the German Crown Prince, who rode in the white uniform of the Cuirassiers of the Guard, towering above all who surrounded him, recalling heroic days.

The policy of more frequent public appearance on the part of Queen Victoria, which may be said to have been inaugurated through the instrumentality of King Edward in 1887, was continued during the rest of her life, and her Majesty even took to going abroad. A memorable visit which she paid to Germany in 1894 is illustrated by a good picture, including many striking portraits of Royal personages.

Impressive, however, as was the Jubilee of 1887, the Diamond Jubilee of 1897 surpassed it, perhaps in splendour, certainly in significance. Spectators missed the knightly figure of the German Crown Prince, afterwards and for a brief space Emperor,



EDWARD VII. AS FIELD-MARSHAL

(Photo by Stuart, Richmond)



EDWARD VII. AT HOMBURG, 1896

(From a photo by T. H. Voigt, Homburg)

who had ridden beside the Queen's carriage ten years before; but in the interval—doubtless partly by reason of the wise policy of many public appearances—the whole of the Royal Family had become more firmly established in the affections of the people. Moreover, the brain of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who had been at the Colonial Office for two years, had conceived the magnificent idea of making the Diamond Jubilee not only an occasion for displaying the world-wide strength of the Empire, but also for cementing the spirit of unity and of common interest which is the real strength of that Empire. This, perhaps, is no place in which to preach the doctrine of Imperialism; but on one point at least all will be agreed. It is that, if we are to be imperial, it is before all things essential that our imperialism should be strong and our unity complete. So it was arranged that the Diamond Jubilee should be the occasion of the meeting of the leading colonial states-

men from all parts of the world. The Cape, too, and Natal sent their contributions of statesmen, and there is no doubt that the informal meetings between these men who held the shaping of destinies of the Empire in their hands were productive of great good. Moreover, the collection of military force from all parts of the world was quite remarkable. There were Canadian Cavalry, and Australian Horse, and Mounted Infantry of all sorts, Carabiniers from Natal, horsemen from Ceylon and Rhodesia and Trinidad, mounted police from Africa and Canada, Artillery from Malta, the Gold Coast, the West Indies, Straits Settlements, Mauritius and Hongkong, as well as from the English-speaking colonies already named, to say nothing of Infantry also from every part of the world. They were received at Chelsea Barracks.

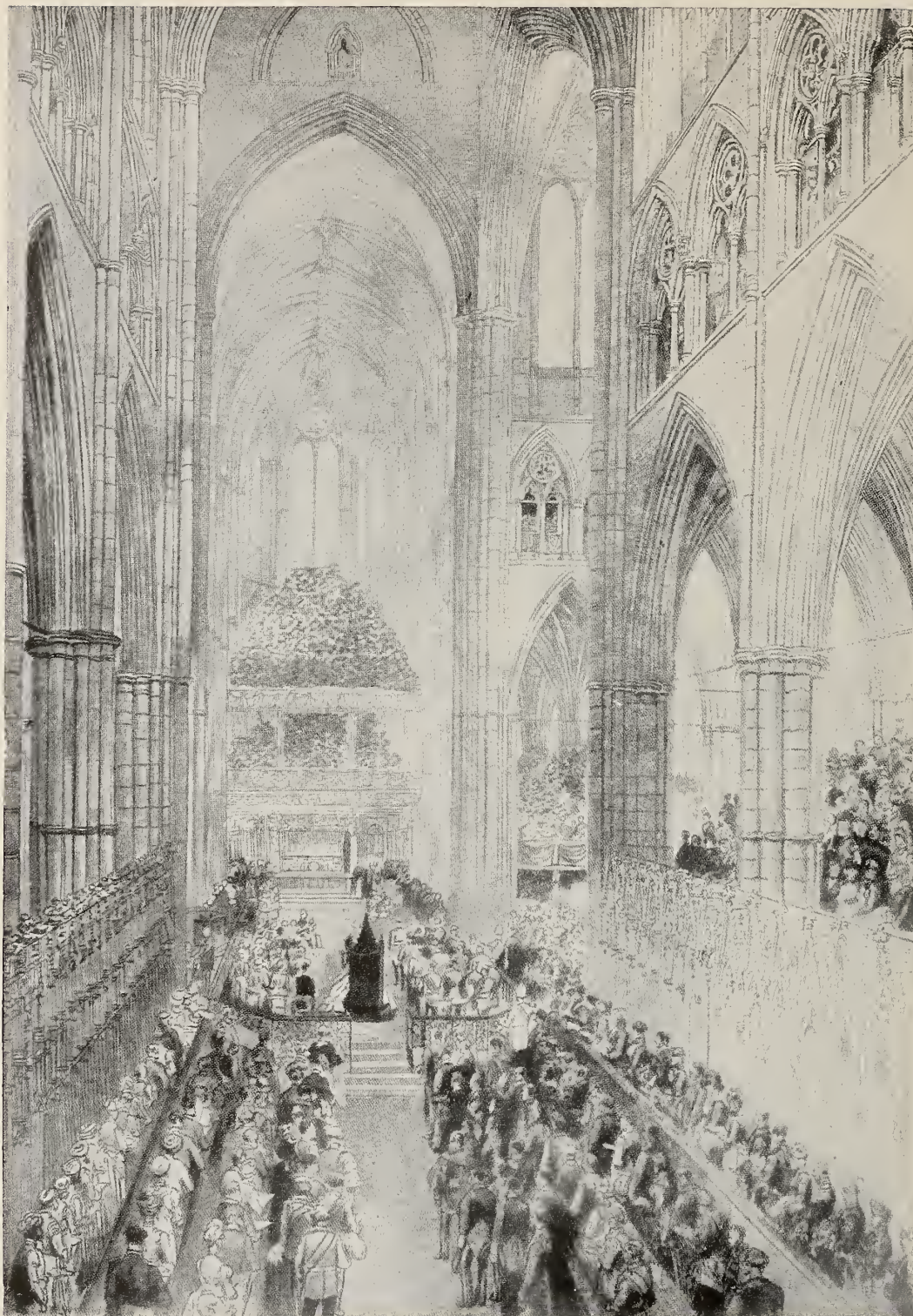
In the procession on that great day the Imperial Service troops, with their dark, bearded faces, and their strange, rich uniforms, and the Colonial troops, were among the most interesting features, second only in importance to the carriage drawn by the cream-coloured horses, in which sat the Queen in a dress and mantle of black silk, embroidered with steel and silver, with a wreath of white acacia and an aigrette of diamonds in her bonnet, with the Princess of Wales in mauve satin at her side. All around the carriage was a group of mounted Princes, including the Prince of Wales of those days, in field-marshal's uniform, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge. That procession to St. Paul's was accurately described at the time as "the most brilliant pageant held in England for many a year."

Nor was the part played in it by the then Prince of Wales a small one. All who knew him are well aware that he was not above taking an interest in small details of arrangement, and in the Colonial troops he manifested the strongest possible concern.



PRINCESS BEATRICE

(From a photo by Elliott & Fry)



JUBILEE OF H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA

General View of the Thanksgiving Service in Westminster Abbey, June 21, 1897

One scene, which came a little later, will never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of witnessing it. It was in the gardens of Buckingham Palace on July 4, when the Colonial troops were reviewed by the Prince of Wales, who was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess

Victoria of Wales, Lord Wolseley (then Commander-in-Chief), Lord Roberts, Lord Methuen, Sir Redvers Buller, and many others, not the least important of whom were all the Colonial Premiers then in England and their wives. Then it was that the Prince of Wales, with his own voice, called for three cheers for the Queen-Empress, and, waving his cocked hat, led the cheering himself. Then it was that "from Canadians and Indians, from men from the Cape of

Good Hope and from the Centre of Africa, from Sikhs, Chinese, Dyaks, Malays, Cingalese, and negroes, came a great roar of acclamation, a memorable shout." All received medals from the hand of the Prince of Wales—silver for officers, bronze for men—having the Queen's head on one side, and on the other the inscription, "In Commemoration of the Sixtieth Year of the Reign of Queen Victoria, June 20, 1897."

There was a similar scene at Windsor a day later when, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, on the lawn beneath the East Terrace of the Castle, the Queen distributed identical medals to the Indian troops, at the head of whom was Lieut.-Colonel

excellent results in the way of establishing the monarchy in the hearts of the people. Nor is there any reason to doubt, but rather abundant and convincing cause for believing, that, so far as anything and everything in the nature of public pageants was concerned, her eldest son had a very large share in influencing her towards this policy of publicity. Never was it more successful than in Ireland during that great visit concerning which timorous folk felt and expressed considerable apprehension. The warm-hearted Irish people were touched by the sight of a Queen so well stricken in years who went to so much personal trouble and inconvenience in order to be among them. Her solitary and dignified appearance appealed to all



Drawn by

**THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE (EMPEROR FREDERICK) AND EDWARD VII. IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S
JUBILEE PROCESSION, JUNE 21, 1897**

John Charlton

Maharajah Dhiraj Sir Pertab Singh, A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales; and one of the incidents of that day which will live in memory was the earnest conversation, watched by the Prince of Wales, between the Queen-Empress and Sir Pertab Singh, who, at the conclusion, raised his hands with the palms pressed together, first to the level of his chest, and then above his head, and then pressed them against his forehead.

During the period of Queen Victoria's life which remained after the Jubilee of 1897, the sight of her face became familiar to her subjects, not only in England and Scotland, but in Ireland also, with

that was chivalrous and good in their nature; Dublin revelled for a while in that prosperity which comes to trade (of some kinds) from the presence of a real Court; and the only cause for regret was that the expedient had not been tried long before. As it was, there is little doubt that the exertion shortened Queen Victoria's life, but there is no suspicion of disloyalty to the memory of the greatest and the purest of English Sovereigns in an expression of opinion that the result was worth the price paid for it. That certainly was the view of her who paid the price.

In connection with the South African War, too, and with the despatch of troops to it from time to time,

King Edward came very near to the hearts of the English people; and Queen Alexandra, by the strenuous efforts which she made to fit out her hospital ship, *Princess of Wales*, and to organise nurses, secured an even higher place in the affections of her

continent in which they had already won undying honour. That, I remember, was a snow scene. Almost equally cheerless in its surroundings, but spirited in itself, was the occasion on which King Edward, himself wearing the uniform of a colonel of



A ROYAL GROUP TAKEN DURING QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO GERMANY IN 1894

The Duke of Connaught, The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, The German Emperor, Edward VII., Queen Victoria, The Empress Frederick

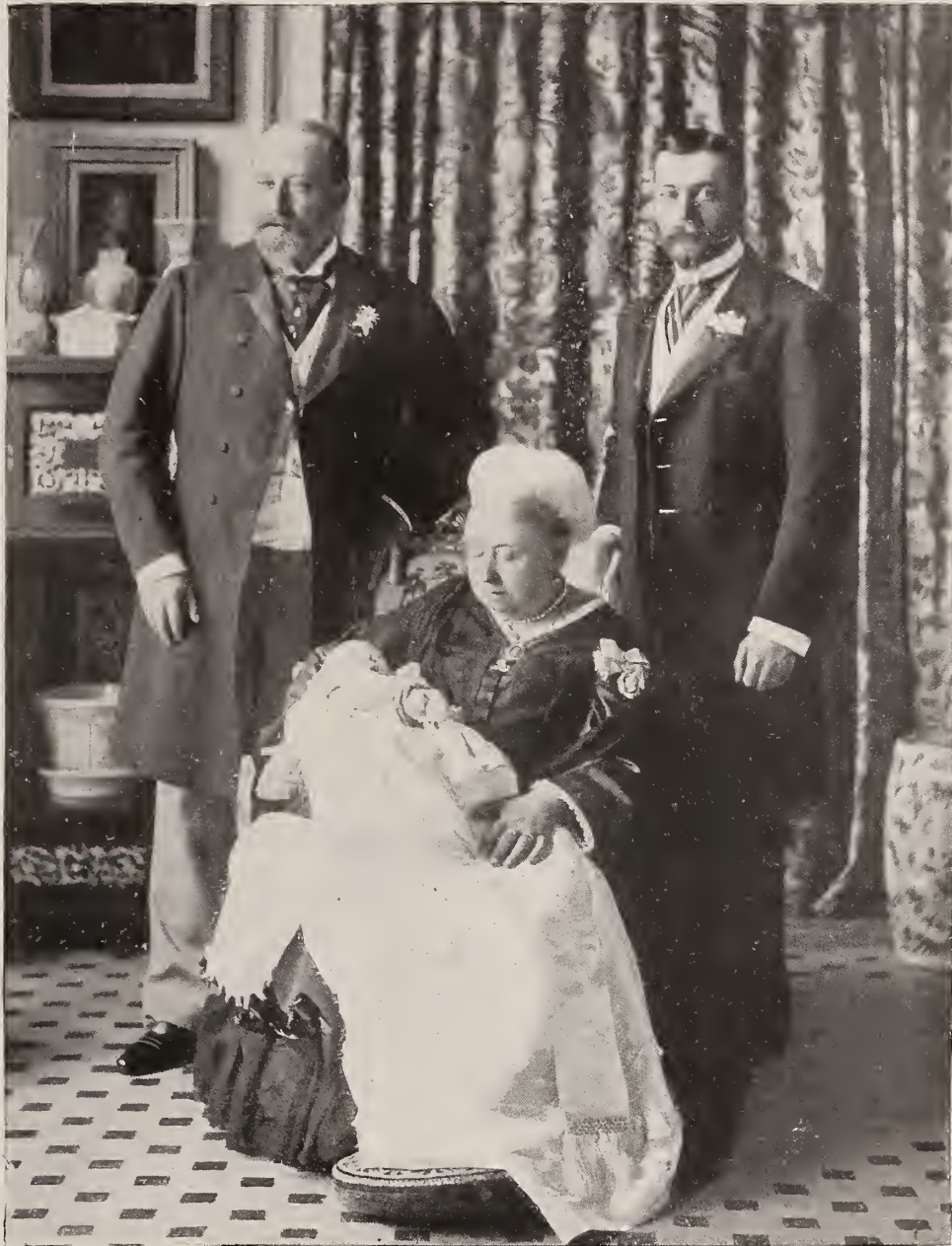
(From a photograph by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond)

fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen than she had occupied before. Few of those who witnessed the scenes are likely to forget the presentation by King Edward of medals to soldiers of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor, fresh from the Soudan, and destined, many of them, to find their way to the southern shores of the

the Grenadier Guards, inspected and addressed the khaki-clad members of the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry in the barrack yard at Albany Street. Hardly less impressive was the scene in Chelsea Barracks, when the members of that peculiarly British institution, the Sharpshooters' Corps, were

inspected and addressed by King Edward. Every address ended with the words: "I wish you God-speed and a safe return," spoken in a tone which left not the slightest doubt as to the earnest sincerity of the speaker. His was the spirit of a man who hated war in itself, but who, when his country had once entered into war, was absolutely convinced that the one

in the attentions which he paid as a son of a dying mother. Then, when the blow fell, producing consternation in England, and something like stupor in the Court, he whom the passing of one breath had changed into King was absolutely the first to recover self-possession, and in the middle of his grief, as a son, to understand that he must undertake his duties as a King.



FOUR GENERATIONS

Queen Victoria, Edward VII., King George V., and The Prince of Wales

(From a photo taken in 1894 by W. & D. Downey)

course open was to pursue that war doggedly and consistently until victory was achieved.

Then, in the middle of the war, came the illness, the death, and the majestic funeral of Queen Victoria. It is needless to say now that, during those days of tiring anxiety, he who was so soon to be King of England was as assiduous as circumstances permitted him to be

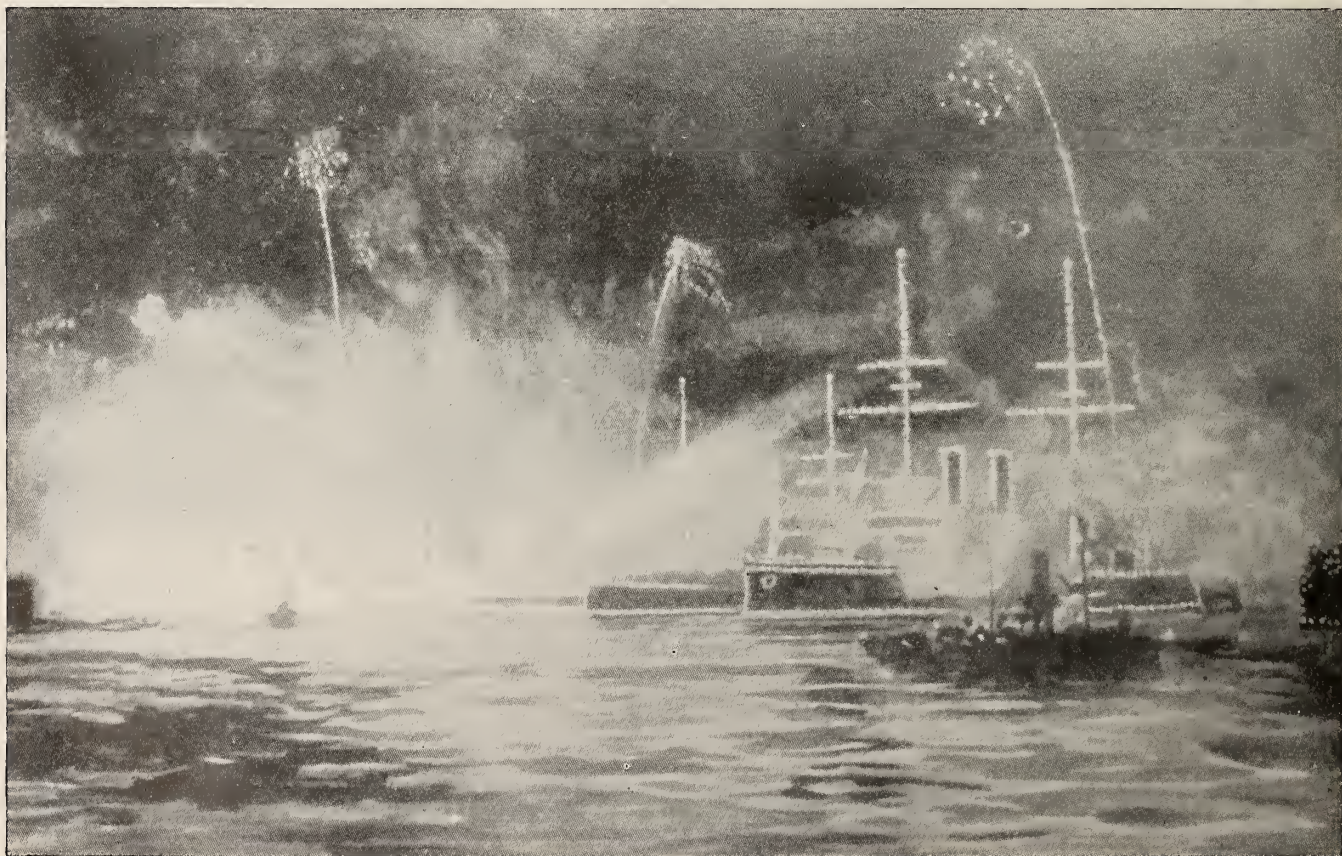
His first speech in that capacity was a model of what such speeches should be. His first duties were concerned with the personal supervision of all the arrangements for that long-drawn and majestic funeral ceremony, which was incomparably the most solemn and sacred event in the long roll of English history. The departure from Osborne, the slow march of the



EDWARD VII. PRESENTING THE JUBILEE COMMEMORATION MEDALS TO INDIAN AND COLONIAL TROOPS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JULY, 1897

King with the German Emperor beside him down the hill to East Cowes, the embarkation of the coffin on board the *Alberta*, the passage through the fleet of British and foreign men-of-war at

Spithead, the grand and mournful progress through London on the next day, and the unique ceremonial in St. George's Chapel, were imposing out of all precedent.



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD IN HONOUR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE. THE FLEET ILLUMINATED
(Drawn by W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.)



**EDWARD VII. AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR FOLLOWING
THE ROYAL COFFIN**

(From a photo by J. B. Veck & Co.)



**THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF QUEEN VICTORIA BORNE BY THE GRENADIER GUARDS, AND FOLLOWED BY THE
CROWN AND INSIGNIA, ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL**

(From a photo by Russell & Sons)

CHAPTER XVII



THE first official act of Edward VII. was to decide by what title he should be known to his subjects and in history. Many expected that he would assume the name and style of Albert I. But his Majesty's tact made him unwilling that any associations of himself with the name of Albert should conflict with those which surrounded the revered memory of his father, the Prince Consort. He resolved to ascend the Throne as Edward VII. The decision was received with gratitude. It carried on appropriately the traditions of our English chronicle, which would have been in some sense

entertained by the enemies of England were frustrated owing to the magnificent loyalty displayed towards Queen Victoria's son. The war was the one blot on the general well-being, and this was happily removed by the negotiations between the Boer leaders and Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener, which preceded the definite conclusion of Peace on May 31, 1902. On June 2 Edward VII. issued a Message, which stated that his Majesty trusted "that Peace may be speedily followed by the restoration of prosperity in his new dominions, and that the feelings necessarily engendered by war will give place to the earnest co-operation of all his Majesty's South African subjects in promoting the welfare of their common country."

The long campaign at an end, there seemed



From a photo

GROUP TAKEN AT SANDRINGHAM ON EDWARD VII'S BIRTHDAY, 1899

by Ralph

violated by the introduction of a name new to its glorious chapters.

When the new reign began the dark clouds of war and continental menace hung heavy in the air. To meet and extinguish all our difficulties abroad became his instant resolve. The Empire, still perilously enmeshed in the South African War, costly in treasure, but more costly still in gallant lives, faced with fresh ardour and resolve the task of concluding it, while any half-conceived plans of interference

nothing to interrupt the general rejoicing. It had been decided that the Coronation ceremonial should occupy the two days which had been proclaimed public holidays, with a third devoted to a great Review of the Fleet at Spithead.

Court officials began to bestir themselves, and such hereditary dignitaries as live but once in a reign awoke from the slumber in which they had been wrapped since the Coronation of Queen Victoria. The august ceremony itself, with the immemorial

religious rites in Westminster Abbey, was fixed for June 26, 1902, and for the following day was set down a great Coronation Procession, which was to be greater and more brilliant than the memorable progress through London of Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee. The princes and potentates of India and representatives of all sections of the great Indian Army were invited to cross the ocean. The Premiers of all the self-governing Colonies, with representatives of the Colonial forces, were also summoned to attend, so that the power, the variety, and the extent of the British Empire would be abundantly displayed to all the world.

The elaborate preparations went on apace. All seemed most auspicious for his Majesty's Coronation on the day appointed, when like a mutter of thunder from a fair sky the news flew from mouth to mouth that the King was ill. He had attended a military tattoo at Aldershot on the evening of Saturday, June 14—a miserable day of rain and cold—and kept his bed the following day because, it was announced, he had "contracted a chill." The ensuing week—the week of Ascot—he spent very quietly, and was said to be better. On the Monday of what should have been Coronation week his Majesty came to London from Windsor, and those who saw him then shook their heads and said he looked very ill. There was a whisper of a foolish prophecy a gipsy woman had uttered, that the Prince of Wales would be an uncrowned King; but still did the multitude believe and expect that the Coronation would be celebrated on the Thursday.



MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

(Photo by Elliott & Fry)

mark, Portugal and Roumania, and Princes of the Royal Houses of Belgium, Bavaria, Saxony, Japan, Abyssinia, Siam, and Zanzibar. The public who read of these proceedings little suspected that the King's physicians and surgeons were in anxious consultation on this Monday night, and that they had come to a very unfavourable conclusion. On Tuesday morning they had no doubt that the King was suffering from perityphlitis—an intestinal disorder—and that the patient's life would be endangered if an immediate operation were not undertaken.

Yet, although himself realising his condition, his Majesty had announced his intention of running any risks that might attach to exertion, and of proceeding with the Coronation celebrations according to programme. It was this courageous resolve which had placed the King's life in jeopardy; for the menacing indications had reappeared as soon as he had reached Buckingham Palace, and it was evident that the journey to London had been undertaken at the risk of his life. It was a resolve, which, when known, endeared King Edward still further to his subjects.

On Tuesday afternoon, then, came the announcement, like a clap of thunder, that the Coronation was "indefinitely postponed." That very day, at half-past twelve, the King had submitted to an operation of a most serious character. It had been entrusted to Sir Frederick Treves in association with Lord Lister, and after consultation with the Court physician and surgeons.

He received the chloroform at the hands of Dr. Frederick Hewitt, the Court anæsthetist, with calm courage, kissing his son and bidding him be of good cheer. "If they fail and it is God's will," he said, "be a good King. I do not wish that my people should be disappointed. Let the Coronation take place as soon as possible."

The official announcement of the postponement

In the evening King Edward gave a great dinner party at Buckingham Palace to his royal guests, who included the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor, and the Heirs Apparent of Austria, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Den-



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

(Photo by Ellis, Malta)



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

(Photo by Mendelssohn)



From a photo

EDWARD VII. INSPECTING COMPOSITE REGIMENT AT ALBANY STREET, 1899

by Gregory & Co.

of the Coronation was issued between eleven and twelve on the Tuesday morning, and the operation was performed soon after noon by the most eminent living surgeon. It was quite successful in its immediate object; but the early bulletins were exceedingly guarded, and it was not until Thursday, the 26th, that they lost their carefully qualified character.

The first sentence uttered by the illustrious patient on regaining consciousness was, "Will my people ever forgive me?" No words can render an adequate idea of the intense anxiety which oppressed the country while the issue hung in the balance. But the King himself had displayed the utmost courage. His one concern was the disappointment which he felt would be occasioned should a postponement of the Coronation prove inevitable. From his sick-bed there issued a series of messages which testified eloquently to the Sovereign's solicitude for his people. In one of these he expressed the wish that the provincial festivities, many of



**EDWARD VII. IN RUSSIAN UNIFORM ON BOARD THE
RUSSIAN YACHT "POLAR STAR," 1898**

(From a photograph)

which were of a nature that made postponement impossible, should be celebrated according to arrangement, and this, in some cases, was done, especially where those who were to benefit were the indigent or the suffering. By the King's orders also the list of honours which had been conferred in connection with the Coronation was proclaimed without delay.

Compared with the King's protracted and serious illness when Prince of Wales, the suspense upon the present occasion, though acute, was brief, and in the course of a few days his devoted subjects were rejoiced to learn that his indomitable spirit and his sound constitution had triumphed, and that, unless some unforeseen development supervened, his complete restoration to health was assured. On June 30, therefore, the bonfires which, from peak to peak throughout the Kingdom, were to have signalled the Coronation, flared up to the skies, testifying to the people's joy that their Sovereign had safely passed through the Valley of the Shadow. The

dinner to half a million of the poor of London, which was his Majesty's private benefaction to his less fortunate subjects dwelling in his capital, took place on July 5. A few days later the Prince and Princess of Wales held a reception at St. James's Palace of the distinguished visitors who had assembled from all parts of the Empire to participate officially at the solemn consecration in the Abbey. On Tuesday, July 15, his Majesty had so far regained health that he was able to leave London for Portsmouth, where, with Queen Alexandra, he embarked upon the yacht *Victoria and Albert* in order that his recovery might be hastened by the invigorating air of the Solent.

King Edward bore the journey well, and the progress of his convalescence was so greatly accelerated that

Buckingham Palace, the day before his consecration in the Abbey:—

On the eve of my Coronation, an event which I look upon as one of the most solemn and important in my life, I am anxious to express to my people at home, and in the Colonies and in India, my heartfelt appreciation of the deep sympathy which they have manifested towards me during the time that my life was in such imminent danger.

The postponement of the ceremony, owing to my illness, caused, I fear, much inconvenience and trouble to all those who intended to celebrate it, but this disappointment was borne by them with admirable patience and temper. The prayers of my people for my recovery were heard, and I now offer up my deepest gratitude to Divine Providence for having preserved my life, and given me strength to fulfil the important duties which devolve upon me as Sovereign of this great Empire.

EDWARD, R. and I.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
August 8, 1902.



Drawn by

ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT

John Charlton

The King's Colonials marching past Queen Alexandra

less than a week after his arrival on shipboard it could be confidently announced that the Coronation would take place on August 9. Under the tender care of Queen Alexandra the King mended rapidly, and no untoward incident of any sort interfered with his steady convalescence. When their Majesties returned to London on Wednesday, August 6, they were received with boundless enthusiasm. The King, who had been deeply touched by the universal sorrow and sympathy displayed by the Empire during his illness, gave eloquent witness to his recognition and appreciation of its demonstrations of affectionate loyalty in the following "Letter to his People," which, on his own initiative, he penned and signed at

And so in Westminster Abbey the next day the King and Queen were crowned with all the pomp and circumstance which could bestow dignity upon such a celebration. It was a majestic, an ever-memorable sight; and while the popular eye was captivated by the regal magnificence and by the picturesqueness of the escort of British, Colonial, and Indian soldiers, the imagination was thrilled with the significance of the spectacle and with a new hope for the country and the Empire. These stalwart warriors, recruited from the distant regions of the world where the flag flew, were the visible sign and symbol of one Empire and a mighty power for peace.

That too severe a strain might not be imposed

upon the Sovereign's recently recovered strength, the sermon had been eliminated from the service, which had also been simplified and shortened in several other respects. One of these was the homage, which was on this occasion paid by the first peer of each degree as the representative of all its members. This solemn acknowledgment of fealty was made all the more impressive by two pathetic incidents, which touched the hearts of all who witnessed them. The aged Primate, after kneeling before the King to recite the set formula, to which he added the bene-

support to prevent him from falling to the ground. When it came to the turn of the Prince of Wales (now his Majesty George V.) to do homage, the King, with an impulsive gesture, took the Heir-Apparent in his arms and warmly embraced him in the sight of the multitude. The relations of Sovereign and liege melted into those of father and son. Other ranks of the nobility rendered homage, and then the Queen was anointed, crowned, and invested. After lasting an hour and a half the historic ceremony ended with the Communion Service and the Benediction.



Drawn by

EDWARD VII. AT ALDERSHOT
The Grand Torchlight Tattoo on June 14, 1902

Chas. Dixon, R.I.

dictory words, "God bless you, sir ; God be with you, sir," attempted to rise to his feet, to touch the crown and kiss his Majesty's cheek. But his waning strength, which was unequal to the heavy demands made upon it, failed him. At that moment the Monarch graciously extended his hands and assisted him to rise. Even then it was necessary for the Bishop of Winchester, later his successor in the Primacy of All England, to lend the aged Primate

The magnificence of the Royal procession to and from the Abbey, the dazzling splendour of the scene beneath its noble roof—where were assembled Ministers of State, peers of the realm, dignitaries of the Church, members of the House of Commons, Colonial Premiers, distinguished representatives of the people, and the Ambassadors of the Powers—the impressive solemnity of the ceremonial, all combined to render the event one of extraordinary grandeur.

Some there were present—among them the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and her brother, the Duke of Cambridge—who could remember a like scene, sixty-four years earlier, when, on the same spot, but under circumstances hardly as auspicious, a young Queen had been consecrated with the attributes of sovereignty over a smaller Empire and a less powerful race. These must have reflected on the marvellous changes which had since that time been wrought in the sentiment of the British people towards their ruler, and the new moral influence which the monarchy had acquired through the wisdom and virtues of those in whom high power had been reposed.

As a final incident of this memorable day came the appearance of the Sovereign and Queen Alexandra, wearing their crowns, on the central balcony



THE YORK HERALD PROCLAIMING EDWARD VII. AT
TEMPLE BAR, JUNE 25, 1901

(From a drawing by W. Hatherell, R.I.)

of the Palace, which thoughtful action on the part of their Majesties was hailed with renewed acclamations.

The same evening it was announced that the King had determined to present Osborne House to the nation as a Coronation gift, ordaining that, with the exception of the suite of rooms which had been hallowed by Queen Victoria's own use and by her death, it should be used as a convalescent home for officers of the navy and army.

Throughout the Empire Coronation Day was kept as a religious observance, being not only an historical occasion, but also one of thanksgiving for a beloved Monarch's restoration to

health and for the renewed blessings of peace.

Special commemoration services and thanksgiving for the King's recovery were held all over the



H.M. KING GEORGE V.



H.M. QUEEN MARY

AS PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

(From photos by W. & D. Downey)



TROOPING THE COLOURS AT WHITEHALL, MAY, 1901
Edward VII. accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON THEIR WAY TO ATTEND THE PEACE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S, JUNE 8, 1902
(From a photo by the Biograph Studio)



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA

(From a photo by W. & D. Downey)

country on August 10, and the festivities in connection with the great event were not concluded until his Majesty had reviewed, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, the Colonial and Indian troops which had specially come over to this country, and had held a naval review at Spithead. It was while on his yacht off the Isle of Wight for the naval review that Edward VII. received the Boer Generals—Botha, De Wet, and Delarey—who had lately been in the field against us in South Africa. A portion of his Coronation year was spent in a

cruise round the British Isles, visiting Milford Haven, the Isle of Man, the Clyde, Colonsay, Stornoway and Dunrobin. In these remote parts of the Kingdom his Majesty, who was accompanied by the Queen, was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm, and the memory of the brief stay of the Monarch in the little places will long remain green.

But, as we have said, the festivities of the Coronation, although splendid, had to be curtailed, and the King, ever mindful of his people, was determined that London, and particularly the poorer residents of the



THE CORONATION PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE CANADIAN ARCH

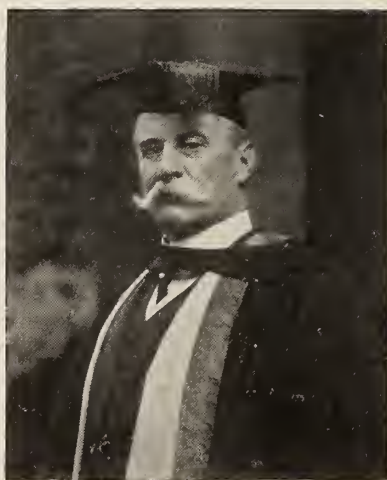
(Photo by J. Russell & Sons)

Metropolis, should not be deprived of participation in the Royal celebration. Accordingly, he passed in State through the streets on October 25, 1902. Accompanied by his illustrious Consort and many other members of the Royal Family, the Monarch drove down the Mall, out of Marlborough Gate, along Pall Mall, through Trafalgar Square, and by the Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill to the Guildhall, where the City Corporation had provided luncheon and invited a distinguished company to meet him. Then the pageant proceeded by Gresham Street, Prince's Street, King William Street, over London Bridge, along the Borough High Street, through St. George's Circus, and over Westminster Bridge back to the Palace. The streets were thronged with sightseers, and there was everywhere a magnificent demonstration of that splendid loyalty which King Edward always, during his reign, produced wherever he was seen by his subjects. When his Majesty celebrated his birthday in 1902 he had as guests at Windsor the German Emperor, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain, and the following month the King of

Portugal, a close personal friend, came over on a visit.

King Edward was proclaimed Emperor of India by the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, on January 1, 1903, in a scene of noble splendour at Delhi, on the very spot where in 1877 Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress. Such was the brilliance of that historic event that Europeans who went out to witness it were overwhelmed with admiration. It is difficult to convey a fitting idea of that magnificent spectacle. Among those who took a share in the

Durbar were representatives of all the races, principalities, and powers from Persia to China, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. There were delegates from Japan and the British Colonies, besides a great body of officials worthily representing in India the British Sovereign and British people. The Viceroy's eloquence rose to an unwonted height in the speech, in which he gave the Indian people a glowing message from their ruler. Nor was King Edward's name ever more heartily cheered than when that unique gathering of Orientals and Occidentals acclaimed



SIR FREDERICK TREVES

(Photo by E. H. Mills)



EDWARD VII. AS COLONEL OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS

(From a photo by R. Milne, Ballater)

the Emperor of India at the close of the great ceremony.

King Edward's reign was characterised by many advances made in science. Among the many inventions which add to the comfort and progress of the human race, few can be ranked higher than that of wireless telegraphy. It was on January 19, 1903, that it was first possible by this means to send messages with accuracy across the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, and this result was signalled by the following historic messages being exchanged by wireless telegraphy:—

TO HIS MAJESTY
KING EDWARD THE
SEVENTH.

In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity which has been achieved in perfecting the system of wireless telegraphy, I extend, on behalf of the American people, my most cordial greetings and good wishes to you and the people of the British Empire.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



LORD KITCHENER
THE CHIEF BRITISH MILITARY SIGNATORY TO THE PEACE TERMS
(From a painting by H. W. Kockcock)

TO THE PRESIDENT,
WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

I thank you most sincerely for the kind message which I have just received from you through Signor Marconi's transatlantic wireless telegraphy. I sincerely reciprocate, in the name of the people of the British Empire, the cordial greetings and friendly sentiment expressed by you on behalf of the American nation, and I heartily wish you and your country every possible prosperity.

EDWARD R.

It was in the later part of his reign, too, that human flight by means of the aeroplane at length after centuries of endeavour, became possible. His Majesty took a deep personal interest in aviation.

Thus July 25th, 1909, witnessed a startling but peaceful foreign invasion of these shores which served still further to cement the *Entente Cordiale* in which Edward VII. had played of late years so responsible a part. On that day M. Blériot essayed the conquest of the Channel passage in his monoplane. Leaving



THE REVIEW OF THE COLONIAL TROOPS BY EDWARD VII.

(Photo by the Art Reproduction Co.)

France with the dawn he landed on Dover Cliffs without mishap in the early hours of the morning, thus marking an epoch of the greatest importance in an illustrious reign.

In 1903 Edward VII. went on a journey of world-wide importance, visiting Portugal, Italy, and France. It was his first official visit to the Continent. Portugal welcomed him with enthusiasm born of centuries of friendship between the two nations and emphasised by the personal relations between the two monarchs. From Gibraltar and Malta his Majesty went to Naples and Rome, where he was cordially received by King

ance in Rome, and the conflicting claims of the Quirinal and the Vatican. But our Monarch's tact disarmed criticism. As for Paris, that city showed that her most popular Royal visitor was not less welcome as Sovereign than he had long been as Prince.

He had scarcely been twenty-four hours on the banks of the Seine before his Majesty had uttered words which rang like a tocsin through France. Replying to an address from the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, he said :—

A Divine Providence has designed that France should be



THE CORONATION CEREMONY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. THE SUPREME MOMENT.

Victor Emmanuel and his people. Before leaving Rome he called at the Vatican and had audience with Pope Leo XIII.—a courtesy to which some critics sought to give unwarrantable significance.

As Prince of Wales, Edward VII. had three times paid visits to Pope Leo XIII. at the Vatican. Before leaving England his Majesty expressed to his Ministers a desire to have yet one more interview with the venerable Pontiff, now ninety-three years of age. The question was naturally one of extraordinary delicacy; owing to the position of the King himself, the head of a Protestant people, the defender of a Protestant Church, and also to the official nature of his appear-

our near neighbour, and, I hope, always a dear friend. There are no two countries in the world whose mutual prosperity is more dependent on each other. There may have been misunderstandings and causes of dissension in the past, but all such differences are, I believe, happily removed and forgotten, and I trust that the friendship and admiration which we all feel for the French nation and their glorious traditions may, in the near future, develop into a sentiment of the warmest affection and attachment between the peoples of the two countries. The achievement of this aim is my constant desire, and, gentlemen, I count upon your institution and each of its members severally who reside in this beautiful city, and enjoy the hospitality of the French Republic, to aid and assist me in the attainment of this object.

The effect of this speech was perceptible on the following day, when there was a marked increase of



THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW, AUGUST 16, 1902

(From a drawing by H. C. Seppings Wright)

fervour in the cheers which accompanied the King on his drive with President Loubet to the Bois de Vincennes to witness a review of 18,000 French troops.

Two months later—on July 6—the President, for the first time in the history of the French Republic, returned the Royal visit, and appeared in London. During his brief sojourn, M. Loubet, who was accompanied by M. Hanotaux, the Foreign Minister, had opportunity not only of convincing himself of the popular sentiment toward France, but also of preparing the way for that *entente* between the two countries which was to terminate centuries of



EDWARD VII.'S VISIT TO POPE LEO XIII., APRIL 29, 1903

enmity and suspicion and to create a new factor in international policy.

The King left London on August 12 for Marienbad, and shortly after his arrival there received the news of Lord Salisbury's death.

A message from him was published, in which he "deeply deplored the loss of so great a statesman, whose invaluable services to Queen Victoria, to the King, and his country in the highest offices of State, which he held for so many years, will ever dwell in the memory of his fellow-subjects."

On the last day of August Edward VII. went to Vienna to spend a few days at the Hofburg

with the Emperor Francis Joseph. No reigning English Sovereign, it was said, had set foot in Austrian dominions since Richard Cœur de Lion had been seized near Vienna by Duke Leopold, to be imprisoned a few days later in a castle in the Tyrol. King Edward's appearance in the streets of the capital, by the side of the aged Emperor, gave unmistakable pleasure to the Viennese; while his unaffected dignity and good humour secured him everywhere a popular reception. When, wearing the uniform of his Austrian Hussar regiment, he arrived at the station, an old woman in the crowd was heard to say with marked approval: "Ein frischer Kerl, dieser Husaren König" (a smart fellow, this Hussar King). At the State banquet the Emperor hailed the visit most warmly as a fresh pledge of the maintenance of the close and

confidential relations which from of old have existed between the Royal Families of Austria and England.

In replying to the toast, the King begged leave of his Imperial host to appoint him a Field-Marshal of the British Army. He left Vienna on September 3, and arrived in London next day.

The last six months of the year 1903 may be regarded as among the most important of King Edward's reign. They witnessed the birth of two great movements perhaps destined to alter the current of our history.

On July 9 President Loubet left England with the draft of the *Entente Cordiale*, and on October 6 Mr. Chamberlain opened at Glasgow the agitation for Tariff Reform, which was continued unceasingly throughout the King's reign.



EDWARD VII. AND M. LOUBET AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE,
PARIS, MAY, 1903

(Photo by Alder Anderson, with the express permission of his late Majesty)



EDWARD VII. DRINKS TO THE HEALTH OF HIS NEW FIELD-MARSHAL, THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

(From a drawing by Edward Cucuel)

Towards the close of March, 1904, King Edward and Queen Alexandra paid a visit to Denmark, and on April 8 there was signed in London the Anglo - French agreement to which his Majesty had contributed so largely by his personal influence and authority.

A second visit to Ireland within twelve months followed in April, the King and Queen being received with manifestations of loyalty, that, notwithstanding political ambitions and asperities, have always been forthcoming from the Irish people.

When departing, the King addressed to his Irish subjects a message of warm sympathy and encouragement, which did much to strengthen the loyal sentiment which he had evoked by innumerable kind and thoughtful actions:—

It is with supreme satisfaction that I have so often during our stay heard the hope expressed that a brighter day is dawning upon Ireland. I shall eagerly await the fulfilment of this hope. Its realisation will, under Divine Providence, depend largely upon the steady development of self-reliance and co-operation, upon better and more practical education, upon the growth of industrial and commercial enterprise, and upon that increase of mutual toleration and respect which the responsibility my Irish people now enjoy in the public administration of their local affairs is well fitted to teach.

Memorable also is



EDWARD VII. LANDING AT BUNCLARA PIER, IRELAND, JULY 28, 1903
(Photo by Rev. P. C. Duncan, Bunclara)

this year for the inauguration of Empire Day—May 24—the Festival of Empire, when all the races of our widely sundered Dominions do reverence to their great traditions and renew in thought their allegiance to the sovereign embodiment and guardian of their privileges and possessions.

Closely following a visit to the German Emperor at Kiel in July came the signature of a treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and Germany.

The meeting of the two Sovereigns excited almost as much interest throughout Europe as the news from

the seat of war in the Far East. On June 25, the day of his arrival, his Majesty was entertained at a State banquet on board the *Hohenzollern*, the Emperor welcoming him on board a German warship for the first time. In replying to the toast of his health, the King observed that, apart from the attraction which the Kiel yachting week had for him, he entertained the wish, if possible, to knit still more closely by renewed personal intercourse the intimate relations of kinship which have for so long connected the English and Prussian Royal Houses. "May our



SINKING OF A TRAWLER OFF THE DOGGER BANK BY THE BALTIC FLEET

two flags," he added, "float side by side to the most remote ages, even as to-day, for the maintenance of peace and the welfare not only of our own countries, but also of all other nations." Edward VII. also paid a visit to Hamburg, returning to London on July 1. In August, 1904, he again went to Marienbad, where he received a visit from the Emperor Francis Joseph.

European peace was rudely threatened some weeks later when the Russian fleet set sail for the Far East, and, mistaking the North Sea for the Pacific Ocean, attacked some British fishing-smacks under the impression that they were Japanese torpedo-boats. As a result of this sinister incident for some weeks we stood

only with Germany but also with America and Portugal. The minds of men in every part of the world, deeply and strangely perturbed by the apparition of a masterful and powerful race in the Far East, became quieted when at length it became known that Great Britain and Japan were friends and allies.

That the dark clouds had vanished, leaving a clear and fair horizon, was manifest in the spring of 1905, when King Edward and his Royal Consort made a voyage in the Mediterranean. From Marseilles their Majesties returned to England by way of Paris, where a visit was paid to President Loubet, and new



AN INCIDENT OF THE FESTIVITIES AT BREST. FRENCH AND ENGLISH SAILORS FRATERNISING
(From a drawing by L. Sabattier)

near to the precipice of war. It needed almost more than human restraint to hold in check the forces clamouring for vengeance. Happily, the prudence of the Government and the common sense of the people prevailed. A message of profound regret from the Czar to Edward VII. and to the British Government assuaged the wrath of the nation. Sealed orders that were speeding in British warships on the heels of Admiral Rodjestvensky remained unopened, and the "blazing indiscretion" was overlooked and in time almost forgotten.

The year 1904, which seemed destined to produce the long-foretold Armageddon, passed into history as the year of friendly concord between rival nations. In this year were signed treaties of arbitration, not

evidence was given of the ever-growing popularity of the *Entente Cordiale*. The visit of the British Atlantic Fleet to Brest served to add another strand to the already strong bonds of international peace.

Each year brought with it its round of ceremonial duties, differing from those of the year before less in kind or number than in locality and in the interests involved. Each year there were always a number of occurrences honoured by the kingly patronage.

To link together the Empire, to foster such friendliness as existed among European peoples for Great Britain—these were the two objects which Edward the Peacemaker set himself resolutely to compass all through his reign. To determine precisely his influence on foreign politics, his share in the consoli-

dation of parties in the European Concert, these are matters for the future historian. Hardly will the truth concerning them be known in our generation or in our time. But this may be confidently said, that whatever influence Edward VII. had on European or world politics, that influence was always directed to one supreme end—Peace. It was the national belief in this truth, the national confidence in Edward VII. the Peacemaker, as his people called him, which was the brightest jewel in his crown, and will ever be the most lasting testimony to his greatness.

Many evidences were forthcoming during 1905 of that *Entente Cordiale* which King Edward had been so influential in establishing between his country and France. In July the British Atlantic Fleet, under Sir William May, arrived at Brest and anchored in the harbour side by side with the French Northern Squadron, under Admiral Caillard. Never before had there been such fraternisation between British and French sailors as was seen during the ensuing week. The officers were received by the President at the Elysée and entertained by the Paris Muni-



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT WITH PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN
AT WINDSOR, JUNE 15, 1905

(From a drawing by S. Begg)

Whatever conflict of ideals may take place between the German and the British peoples, and however existing differences may have been exasperated by Press and politicians, it will always be to the honour of Edward VII. that he steadfastly strove to maintain the friendship between these two nations. It is told of the youthful Prince Eitel Frederick of Prussia, who, when once rather embarrassed by the inquiries of an English guest as to why Germany was building battleships, responded, "Well, in any case, we are not going to fight Uncle Edward!" That belief of the young Prince was shared by Germany as a whole, always appreciative of the affectionate relations between the families of the German Emperor and the British King.

pality. The people of Brest extended hospitality to the men, who learned to know the French sailor better than they had ever known him before. Edward VII. played his part in this display of friendship when Admiral Caillard paid a return visit to Portsmouth with his Northern Squadron in August. His Majesty was on his yacht off Cowes when the Fleet arrived, and entertained the principal officers at dinner. The French Ambassador was present, and took the opportunity to call attention in his speech to the preponderating influence which King Edward had exercised in bringing about the *rapprochement* between the two countries. His Majesty conferred honours in the Order of St. Michael and St. George on many of the officers of the Fleet, reviewed the



THE LAUNCH OF THE FIRST "DREADNOUGHT" BY EDWARD VII.

combined squadrons, and was entertained on the *Masséna*. The welcome extended to the Frenchmen by the British people was unbounded in its enthusiasm, and the festivities included luncheons at the Guildhall and Westminster Hall. When the visit came to an end President Loubet, in a message to the King, referred to it as "a fresh expression of the friendship that so fortunately exists between the two countries." Later in the year several members of the Paris Municipality came to London as the guests of the London County Council, and were received by the King.

In June, 1905, came the marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught and Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Norway, which was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of a distinguished assembly.

In October of that year her Majesty's brother, the King of Greece, was entertained at Windsor. During that visit King Edward met with an accident. He

was shooting in Windsor Great Park when he placed his right foot in a rabbit-burrow concealed beneath a covering of dead leaves and dropped heavily to the ground. His Majesty returned to the Castle in a carriage, and it was found that he had torn and lacerated one of the principal tendons. Sir Frederick Treves was summoned, and was in constant attendance for a short period. Although his Majesty recovered as rapidly as could be expected, for a long time afterwards he could only walk with the aid of a stick.

When Lord Salisbury's successor, Mr. Balfour, resigned office in December, 1905, the King sent for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who formed a Ministry. The General Election took place in January, 1906, and on Monday, the 19th of February, his Majesty opened his second Parliament. The usual Royal procession was shorn of one of its most interesting features by the absence of Queen Alexandra, who



EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA OPENING THE NEW BUILDING OF THE HEARTS OF OAK BENEFIT SOCIETY

(Photo by Argent Archer, Kensington)



THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

(Photo by Lafayette)

had recently lost her illustrious father, the King of Denmark, and was in Copenhagen awaiting the funeral ceremonies. At that time the Prince and Princess of Wales were in India, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were in South Africa. His Majesty read his speech,

sessed by every Chancellery that, so long as Edward VII. was alive, no inadequate grievance or petty misunderstanding could possibly plunge Europe into war. Diplomats of every race ever counted upon the Peacemaker's willingness to intervene with his brother



THE LATE KING OF PORTUGAL

(Photo by W. S. Stuart)

as was his custom, and in his from the Palace was greeted loyally by the people who had assembled in the streets.

The King's next public act in 1906 was the launch at Portsmouth of the *Dreadnought*, at that time the largest and most powerful warship in the world. Early in March King Edward was relieved for a time of his arduous State duties and left England for his well-earned holiday abroad.

He proceeded first to Paris, where he met President Fallières, but did not fail to visit M. Loubet, with whom he had inaugurated the movement which led to the *Entente Cordiale*.

Of all the achievements of Edward VII., this work of peacemaking between ourselves and France, and later between ourselves and Russia, stands out supreme.

Yet his great and ever-growing personal popularity with the people of every nation in Europe was of less moment than the knowledge pos-

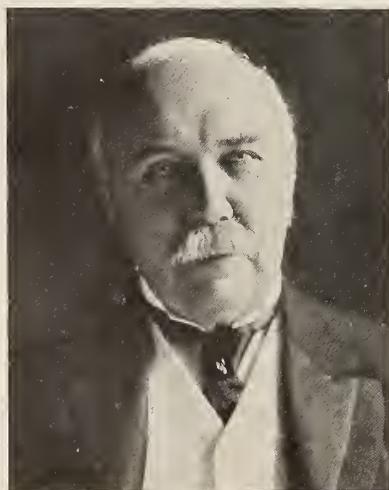


THE RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

(Photo by R. Haines)

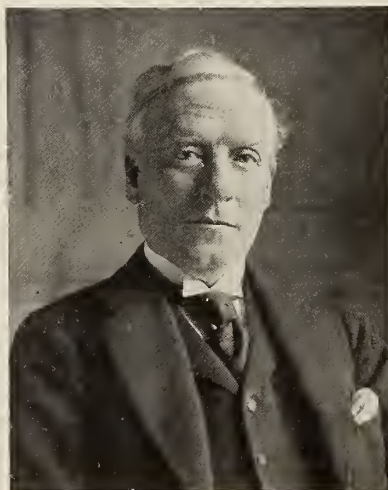
Sovereigns against war. It has indeed been said that had he been on the throne of England in 1870, it would have been difficult for the Franco-German War to have occurred, and certainly impossible for it to have taken place on the misguided excuse which actually drew the sword from the scabbard.

No wonder that in that title of "The Peacemaker," by which King Edward is venerated to-day even in the smallest villages in the remotest lands, there may be read for ever as true and well-earned a title to honour as illumines the annals of Kings since the beginning of the world.



THE LATE SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

(Photo by E. H. Mills)

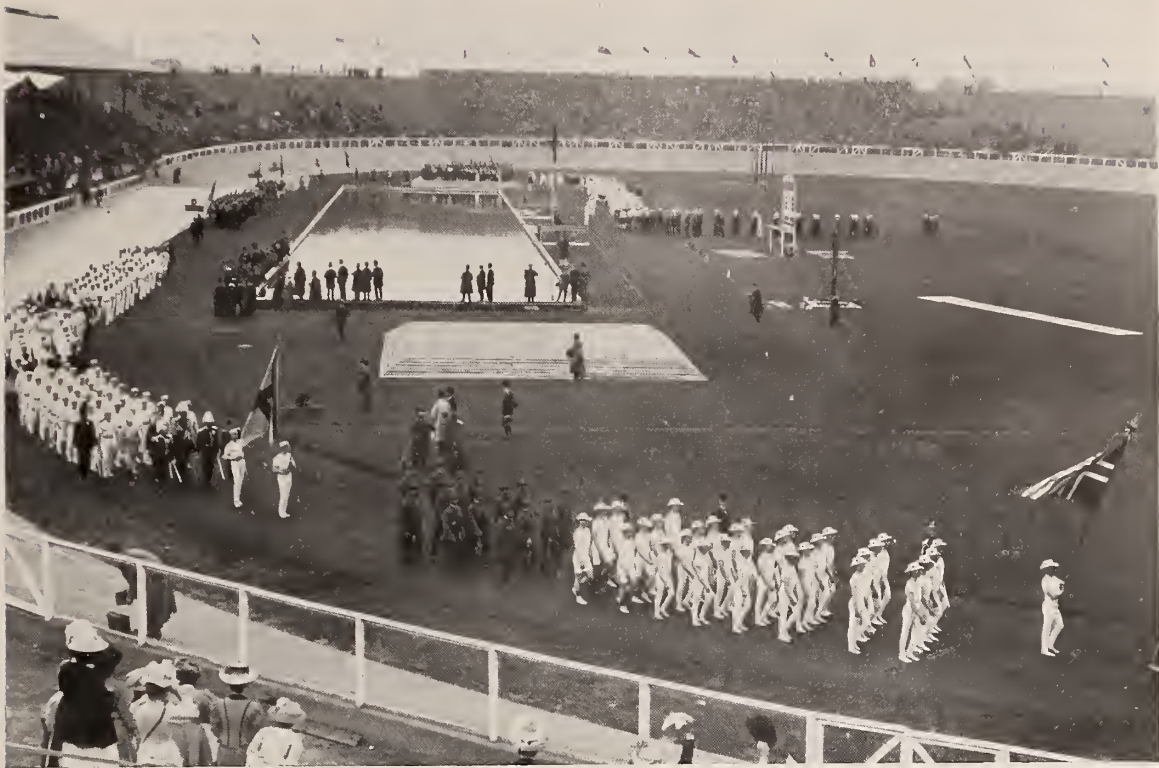


THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P.

(Photo by R. Haines)

The first part of the holiday of 1906 was spent at Biarritz, where King Edward exchanged visits with King Alfonso of Spain, who was then at San Sebastian.

The remainder of his holiday was occupied by a cruise in the Mediterranean, in which he was joined by the Queen. At



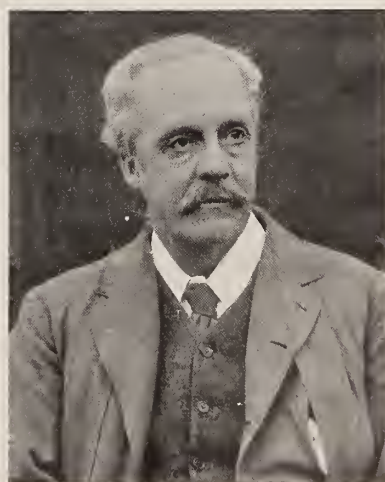
PARADE OF ATHLETES IN THE STADIUM AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION IN JULY, 1903, BEFORE EDWARD VII

Corfu they met the Prince and Princess of Wales, then returning from their prolonged progress through India, and, after a visit to Athens, during which they attended the Olympic Games, their Majesties stayed a few days at Naples, where they inspected the damage done by the eruption of Vesuvius.

Once again in London, at the end of May, his Majesty saw his niece Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg leave for Spain, where she was to wed King Alfonso. To the ceremonies at Madrid he sent the Prince and Princess of Wales to represent him, and, with all his subjects, he rejoiced at the failure of the dastardly attempt made on the lives of the youthful couple almost at the moment when the rites of the Church had united them. During this year Edward VII. performed several ceremonies which evinced the wide range of his sympathies. One of the first was the opening of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society's new buildings, when, referring to national thrift, he said: "I shall always watch with the warmest sympathy the progress of the Friendly Societies, which must form one of the clearest indications of the pros-

perity of my people." Yet another ceremony was the opening of the King's Sanatorium at Midhurst, part of the campaign for exterminating that dread disease—consumption—in which his Majesty took a leading part. A third was the opening of the new Grammar School at Lynn.

That the excellent understanding between England and France was no ephemeral sentiment was clearly evinced in 1907, when Edward VII. was twice in Paris, in February and in May. On each occasion he exchanged visits with President Fallières, and was greeted with extraordinary enthusiasm by the French people. His Continental tours that year were of more than usual importance. Early in April the King, accompanied by the Queen, cruised on the Royal yacht in the Mediterranean. Their first port of call was Carthagena, and there the King of Spain warmly greeted them. The King of Italy was met twice by our Royal traveller during the tour, first at Gaeta and a few days later at a small station near Rome. August found the King again on the Continent, visiting the German Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe and



THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

(Photo by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Ltd.)

the Emperor of Austria at Ischl. In November the German Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, returned the visit and was received by Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra at Windsor Castle, where they remained for a week. During the visit twenty-five Royal personages, including eight reigning Sovereigns or their Consorts, lunched on one occasion at the Castle, an event rarely equalled in the annals of Royal entertainment, and only surpassed on the occasion of the obsequies of Edward VII. himself. The Emperor William, desiring to recruit his health, continued to sojourn in England until the second week in December, occupying Highcliff Castle, near Bournemouth. From the Imperial point of view the most important event of 1907 was the visit of Colonial Premiers for the Imperial Conference. These statesmen from the Dominions over the seas were entertained by his Majesty in May at Buckingham Palace, and many of them were received in private audience. New Zealand that year was raised to the status of a Dominion, and the Royal Proclamation was read at Wellington amidst a scene of great enthusiasm. When the King opened the South African Exhibition at Westminster he said that the unity of South Africa was an object the realisation of which was very near to his heart. From the Transvaal on the King's birthday in November there came an exceptional present. Sir Richard Solomon and Sir



PRESIDENT FALLIERES

(Photo by W. S. Stuart)

Francis Hopwood attended at Sandringham and presented the monster Cullinan diamond—the largest in the world—to his Majesty as a token of the loyalty of the people of the Transvaal.

The close of 1907 was marked by a threatened strike of the railway servants of Great Britain. For many days the dispute was at the stage of crisis, and all feared the worst. The satisfactory settlement was brought about by the intervention of Mr. Lloyd George, but it was well known that the King himself had taken a special interest in the negotiations, and had con-

tributed in no small way to the prevention of a strike which would have been far-reaching in its consequences.

Death, at this time, brought about the loss of two old friends—the Duke of Devonshire and King

Carlos of Portugal.

The former died in March, 1907, at Cannes. On very many occasions the King and Queen had honoured Chatsworth by their presence, and the Duke had enjoyed the close personal friendship of the King for nearly forty years. In the February following, a shock was sent through the civilised world by the tidings that the King and Crown Prince of Portugal had been assassinated in Lisbon. King Carlos and Edward VII. had frequently been each other's guest, and the news of the crime was a great shock to his Majesty.

Less than two months later came the death of Sir



M. BLERIOT ALIGHTING ON ENGLISH SOIL AFTER CROSSING THE CHANNEL

(From a drawing by S. Begg)

Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who passed away at Downing Street after a lingering illness which had forced his retirement from the position of Premier some days before he died. As the King was at the time at Biarritz, the appointment of his successor, Mr. Asquith, was made in a foreign land. President Fallières paid a visit to London in May, 1908, and the King and his distinguished guest went in State to the Franco-British Exhibition, then in progress at

general peace of the world. It was the first visit of an English Sovereign to Russia, and it was distinguished by complete success. During August of 1908 King Edward, making his annual journey to Marienbad, saw the German Emperor at Cronberg and the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl. Again at home, the provincial visits that year were to Leeds and Bristol. In the northern city their Majesties opened the new University Buildings, and at Bristol the Royal



EDWARD VII.

(Photo by W. S. Stuart)

Shepherd's Bush. The next month the truly indefatigable Monarch and his Consort went to visit the Emperor of Russia at Reval. This was a visit of enormous importance, coming just after the agreement between the two nations had been concluded. In the speech which the King made on the occasion of the first meeting he said that the Convention would not only draw the two countries more closely together, but help greatly towards the maintenance of the

Edward Dock was opened. An enthusiastic welcome was given to the King and Queen in both places. In July Edward VII. inaugurated the Olympic Games at the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, and witnessed a unique procession of the world's finest athletes. In 1908 he bestowed Sandringham upon Queen Alexandra as a dower house. Alterations and improvements were made according to his Majesty's own designs, a large portion of Dersingham Woods being

added to the Royal park, and the approach to their Majesties' country home made more picturesque.

The events of the last two years of King Edward's reign demand only a brief recital. He was still the most industrious traveller who ever occupied a throne. The meeting between Edward VII. and the German Emperor at Cronberg in August, and with the Emperor of Austria on the next day at Ischl, gave rise to many rumours, and had doubtless some influence on the status of Europe.

The rejection of the Budget of 1909-1910 by the House of Lords brought this question into the political arena, and forced the country into a general election, out of which the government of Mr. Asquith re-emerged, but with a greatly diminished majority. None felt this acute and protracted crisis more than King Edward.

In October his Majesty had summoned the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, to Balmoral, and when, a few days afterwards, Edward VII. returned to London, he



EDWARD VII. ARRIVING AT CALAIS ON THE AFTERNOON OF
APRIL 27, 1910

In the same year the then Prince of Wales paid a short visit to Canada, and attended the centenary celebrations at Quebec, where he beheld new evidence of the peaceful union of British and French elements on which rests the prosperity of an important part of the Dominion.

The final year of Edward VII.'s reign was signalised by a renewal of political activity at home, and by the beginning of a struggle involving the hereditary principle in our Parliamentary Constitu-

saw Mr. Asquith again, and afterwards had an interview with the Marquess of Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour. This attempt to bring about a settlement of the controversy between the two parties unhappily did not succeed, but the King, while maintaining untarnished and unimpaired the traditions of a Constitutional Monarch, gave proof once more of that wise moderation and matchless tact in the management of men and situations for which he stood pre-eminent amongst rulers.

In the February preceding his death the King again visited Mr. Arthur Sassoon at Brighton, and it was while there that he received the Prime Minister before the new Parliament was opened. His Majesty returned to London to receive Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia. On March 7 the King left England for Biarritz, halting at Paris, where he was received by the President of the French Republic at the Elysée, President Fallières being received later in the day by the King at the British Embassy. Soon after his Majesty arrived at Biarritz he was compelled to keep his room for some days because of a cold, which Sir James Reid thought he had caught on the journey. His indisposition, however, was not

of illness soon developed, although till Thursday, May 5, he was busy on State business. On that morning he received Lord Islington, the new Governor of New Zealand, and Major T. B. Robinson, the Agent-General for Queensland, in audience. In the afternoon the first public statement about the illness was made. Queen Alexandra arrived at Victoria that day from the Continent, and, contrary to custom, the King did not meet her. Her Majesty was informed of the state of the King's health, and the courtesies incidental to the Queen's arrival home were made as brief as possible, in order that her Majesty might lose no time in reaching the Palace. About eight o'clock a bulletin, signed by three



Photo by

THE CORTÈGE ON ITS WAY TO WESTMINSTER HALL

Sport and General

serious enough to cause cessation of work or a loss of appetite. After a stay of six weeks his Majesty, believing he was needed by his subjects, returned to London on April 27. He was apparently in his usual health; he transacted a quantity of business and visited the Opera and the theatre. When his Majesty went to view the pictures at the Royal Academy at the end of April a marked change was noticeable in his appearance. He looked tired and a little pale, and there were some fears of a return of throat and chest trouble. A week-end visit to Sandringham was, it is understood, designed principally to combat the threatened attack by a change of scene and air and a comparative rest from affairs of State. His Majesty returned apparently better, but symptoms

doctors, declared that his Majesty's condition caused some anxiety.

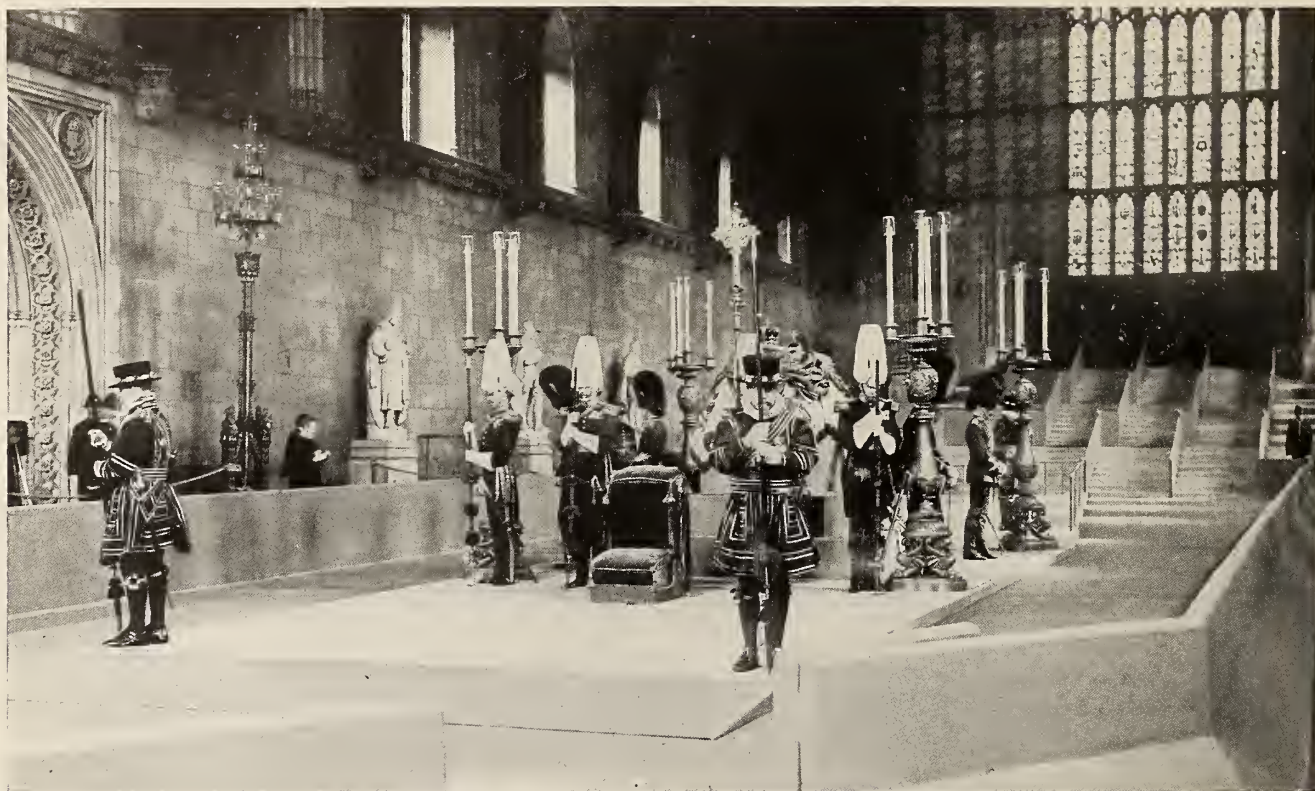
Such an announcement aroused fears in his subjects that were not allayed by the bulletin issued on the fatal Friday. The disquieting news of his Majesty's ill-health came with a suddenness which banished all thoughts from the public mind but this.

In his last illness Edward VII. displayed to the full those qualities of personal courage and devotion to duty which had ever distinguished him. He did not, said his doctors, know the meaning of fear. Although he realised the serious nature of his illness he faced the position with the utmost fortitude. He would not surrender. He persisted in performing the duties of his exalted station until the very last, and on Friday

he dealt with some matters of business. That morning he had risen as usual, and in the early part of the day moved about his apartments, although even slight movements were apt to cause a recurrence of the attacks of heart failure. Towards the middle of the day his condition became grave indeed. He retained complete control of his senses until about noon. In spite of the constant administration of oxygen he suffered from these fainting fits at intervals, but not until a late hour of the evening did he leave his chair for the bed from which he was destined not to rise again.

His last words, uttered about one o'clock, just

who had come from his club to the poor human wreckage whose home was the pavement—lifted his hat in an awe-stricken stillness. Social distinctions were forgotten, rich and poor turned to one another for sympathy, and in their own way each gave expression to the general grief, and the dominant and all-pervading tone was of personal loss. Then after a momentary pause, like that of one who has sustained a staggering blow, the units of the throng began to move, and the impulse was evidently to carry the sad news to those who were anxiously waiting elsewhere. Then the first of those to leave the Palace drove out, and the interest of the crowd was riveted on the



THE LYING-IN-STATE AT WESTMINSTER HALL

(Photo by the World's Graphic Press, Ltd.)

before he passed into a comatose state, were, "No, I shall not give in; I shall go on; I shall work to the end."

For two hours or so before his death the King was practically in a comatose state. He was unconscious when, at a quarter of an hour before midnight, the spirit of Edward the Peacemaker fled from his body. He did not suffer pain, and the end was peace.

The news of the King's death was received outside the Palace gates shortly after the departure of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The announcement, made by a member of the Royal Household in the simple words "The King is dead," was received in silence. Every watcher present—from the gentleman

spot where, it was expected, the official bulletin would be posted; but beyond the bare fact conveyed from mouth to mouth in the simple but all too tragical phrases, "The King is dead," "He has passed away," there was nothing more. Still the people waited, gazing silently at the gloomy pile of buildings, and not even the closing of the great iron gates at 1.15 a.m. modified their desire still to stand and watch the place where their beloved Sovereign had breathed his last.

By the passing of Edward VII., not the United Kingdom alone, not merely the British Empire, but the whole world was plunged into mourning. It was truly said of him that his personality was better



Photo by

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING ALONG PICCADILLY

Sport and General

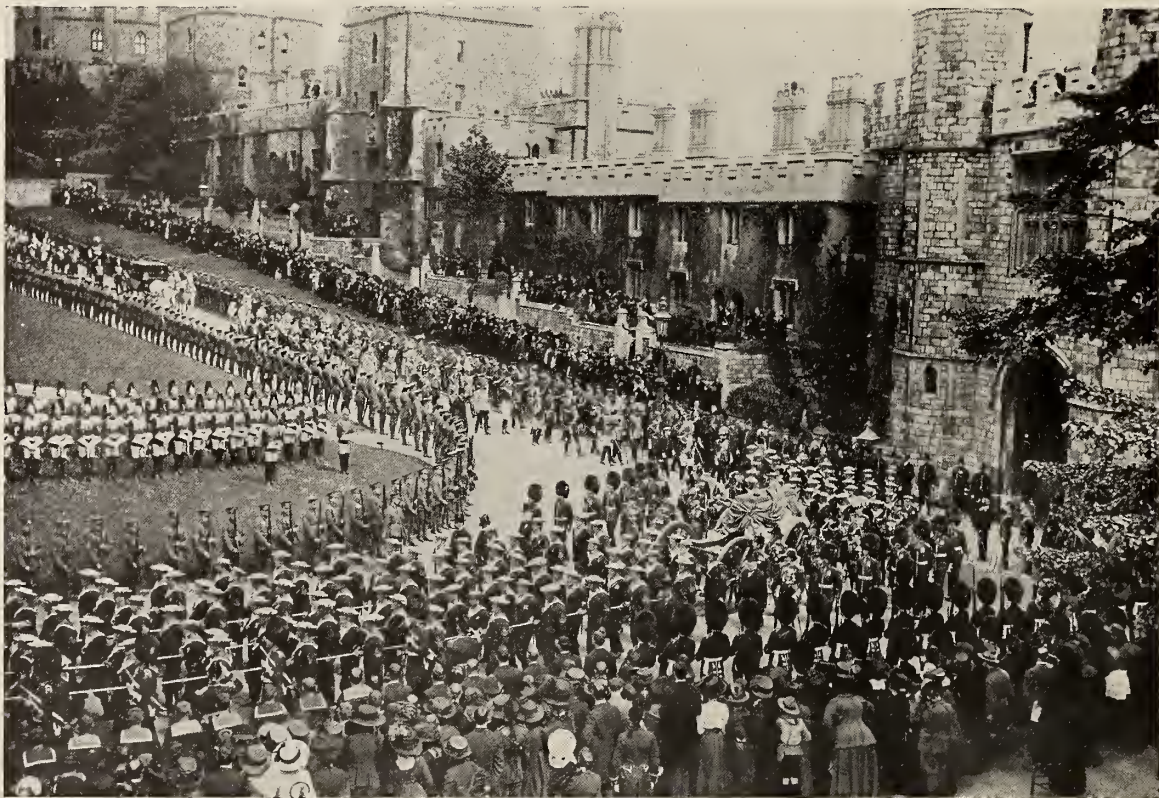
known and better loved beyond the boundary of his own vast Dominion than that of any other man living in the twentieth century. Foreigners, as we have said, universally acknowledged his title of The Peacemaker. He was regarded by them with complete political confidence and with the warmest affection. Other Monarchs looked to him for guidance and inspiration; by them, as by the peoples they ruled, Edward the Peacemaker was regarded as no English Monarch—not even his beloved mother, Victoria—had been regarded before.

When, therefore, a fortnight after his death he was gathered to his august ancestors, no fewer than eight

enshrined in the memory of the citizens of the far-flung British Empire he ruled.

No King ever more truly commanded the affection and esteem of those by whom he was surrounded, for, paradoxical as the attribute may seem, no King was ever more truly a courtier.

Numberless anecdotes might be cited to show how unfailingly tactful he was, with that tact which the French call "politeness of the heart." He never forgot a face, or never seemed to do so; and to no one who was presented to him did he ever fail to say the right thing, or to leave an indelible impression of kindness, graciousness and courtesy. No one



THE BLUEJACKETS DRAWING THE GUN-CARRIAGE BIER

foreign Monarchs came to take part in the splendid obsequies at London and Windsor. On Tuesday, May 17, the body was removed from Buckingham Palace to lie in State for three days at Westminster Hall, where hundreds of thousands of his people came to pay a last tribute to the Sovereign they had loved so well. On the 20th the stately funeral pageant moved through London—the eight Kings and a vast number of Princes and nobles following the bier—and the same day the royal remains were lowered into a vault at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Brief as was the Edwardian era—only the opening decade of the twentieth century—yet it has left an indelible mark on history, and will be for ever

ever felt ill at ease in his presence, for he had brought the ability to put people at their ease to a fine art.

"In all the multiform manifestations," said Mr. Asquith in Parliament, "of our national and Imperial life, history will assign a part of singular dignity and authority to the great Ruler whom we have lost. In external affairs his powerful personal influence was steadily and zealously directed to the avoidance not only of war, but of the causes and pretexts for war. He well earned the title by which he will always be remembered—the Peacemaker of the World. Within the boundaries of his own Empire, by his intimate knowledge of its component parts, by his broad, elastic sympathy not only with the ambitions and the



DEPUTATIONS OF FOREIGN NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS ON THE WAY TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. WINDSOR.
(Photo by *World's Graphic Press, Ltd.*)



THE LAST SAD SCENE AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.
(Photo by *C.P.U.*)

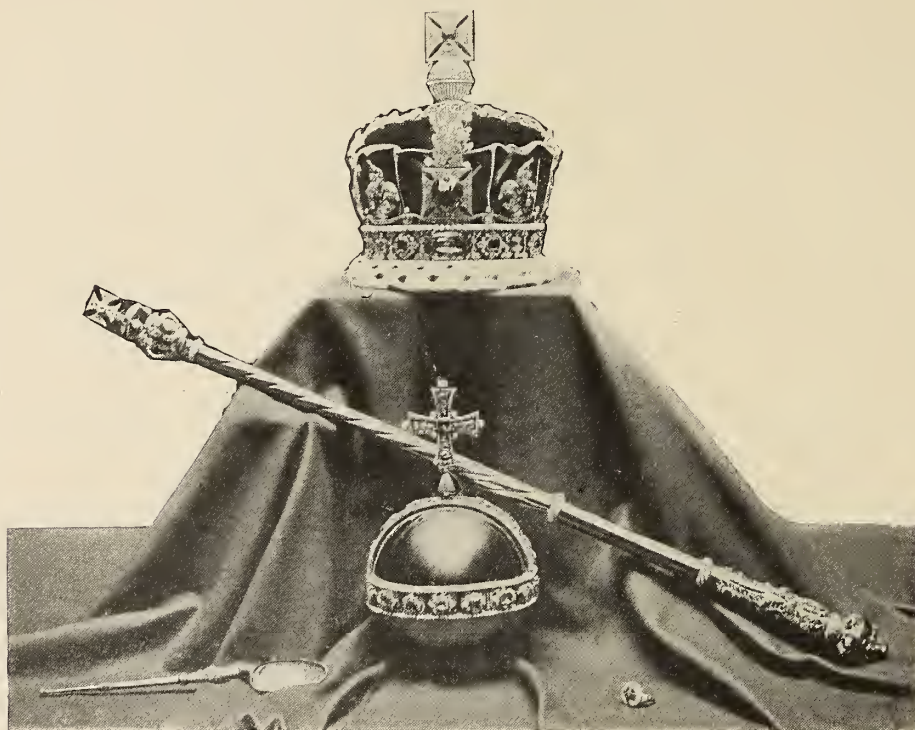
aspirations, but with the sufferings and hardships of all his people, by his ready response to any and every appeal, whether to the sense of justice or to the spirit of compassion, he won a degree of loyalty and of confidence which few Sovereigns have ever enjoyed."

Or in the language of the Imperial poet, Rudyard Kipling—

As he received so he gave—nothing grudged, naught denying,
Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove for us,
dying,
For our sakes, without question, he put from him all that he
cherished.

Simply as any that served him he served and he perished.
All that Kings covet was his, and he flung it aside for us.
Simply as any that die in his service he died for us.

FINIS



EDWARD VII'S CROWN, SCEPTRE, AND ORB

(From a photo by Lang Sims, Brixton)

